ALBIONS England.

A Continued Hiſtorie of the ſame Kingdome, *from the Originals of the firſt Inhabitants* thereof: With moſt the chiefe Alterations and Accidents theare hapning, vnto, and in the happie Raigne of our now moſt gracious Soueraigne, Queene ELIZABETH:

Not barren in varietie of inuentiue and hiſtoricall Intermixtures:

Firſt penned and publiſhed by *William Warner*: and now reuiſed, and newly inlarged by the ſame Author:

Whereunto is alſo newly added an EPITOME *of the whole Hiſtorie of* ENGLAND.

LONDON,
Printed by *Edm. Bollifant* for *George Potter*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Paules Church-yard, at the ſigne of the Bible. 1602.

To the right Honorable, my verie good Lord and Maiſter, *Henrie Carey, Baron of Hunſdon, Knight of the* moſt noble Order of the Garter, Lord Chamberlaine of her *Maieſties moſt Honorable Houſhold, Lord Gouernour of* Barwick, Lord Warden of the Eaſt Marches for and anenſt *Scotland*, Lord *Lieftenant of* Suffolke *and* Norfolke, *Captaine of her Maieſties Gentlemen Pencioners, and one of her Highnes moſt Honorable Priuie Counſell.*

THis our whole Iland, anciently called *Brutaine*, but more anciently *Albion*, preſently containing two Kingdomes, *England* and *Scotland*, is cauſe (right Honorable) that to diſtinguiſh the former, whoſe onely Occurrents I abridge, from the other, remote from our Hiſtorie, I intitle this my Booke *ALBIONS ENGLAND*. A ſubiect, in troth, (without vaine-glory be it ſpoken) worthy your Honorable Patronage, had it paſſed from the pen of a more countenanced Author: But for

great Perſonages gratefully to entertaine the good wils of meane workemen, is anſwerable to themſelues, and animating to feeble Artiſts. I therefore ſecure of your Honours Clemencie, and herein not vnlike to *Phaëton*, who at the firſt did fearefully admire euen the Pallace of *Phœbus*, but anon feareles aduenture euen the preſence of *Phœbus*, hauing dedicated a former Booke to him that from your Honor deriueth his Birth, now alſo preſent the like to your Lordſhip, with ſo much the leſſe doubt and ſo much the more dutie, by how much the more I eſteeme this my latter labour of more Valew, and I owe, and your Lordſhip expecteth eſpeciall dutie at the hands of your Seruant. And thus (right Honorable) hoping better than I may offend, deſirous to pleaſe, deſperate of praiſe, and deſtitute of a better Preſent, I make Tender onely of good will, more I haue not, for your Honors good word, leſſe I hope not.

Your Lordſhips moſt humble and dutifull Seruant, *W. Warner*.

To the Reader.

WEll know I, that Pearles low-priſed in India are precious in England, that euen Homer was ſlightly authoriſed in Greece, but ſingularly admired elſewhere, and that for the moſt part, the beſt Authors finde at home their worſt Auditors: howbeit, whatſoeuer Writer is moſt famous, the ſame is therefore indebted to his native Language: Neither preferre I aboue three ſpeeches before ours for more ſentemtious. Writtten haue I already in Proeſe, allowed of ſome, and now offer I Verſe, attending indifferent Cenſures. In which, if groſely I faile (as not greatly I ſo feare) in Veritie, Brenitie, Inuention, and Varietie, profitable, patheticall, pithie, and pleaſant, ſo farre off ſhall I be from being opinionate of mine owne Labors, that my ſelfe wil alſo ſubſcribe to preſcribe the ſame for abſurde and erroniou. But in vaine is it either to intreate or feare the Courteous or Captious: the one will not cauill, nor the other be reconciled. My labour is paſt, and your liking to come, and things hardly founded may eaſily bee confounded; Arrogancie is Linx-eyed into aduantages, Enuie and ſelfe-conceited Readers capable of the leaſt errour: But ſuch are good Mindes and the Contraries of thoſe Men in reading of

To the Reader.

Bookes, as were the Paganes in reuerencing their Gods, ſacrificing as deuoutly to a woodden Iupiter, *as to a golden* Iupiter, *to an Oxe, a Cat, or vnreuerent* Priapus, *as to the Sunne, the Starres, or amiable* Venus: *deuotion and diſcretion being euermore ſenceleſſe in detraction. Of the latter ſort therefore I craue pardon, preſuppoſing their patience; to the former, preſuppoſing impatience, I offer pardon: reſting to either, and to you all in good will ſuch as I ſhould,*

Yours W. W.

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FINIS.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. I.

I Tell of things done long agoe, of many things in few:
And chiefly of this Clime of ours, the Accidents purſue.
Thou high Director of the ſame, aſſiſt mine artleſſe pen,
To write the geſts of *Brutons* ſtout, and actes of Engliſh men.

When arked *Noah*, & ſeuen with him, the emptyd worlds Remaine,
Had left the inſtrumentall meane, of landing them againe:
And that both man and beaſt, and all, did multiplie with ſtore,
To *Aſia Sem*, to *Affrick Cham*, to *Europe Iapheth* bore
Their families. Thus triple wiſe the world deuided was:
One language common vnto all: vntill it came to paſſe,
That *Nembroth* ſonne to *Chus*, the ſonne of *Cham*, old *Noah* his ſonne,
Had in *Chaldea* (neuer ſeene before) a Throne begonne.

As he and his audacious crew, the Tower of *Babell* reare,
Pretending it ſhould check the cloudes, ſo to auoyd the feare
Of following flouddes, the Creator of Creatures beheld
The climing toppes of cloud-high Towers and more to be fulfild.
To cut off which ambitious plot, and quaſh their proud intent
Amongſt a world of people there he ſundry ſpeeches ſent,
So that, vnable to conferre about the worke they went,
The Tower was left vnfiniſhed: and euery man withdrew
Himſelfe apart, to ioyne with thoſe whoſe language beſt he knew:
And thus confuſed tongues at firſt, to euery Nation grew.

THe Babylonian *Saturne* though his buildings ſpeede was bad,
Yet found the meanes that vnder him he many Nations had.
He was the firſt that rulde as King, or forraine lands ſubdude,
Or went about into the right of others to intrude:
Ere this aſpiring mindes did ſleepe, and wealth was not purſude.
His ſonne *Ioue Belus* after him, ſucceeded and puruaide
For dreadfull warres, but awleſſe death his dreadfull purpoſe ſtaide,
Then *Ninus* proſecutes the warres, preuented *Belus* ſought,
And fild the wronged worlde with armes, and to ſubiection brought
Much people, yet not capable of ſuch his nouile fight.
From *Aſſur* to *Caldea* he tranſlates the Empire quite:
And cauſed fire on horſes backs, before him euer borne,
To be adored for a God. Thus out of vſe was worne
In *Aſſur* and *Caldea* too the honour rightly due
To high *Iehoua*, God indeede. Idolatrie thus grew
From *Ninus* firſt: he firſt of all a Monarchie did frame,
And bewtified *Niniue*, that bore the Builders name.
His warlike wife *Semiramis*, her husband being dead,
And ſonne in nonage, failing him long ruled in his ſtead:
Delating in a males attyre, the Empire new begonne:
The which, his yeares admitting it, ſhe yeelded to her ſonne.

Thus

Thus *Cham* his brood did borgeon firſt, and held the world in awe:
But *Iaphets* Line to *Iauans* land from *Aſſur* doth vs drawe.

MVch praiſe is ſpoke of *Theſſalie*, and *Pegaſus* his Springs,
And how the Nimphes of *Meonie*, in *Tempe* did great things,
And how that *Cecrops* and his ſeed did honour *Athens* ſo,
As that from thence are ſaid the Springs of Sciences to flow.
Not onely Artes but Cheualry, from *Greece* deriue we may:
Whereof (omitting many things) my Muſe, alonely ſay
How *Saturne*, *Ioue*, and *Hercules*, did fill the world with fame
Of iuſtice, proweſſe, and how they both men and Monſters tame:
And ſo from theſe deriue the meane how *Brute* to *Albion* came.

In *Crete* did floriſh in thoſe daies (firſt there that floriſht ſo)
Vranos: he in wealth and wit all others did out-goe.
This tooke to wife (not then forbod) his Siſter *Veſta* fayre,
That crooked *Titan* did to him and comely *Saturne* baer.
The elder for deformities, in making and of minde,
With parents and the people too did leſſer liking finde:
The younger by the contraries, gaue hanſell in his prime
Of many vertues, honouring their Owners elder time.
Away ſlips age: death ſpareth none: *Vranos* leaues the ſtage,
His body (now depriu'd of pomp) interrd, the wormes doe gage.
Well may a rich mans Hearſe want teares, but heirs he ſhall not mis,
To whom, that he is dead at lenght no little ioye it is.
Howbeit, at the leaſt for forme, *Vranos* Sonnes lament:
But ſcarce their parted fathers Ghoſt to heauen or hell was ſent,
When that his heires did fall at oddes about the vacant Raigne:
And *Titan* chafes, diſabled then the Scepter to ſuſtaine.
Each eye did follow *Saturnes* forme, each heart applaudes his fame,
And to couclude, with whole conſent, he winnes away the game.
Yet, for becauſe the Birth-right ſhould inure to *Titan* ſtill,
In *Mars* his Church did *Saturne* vow his Iſſues males to kill.

Not meanely glad was *Saturne* then his head poſſeſt a Crowne,
When, of his building, he was Lord of many a peopled Towne.
He giueth lawes, his lawes are kept, he bids, and all obay,
And equally belou'd and feard he wealds a kingly ſway.
He teacheth men (vntaught before) to eare the luſty land:
And how to pearſe the pathleſſe ayre, with ſhaft from Bow-mans hand.
God *Dis* did quaile to ſee his golde ſo faſt conuayd from hell,
And fiſhes quakte, when men in ſhips amidſt their flouds did dwell:
Who loues not him? Wherein did not the King of *Crete* excell.
But what auaile or Townes, or Lawes, or what doe ſubiects moue?
Sheaues, Shafts, or Ships, or Gold, or all? king *Saturne* is in loue.
He loues, and is beloude againe: yet ſo might not ſuffice,
In former vow to *Titan* made his paine of pleaſure lies:
But no man from the Monarche *Loue* by wealth or weapon flies.
Cybella, faire *Cybella* is eſpouſed to her brother:
And as doe *Venus* billing Birds ſo loue they one another.
In Coiture ſhe doth conceiue: one ſonne is borne, and ſlayne:
And *Saturne* of the hanſell hard, doth male-content remayne.

CHAP. II.

THe Sunne had compaſt all the Signes, and *Cybell* brought to light
Her ſecond breede, a ſmiling boy, and *Iupiter* he hight,
Together with the Queene of Gods (ſo *Iunoes* ſtile we wright.)
The infant ſmiled at his birth: but *Cybell*, ioy-bereft,
And *Veſta*, whom *Vranos* had an heauy widow left,
Did both lament: for *Saturne* wild the new borne babe ſhould die,

Both

Both to acquite him of his vow, and fruſtrate Deſtinie.
For at the Oracle he had, his wife a ſonne ſhould beare,
That ſhould eiect him from his Realme: his vow therefore and feare
Did haſten on (vnwillingly) the ſlaughter of his ſonne:
For which (his ſorrowes granting ſpeech) his moene he thus begonne.
And want not ſtately crowns their cares? With pompe haue princes (paine?
Ah, die he muſt, and die he ſhall, els may not *Saturne* raigne.
Yeat, might a Scepters want ſuffice, I gladly would reſigne:
But ſworne by *Stix* and wreakfull *Mars* at periuries repine.
Then farre be it that they repine, leaſt I too late repent:
It doubles ſinne, if ſinne by ſinne we practiſe to preuent.
From this time foorth, *Melancholie*, for Surname *Saturne* had:
No mirth could wreſt frō him a ſmile, ech ſmile would make him ſad.
His ſeruants feare his ſolemne fittes, when if they ought did ſay,
He either anſwers not at all, or quite an other way.
Vnpeopled roomes and pathleſſe waies did fit his humour beſt:
And then he ſighs and ſheadeth teares when all things elſe did reſt.
Who ſo could cite a Tragedie was formoſt in his creede,
For, balking pleaſaunt company, on ſorrowes did he feede.
Death likes him that miſlikes himſelfe: in geſture roabes and all
He ſhewes himſelfe like to himſelfe: and hence it doth befall
That men to Melancholy giuen, we *Saturniſts* do call.

His Wife and Siſter kiſſing oft her Nephewe and her Sonne,
(For ſhe his Aunt and Mother was) with *Veſta* ſeeke to ſhunne
The voted Fathers deadly doome: to kill ſo ſweete a Childe
Their eies and very ſoules abhorre: who (nothing ſo vnmilde)
Doe weeping kiſſe his laughing mouth, in minde the Babe to ſaue:
Howbeit feare of *Saturnes* wroth contrary counſell gaue.
But when in haſte the Babe his heart was ſent for by and by,
So *Saturn* wild, ſo *Cybell* muſt, and *Veſta* not denie,
It was a woe to heare their woe and death to ſee them die.
Vnhollowed wretch, then *Cybell* ſaid, in wombe why did I beare

This double burthen? happy Twins, ſaue that my Twins they are.
So that my teeming with theſe throwes had ending well were I:
Or would I might not giue them life, that liuing foorthwith die.
Thy Scepter *(Saturne)* is not worth Perfourmance of thy vow:
Thy conſcience doth a ſcruple holde that Gods nor men allow.
From Gods, frō men, frō brutiſh beaſts, frō nature nought doth grow,
But foſters what it bringeth foorth: thou onely doeſt not ſo.
Thy ſonnes alone for ſlaughters ſerue, and I meane while their mother
Am *Saturns* Wife, leſſe prowd of it then that he is my Brother.
Vnhappy *Cybell* borne to beare, and therefore borne to woe,
And fruitleſſe fertill to a man that ſoweth not to mow.

Now teares had drowned further ſpeech till ſhe, as one beſtrought,
Did crie that with a knife the Babe ſhould to her bed be brought:
My ſelfe (quoth ſhe) will be his death, with whome my ſelfe will die:
For ſo may *Saturne* ſaue and ſhunne his vow and deſtinie.
But *Veſta* countermaunds her moode: yet *Saturnes* will muſt ſtand,
For *Ione* muſt die, or they not liue. A Damſell theare at hand
Was then enforced to that charge. Thriſe toucht her knife his Skin,
But thrice his ſmiles did cauſe her teares: ſhe fourthly did beginne,
And fourthly ended as before. Betide me death or life,
Liue ſtill (at leaſt for me) ſhe ſaid: and caſting downe the knife,
She kiſt that ſweete and prety mouth that laughed on her lippes,
And brings him back to *Cybels* bed: Her heart, reuiued, skippes,
Reuiewing life where reckned death had wrought repentant teares.
The Father fronted with a guile, at length the Damſell beares
The Infant vnto *Oſon* Towne, and in her Ladies name,
Intreates *Meliſſus* Daughters twaine to nouriſh vp the ſame.
Vp to a mountaine beare they him, and in a ſecret Caue
A Mountaine Goat did giue him milke, and ſo his life they ſaue.
His Nourſes, ſounding Simbals once to drowne the Infants crie,
A many Bees (the Muſes birds) into the Caue did flie,
Where making Honie, *Saturnes* Sonne did long time liue thereby.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

IT doth remaine of *Iupiter*, as how (but then a Lad)
From *Epire* to *Pelasgis* him the Lordes *Epyrotes* had,
To fetch their pledge *Lycaon* held, when time of truce had ende.
Lycaon (fayning to consent, that did not so intend)
Next day, as though he would dismisse the Legates with estate,
Did make to them a solemne feast: when, hauing slaine of late
The noble pledge, he brings his limmes and setteth them before
His Countrey men to feede vpon in sauſed dishes store.
The Strangers and his Subiects too abhorring such a sight,
Sit gazing each in others face, bereft of speech and sprite,
Vntill that lustie *Iupiter*, a stripling to beholde,
Did take the limmes dismembred so, and with a courage bolde
Did shew them throw *Pelasgis* streetes, declaring by the way
The murther of their bloodie King: which did so much dismay
The Citizens, that euen they, detesting such vnright,
Did rise in armes against their King, where youthfull *Ioue* did fight
So valiantly, that by his force *Lycaon* tooke his flight:
And after did by Robberies, by blood, and Rapines liue:
For which to him a Wooluish shape the Poets aptly giue.

IN *Epyre* and *Pelasgis* thus *Ioue* first his honour wonne:
But greater things vntouched are by this same Worthy donne.
And partly, in the monstrous warre that *Titan* and his Crue

Did holde with *Saturne*, when by ſearch of Iſſues males he knew
The which his brother had aliue, againſt their couenant made:
When, *Titan* Victor, faſt in hold was vanquiſht *Saturne* laide,
Together with his wife and friends: where ſorrow much they paſt,
Till *Iupiter* did vnderſtand his parentage at laſt.
He therefore landing tooke in *Crete*, with well prouided men,
And ſlew his Vncle *Titan*, and the Giant *Typhon* then,
With moſt part of the *Titanoies*, and ſets his Father free;
By meanes whereof they reconcile: and well a while agree.

NOt brooking then *Apollos* fault, in that he entertainde
The remnaunt of the *Titanoies* that after warres remainde,
Apollo was by *Iupiter* inforced for to flie
His kingdome *Paphos*, and to liue exilde in *Theſſalie*.
There loue, but chiefly penurie, conſtrained him to keepe
(Vntill he was reſtored home) the King *Admetus* ſheepe.
And for his Sonne diſdainefully enuied *Ioue* his praiſe,
Ioue was the ſame Phiſitions death that dead to life could raiſe:
Whoſe fame grew thus. As *AEſculap* an heardſman did eſpie,
That did with eaſie fight enforce a Baſiliske to flye,
(Albeit naturally that Beaſt doth murther with the eye)
Apollos Sonne perceiuing him with Garland on his head,
Imagins (as it was indeede) ſome hearb ſuch vertue bread:
And for a proofe, he cauſed him to caſt the wreath away,
When ſtrait the beaſt her onely eyes the ſilly man did ſlay.
Then *AEſculap* himſelfe did take the wreath and puts it on,
And by that meanes he ouercame the Baſiliske anon.
In hearbs that deeper force is hid then Science may containe
I finde, ſaid he, and hearb by hearb into his mouth did ſtraine
That lay for dead, an hearb at laſt reuiuing him againe.

Henceforth, men thought him more thā man, whē by his wondrous (skill
He rendred life to many like, ſo winning great good will.
But as he waxed famous thus, he famous waxed proud,

Diſdaining

Diſdaining all, yea *Ioue* himſelfe for Peere diſalowd:
Vntill that *Saturns* angry Sonne reueng'd his pride by death:
Correcting iuſtly each abuſe, as Rector on the Earth.

THe Sonnes renoune thus added grace vnto the Fathers name,
But ſhadowes waite on ſubſtances, and enuie followes fame:
Euen *Saturne*, pompous *Saturne*, ridde by *Iupiter* of Foes
And feare of *Titan*, did renew his ſuperſtitious woes,
As touching former Oracle: and haſtie ſommons ſent
Throughout his Realme to muſter men, in purpoſe to preuent
By death of *Ioue* his deſtinie. The men of *Crete* repinde
To put on armour to his ill whom they had found ſo kinde:
But will they, nill they, ſo they muſt, for ſo their King aſſignd.
And *Saturne* with his armed troupes into *Areadia* went,
Where *Iupiter*, forewarned of his Fathers ill intent,
Intreated peace, to him denide, ſo that perforce he muſt
Defend him from his froward Sire, or rather foe vniuſt.

Theare might ye ſee King *Saturne* fight like to a Lion wood,
Whileſt *Iupiter* did beare his blowes and ſpares his Fathers blood:
And him that foe-like would him ſley he friendly did defend,
Deſiring *Saturne* to retyre, but wordes were to no end.
The wilfull man purſuing blood, *Ioue* ceaſeth to perſwade,
And ruſhing in amongſt his foes ſo hote a skirmiſh made,
That euery blow ſets blood abroch, and ſo in little ſpace,
Euen he who late he did entreat is followed now in chace
By *Arcas* and his company: for *Ioue* refraind the flight,
Becauſe againſt his countrey men he had no will to fight.

Whileſt luckleſſe *Saturne* did eſcape by flight and fortune then,
And wandred long in vncouth Seas, depriude of wealth and men,
Victorious *Iupiter* was crownde with glory King of *Create*:
And *Saturne*, now arriude at *Troy*, for ſuccour did entreat,
Ganymedes King *Troys* ſonne, waas ſent in *Saturnes* ayde:
A worthy Knight, and valiant waire to *Iupiter* he made.

But

But he and his were chaſed backe, euen to their Citie walles,
For who ſo ſtoode with *Iupiter*, by *Iupiter* he falles.
And there the *Troyan* Paragon *Ganymedes* was taine,
Twixt whom and *Iupiter* thencefoorth ſound friendſhip did remaine.
Then *Saturne* did the ſecond time to Seas with ſhame retire,
And neuer after durſt by warre againſt his ſonne conſpire:
But fayling into lower Realmes, in *Italie* did dwell:
And hereof it is ſaid, his ſonne did chaſe him into hell.

MEane while, leſſe ioyous of his fame then ielous of his freakes,
Her wrong Queene *Iuno* on the Truls of *Iupiter* ſhe wreakes.
Which was the cauſe that, all too late, he (purpoſing returne
To reſcue *Danae*, in whoſe loue he amorouſly did burne)
Was caſt by ſtormes into the Seas, that foorthwith tooke the name
Of him whom for his Piracies *Ioue* vanquiſht in the ſame.
Ye might haue ſeene *Aegeon* theare, with wreakfull wrath inflamde
At ſight of *Ioue*, at whoſe decay he long in vaine had aimd.
And how that *Ioue* had now the worſt, and in a triſe againe
The Gyant with his twiſe three Barkes in hazard to be taine.
The *Centaures* ſhew them valerous, ſo did *Ixeon* ſtout,
And braue *Ganymedes* did deale his balefull dole about:
But when couragious *Iupiter* had beaten to the ground
Aegeon, and in ſelfeſame Chaynes wherein he often bound
The harmeleſſe ſoules that croſt thoſe Seas, himſelfe in fetters lay,
Ye might haue ſayd, and truly ſayd, that then did end the fray.
So many were his high exploits, whereof ſuch wonder bread,
That for the ſame the Heathen folke do deifie him dead.
Which ſince they are ſo manifold, I many ouerpaſſe:
And though *Amphitrio* bluſh to heare how he deceiued was,
And that *Alcmena* pinch my toong, poſſeſt with baſhfull ſhame,
Yea though that *Iupiter* himſelfe my lauiſh tongue ſhall blame,
Yet ſince that ſealous *Iuno* knowes already of the ſame,
I dare to tell how *Iupiter* ſo cunningly beguilde

His

His loue *Alcmena*, that by him ſhe traueled with childe
Of *Hercules*: whoſe famous Acts we orderly ſhall tell,
Whereof the firſt, but not the leaſt, in Cradle-time befell.

CHAP. IIII.

QVeene *Iuno*, not a little wroth againſt her huſbands crime,
By whome ſhee was a Cockqueane made, did therefore at the time
In which *Alcmena* cride for helpe to bring her fruit to light,
Three nights and daies inchaunt her throwes: and of a Diueliſh ſpight)
Intended both the Ladies death and that wherewith ſhe went:
Till *Galinthis*, vnwitching her, did *Iunos* ſpels preuent.
Howbeit cankered *Iuno*, ſtill purſuing her intent,
Two poyſoned Serpents, got by charmes, into the chamber brought
Where *Hercules* in cradle lay, and thinking to haue wrought
A Tragedie, did let them looſe: who ſmelling out their pray,
Skaerd *Hercules* his brother that in ſelfeſame cradle lay:
But *Hercules*, as Children vſe with little whelpes to play,
Did dallie childiſhly with them, and no whit did diſmay:
Vntill at laſt his tender fleſh did feele their ſmarting ſtings,
And then diſpleaſd, betwixt his hands the Snakes to death he wrings.
Amphitrio and the *Thebanes* all of this ſame wonder tell:
And, yeeres permitting, *Hercules* did with *Euriſtheus* dwell.
This King, by ſpitefull *Iunos* meanes, did ſet him taske on taske,
But *Hercules* perfourmed more then both of them could aske.

Yea,

Yea, yet a Lad, for Actiuenes the world did lack his like,
To Wreſtle, Ride, Run, Caſt, or Shoote, to Swim, to Shift, or Strike,
As witnes (his inuention firſt) thoſe ſolemne actiue Plaies,
That were on Mount *Olympus* tride, where he had prick and praiſe.
For which his Nouell, and himſelfe (in thoſe not hauing Peeres)
The *Græcians* by th' *Olimpides* kept reckning of their yeeres.

KIng *Atlas* daughters in the Iſles of *Heſpera* did holde
A many Sheepe: and Poets faine their fleeces were of Golde:
(For rarenes then of Sheepe and Wooll in figures ſo they faine)
Euriſteus pricks his Puple on this nouile Prize to gaine.
The *Greekes* applie their ſweating Oares, and ſailing doe perſiſt
Vntill they reach the wiſhed ſhoare: where ready to reſiſt
Their entrance to the cloſed Iſles an armed Giant ſtayd,
Whoſe grim aſpects at firſt approch made *Hercules* afraid.
Now buckle they, and boyſterous bloes they giue and take among:
A cruell fight: But *Hercules* had victorie ere long.
The Giant ſlaine, *Philoctes* tooke the vanquiſher in hand:
An harder taske had *Hercules* then pauſing now to ſtand,
Moſt dreadfull was their doubtfull fight, both lay about them round,
Philoctes held the harder fight by keeping higher ground.
The Sonne of *Ioue* perceauing well that proweſſe not auail'd,
Did faine to faint: the other thought that he in deed had quaild,
And left th' aduantage of his ground, and fiercely ſmites his Foe:
But *Hercules*, whoſe policie was to contriue it ſo,
Renewing fight moſt eagerly, ſo ſtrikes and ſtrikes againe,
That to endure the doubled force his valiant Foe had paine.
Who yeelding to his Victors will, did finde in him ſuch grace,
As *Hercules* did thenceforth vſe his friendſhip in each place.
Heſperides, the goodly Nimphs, their Keepers chaunce lament:
But *Hercules* did comfort them, and cure their diſcontent:
And ſhipping then of Rammes & Ewes a parcell thence he went.

In

IN coaſting back by new-built *Troy*, he ſaw a mournefull ſort
Of people, cluſtering round about their yet vnconquered Port.
He muſing much, and ſtriking Saile, did boldly aske wherefore
They made ſuch dole: *Laomedon*, then ſtanding on the Shoare,
Did tell the cauſe: the cauſe was thus *Laomedon* ere than
To reare the ſtately wals of *Troy* (a coſtly worke) began,
And wanting pay to finiſh vp the worke he had begunne,
Of *Neptuns* and of *Phœbus* Prieſts (the Gods of Sea and Sunne)
He borrowed money, promiſing repaiment of the ſame
By certaine time which thereunto he did expreſly name.
The walles are built, the time is come, the Prieſts their money craue,
Laomedon forſweares the debt, and naughtie language gaue.
Forthwith the Sea (the Diuell then did many wonders ſhowe)
Began to ſwell, and much of *Troy* with violence ouerflowe:
And thereupon the ſwealtie Sunne (the waſtfull Sea retierd)
So vehemently did ſhine vpon the Ooſie plaſhes myerd,
That thereof noiſome vapours roſe, and of thoſe vapours ſpread
Such plagues, as ſcarce the liuing might giue buriall to the dead.
Repentant then, their wretched king, to diuell-god *Delphos* goes
Whereat the Oracle he knew his wrongs to cauſe ſuch woes:
And how the Gods of Sun and Seas, offended, do require
Each month a Virgin, to appeaſe a feaiſh Monſters ire.
Wherefore to ſaue their common weale, the *Troians* did agree,
One Virgin, as her Lot did light, ſhould pay that monthly fee.
Now after many murdred Maids (for monthly at one day,
The fearefull Monſter at the Port expects his wonted pray)
The lot fell to *Heſione* the daughter of the King,
Whom to the Port to be deuourd with teares the *Troians* bring.
When *Hercules* thus vnderſtood the hard occaſion why
The guiltles Lady ſhould haue died, he purpoſing to trie
His valiantneſſe, (for what was it that *Hercules* would flie?)
Did aske the King what gift ſhould grow to him that ſhould both free

His

His Daughter and his kingdome of that bloody monthly fee.
The king(whom now a doubted hope of profered helpe made glad)
Made promiſe of two milk-white Steedes as chiefeſt gemmes he had.
Braue *Hercules*, whoſe ventrous heart did onely hunt for fame,
Accepts th' aſſumpſit, and prepares the fiend-like fiſh to tame.
Anone the dreadfull Diuell driues the Sea before his breſt,
And ſpitting mightie waues abroad, diſgorgde from monſtrous cheſt,
Lifts vp his vgly head aboue the troubled waues to catch
The trembling Lady, for which pray his yawning iawes did watch.
But he, whoſe ſtrength exceeded ſenſe, with yron Club in fiſt,
Did bootleſſe long with bruſing waight the boiſtrous Whale reſiſt.
The greater ſtrokes, the fiercer was the monſters awleſſe fight:
So that the *Greekes* and *Troyans* all miſdoubt their dreadleſſe knight.
Still *Hercules* did lay on load, and held the fight ſo long,
That in the end the Sea retird, and left the fiſh among
The bared ſands: and ſo for want of water, not of ſtrength,
Good fortune honours *Hercules* with victorie at length.
Now when the King, his *Troyans*, and the *Grecians* had behild
The ſubſtance of the vgly ſhape, euen dreadfull being kild,
They bring the Champion to the towne with triumphs, gifts, & praiſe:
And who but be belou'd in *Troy*, whiles that in *Troy* he ſtayes?
Alone the King (a man no doubt predeſtinate to ill)
Obſeruing how his Subiects bore to *Hercules* good will,
And fearing leaſt their loue to him might turne himſelfe to hate,
And ſeeing now himſelfe and land in proſperous eſtate,
Vnfriendly did exclude his friend from out his City ſtrong,
Whileſt with his *Greekes* he hunts abroad, miſtruſtleſſe of ſuch wrong
And when the Champion and his men did from their ſport returne,
Not onely did gain-ſay in *Troy* that longer they ſoiourne,
But alſo (impudent in guiles) withheld the Corſers twaine,
Which *Hercules* ſo dearly wonne, in hazard to be ſlayne.
Alcmenas Sonne abaſhed then to finde ſo lewd a meede,

In lieu of well deſerued loue was chollerick indeed:
And made a vow (if life gaue leaue) he would ſuch vengeance take
On *Troy*, that euen the ſtones thereof for dread of him ſhould quake,
And that the liuing *Troyans* then ſhould ſay, and iuſtly ſay,
That they were happie whom the plague and Monſter made away.
And threatning ſo the trothleſſe King did leaue the hated Port,
And ſhortly did ariue at *Thebes*, and feaſts in *Creons* Court.

THence brought he war and wrack to *Troy*, and in his armie Kings:
And by the way *Larneſſus* walles vnto the ground he flings,
And ſetteth *Tenedos* on fire, whoſe fearefull flames eſpide,
Gaue Sommons vnto careleſſe *Troy* for worſer to prouide.
Before the *Greekes* had reached *Troy*, the *Troyans* by the way
Did bid them battaile: many men on either part decay.
The ſounding armours crack with blowes, whileſt piercing arrows flie,
This lyeth dead, that fame is maimde, and more at point to die.
Heads, armes, and armour flie about, and bodies ſwimme in blood,
And freſh ſupplies did fall with them on whom they fighting ſtood.
But *Hercules*, aboue the reſt, beſtird himſelfe ſo well,
That ſtill before his balefull Club by Shocks the *Troyans* fell.
Who fainting now, ſeeke to retire into their fenſiue towne:
Where *Hercules* their Porter was, and rudely knocks them downe.
Thus wonne he *Troy*, and ſacked *Troy*, and Chanels flowed blood,
Nor did he breath whileſt any part of all the Citie ſtood,
Saue ſtately *Ileon*. In the ſame a many Ladies weare,
Whoſe piteous teares wrought *Hercules* that onely place to ſpare,
As for the falſe *Laomedon* he ſecretly was fled
And valiant *Pryamus* his ſonne to *Greece* was captiue led.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

AT home returne, Queene *Iuno* craues his compa-
nie at *Creat*,
Whom, there arriu'd, with hartleſſe ioy his ſtep-
dame did intreat.
What? Heareſt thou not my ſonne (quoth ſhe)
how *Argine* folke complaine
Of Lions three, that in their fields both men and
heardes haue ſlaine?
All this ſhe ſaid, as knowing him to ſeeke ſuch hard affaires:
To win him to which deſperate fight no Courſe nor coſt ſhe ſpares.
When this was ſaid, enough was ſaid, and halfe was yet behinde
When *Hercules* did vow redreſſe, and *Iuno* had her minde.
He ioyes to heare of that exploit, ſuch was his ventrous hart,
And thanking *Iuno* for her newes, did ſo from thence depart.
Philoctes now and *Hercules* in *Nemea* Forreſt be,
Long ſeeking what they could not finde, till, crying from a tree,
An heards-man ſaid, friends ſhift away, or elſe come vp to me:
Leaſt that thoſe cruell Lions three now ranging in this wood,
Which haue deuourd thoſe Heards I had, and with my Manies bloud
Imbrud their fierce deuouring chappes, and forced me to clime
This Tree, where I (vnhappie man) on leaues haue fed long time,
May, all too ſoone, with tearing teeth deſtroy you in like caſe.
The quaking Heards-man ſcarce had ſaid thus much, when as a pace
From out a Thick the Lions three on *Hercules* did run.
Philoctes truſtleſſe of his prowſe, by climing did them ſhun,
And now the Rampant Lions great, whoſe onely view would quaile

An

An hundred Knights, though armed well, did *Hercules* aſſaile,
And ſometimes with their churliſh teeth and pinching pawes againe
So grieuouſly indanger him, that neere he faints with paine.
Howbeit (glorie checking griefe) he twaine had now diſpatcht:
The third, and dreadfulſt of the three, though many a blow he catcht,
Yet neither Club nor Sword had force to harme his hardned Hide,
Vntill that (weapons laid apart) by ſtrangling hands he dide.
Not *Hercules* himſelfe conceaud more ioy of this ſucceſſe
Then did *Philoctes*, who ere while did hope of nothing leſſe.
The Herdſ-man, poore *Melorcus*, like as *Hercules* him wild,
Vncaeſt the Lions, fearing long to touch them being kild:
And in his Cottage to the Knights a Countrey feaſt he hild.
The *Argiues*, hearing of this deed, with Triumphs him intreate,
And offer all: but leauing all he doth returne to *Create*:
Whom glozing *Iuno*, gainſt her minde, with coſt did intertaine,
And with a tongue repugnant quite to her malicious vaine
Commends his deeds, whē rather ſhe did wiſh he had been ſlaine.
And therefore with an harder taske his labour did renew:
But what was it that manhood might, and he would not purſue?

IN *AEgypt* was a grieuous drought, the cauſe thereof vnknowen:
Which to redreſſe, their Diueliſh Gods and Oracle had ſhowen.
Doo offer vp ſtrange bloud, they bid, and ſo auert our ire:
Buſiris, prone before to bloud, had now his harts deſire.
No ſooner Stranger toucht the ſhoare, but them the barbarous King
To frie in flames before his Gods for Sacrifice doth bring.
Yea cuſtome added worſe to ill, his Subiect and his friend
(When Strangers miſſe) ſupplie the flames, his murthers had no end.
Howbeit, with theſe Butcheries the drought did ſtill remaine:
For in *Buſiris* was the bloud that ſhould redeeme the raine.
The Gods did meane (which they not minde) that lewd *Buſiris* he
An Alien borne, that Stranger was, who dead, no drought ſhould be.
A Noble man of *Iunos* kin *Buſiris* late had ſlaine,

For losse of whom the craftie Queene did often sorrowes faine.
Cease (Madame) saith *Hercules*, not long the time shall be,
But I his tyrannie shall end, else it giue end to me.
Her sorrowes did not tith her ioy, when he had giuen consent
To vndertake that deathfull taske: for death was it she ment.
Now *Hercules* in *AEgypt* meetes *Busiris* and his Crew,
When sodainely with maine assault on him the Giant flew:
Supposing to haue dealt with him, as he had done before
With other Strangers. *Hercules*, alonely and no more
To take his part, with skathfull stroakes bestird his Club so well,
In battering of the Tyrants bones, that strengthlesse downe he fell.
Then did he kill and chase away his lewd and cruell traine,
Till hearing of no further foe, he commeth backe againe,
And taketh vp the wretched King, that cryeth out for ayde:
And on the Altar, where himselfe had Strangers often layde,
Himselfe was made a Sacrifice: and as his blood did staine
The Altar, euen at that same time there fell a ioyfull raine.
With ended drought, and Tyrants death, a common ioy befell,
And all in *Memphis* entertaine the vnknowne Champion well:
From thence returning backe to *Thæbes* he there a while did dwell.

KIng *Creons* daughter *Megara*, at *Thæbes* he did espouse:
To coũtenãce their wedding feast did wãt nor knights, nor prowse
Which triumphs ended, whẽ the knights should thence depart away,
Pirithous to his wedding bids them all, and names the day
Wherein to meete at *Thessalie*: to which did all consent,
And at the time concluded of at *Thessalie* conuent,
Amidst their cheere, the solemne feast the *Centaures* did disqueat:
Whom by no meanes the Nobles theare to patience might intreat.
For they an hundred Gyants strong, with drinking whitled well,
Amongst their cups, from words to blowes, and worser dealings fell:
And (too outragious at the last, fierce *Eurytio* their Guide)
Vnreuerently they rauish thence *Hippodame* the Bride.

But *Hercules* not brooking it, to arme himselfe begunne,
And all alone in rescue of the rapted Bride did runne.
By this time did *Ixeons* Seed stand still in battell ray,
When he, but one against them all, began a bloodie fray.
Ech arrow that with ayming hand from sturdy Bow he sent,
Did answere by the death of one the Sender his intent.
Whilest *Hercules* with deadly bow had store of *Centaures* slaine,
And wanting arrowes, with their blood his valiant Club did staine,
The Bridegroome and the other knights came to the ceasing fight,
When all were toyld, excepting twelue, that sau'd their liues by flight.
Alonely *Lycus* yeelded him a prisoner, and liues,
And liuing, vnto *Hercules* much after-sorrow giues:
But *Nessus*, that escaped then, in time him worser grieues.

CHAP. VI.

THE glory of this high attempt and sauing of the Bride
They all ascribe to *Hercules*: and whilst they heere abide,
To exercise his Piracies, as *Pluto* King of Hell,
(Such was the lewdnes of his life, and place where he did dwell,
That he and it were titled so) lay houering neere the shore,
And saw the folke of *Cicilie* their Gods with rights adore,
This rouing King, with armed Guardes of his disordered Crew
Did come a land to make their Pray: but for, to outward view,
They faine deuotion, none suspect the ill that did insue,
Anon, a wreathing Garlands sweet hard at her mothers side,

King *Pluto* ſawe *Proſerpine*, and liking whom he ſpide,
Concluding with his companie how to conuay her thence,
Betwixt his boiſtrous armes he tooke the faire and fearefull wench,
And, doo what the *Cicilians* might, he ſetteth her aboord:
And to his giltie Sailes the Aire did gentle Gales afoord.
A number eyes in *Cicilie* for her did weepe, in vaine:
For her her Mother *Ceres* and her Louef-mate did complaine,
Her ſelfe (ſweet Lady) of her moane did finde no meane, God wot,
Though *Dis* to pleaſe did ſay and giue what might be ſaid or got.
Imbarked then, with him his Harpe did wofull *Orpheus* take,
And to *Moloſſa Plutos* Realme with ſpeedie Sailes did make:
Where he, vnknowne, at gate of Hell did harp ſuch Muſick ſweete,
As lumpiſh *Cerberus* could not but ſhake his monſtrous feete.
His foule and warpt ill-fauoured face, ore-hung with cole-black haires,
His horſlike teeth, his lolling lips, his Doglike hanging eares,
His hooked noſe, his skowling eyes, his filthie knotted Beard,
And what not in his vgly ſhape? but preſently appeard
More milder than his common moode, and leſſer to be feard.
This helliſh Porter, deeming that ſuch muſick would delight
His weeping Miſtris, did conuay the Harper to her ſight:
Where *Pluto* ſwore by dreadfull *Stix*, if *Orpheus* did by play
But make her laugh, what ſo he askt he ſhould receiue for pay.
Anon ſuch Heauenly Harmonie on skilfull Harpe he plaid,
That ſhe her husbands muſick knew, and ioyfull was ſhe made.
Now *Orpheus* did a watch-word giue, and ſhe to laugh began:
And for reward to haue from thence his wife he asked than.
Although it gawled *Plutoes* foule his ſweet-heart to forgo,
Yeat for to quit him of his oath, he yeelds it ſhall be ſo,
With this condition, that before they fully paſſed Hell,
He ſhould not backwards looke on her, what chance ſo ere befell.
Now as they paſſe through blinde by-waies, he fearing leaſt perchance
She erre or lag, returnes a looke: and who ſhould marke that glance

But

But *Cerberus*, that purpoſely for ſuch aduantage waites:
Who ſtill detayning her, did ſhut her Husband out the gates.
When *Ceres* heard of this miſchance, ſhe *Cicill* leaues anon
And knowing all the Knights of *Greece* to *Theſſalie* were gone,
She thether goes in hope of helpe: where preſently ſhe meetes
With *Thaſeus* and *Pirithous*, whoſe ſalutings ſhe regreetes.
They, wondring what the noble Queene of *Cicill* there ſhould make,
Become inquiſitiue thereof: to whom ſad *Ceres* ſpake,
Firſt of *Proſerpine* her griefe, and then of *Plutoes* guile:
For her ſhe weepes, on him ſhe raiſes, and mooueth them meane while.
The mother of falſe *Dis* his rape had more behinde vnſaid,
When *AEgeus* and *Ixions* Sonnes did iointly offer aide.
About the deſert parts of *Greece* there is a valley lowe,
To which the roaring waters fall that from the Mountaines flowe:
So Rockes doe ouerſhadow it that ſcarce a man may vewe
The open ayre: no Son ſhines there: Amidſt this darkeſome Mewe
Doth ſtand a Citie, to the ſame belongs one onely Gate,
But one at once may come thereto the entrance is ſo ſtraite,
Cut out the rough maine-ſtonie Rocke: This Citie did belong
To *Pluto*, and becauſe that he was euer doing wrong,
And kept a theeuiſh Rable that in miſchiefes did excell,
His Citizens were Diuels ſaid, and Citie named Hell.
When to this Cities ruthleſſe gate were come the friendly Knights,
Fierce *Cerberus* did rouſe himſelfe, and ſcarcely barking bites.
He thought the world had lackt the man that thether durſt repaire:
And troth to ſay, not one till then to doo the like did dare.
Now fiery ſparks from thundering ſtrokes in darke did giue them light,
And *Ceres* Champions valiantly maintaine their ventrous fight,
When ſtout *Pirithous*, too too bold, a deadly wound he catcht,
And *Thaſeus*, though Combattan-like he long the Helhound matcht,
Yeat with his fellowe had he falne, and flying feares to cope,
Expecting nothing leſſe then life: but hap exceeded hope:

For *Hercules* at *Theſſalie* did feare ſo hard euent:
Whence lanching out, he made in ſhowe as if to *Thæbes* he went,
But with *Philoctes* all his traine and *Lycus* home he ſent:
And he himſelfe to aide his friends did to *Moloſſa* goe,
Wheare, like as did his minde preſage, he found it very ſo.
For euen as curriſh *Cerberus* with gorie bloes did chace
The wounded and the wearie Knight, came *Hercules* in place.
An vnexpected happie ſight to *Theſeus* at that tide:
Whom *Cerberus* forſaking then at *Hercules* he ſlide,
Vpbraiding him with threatning words, and like himſelfe did raue,
And reacht him many a crabbed rap with his preſumptious Glaue.
The Danter then of Treſpaſſers, perceiuing *Theſeus* drie
His grieuous wounds, and at his feete *Pirithous* dead to lie,
Deſirous to reuenge them both, laies luſtie lode about,
And with his ſtill victorious Club did *Cerberus* ſo cloute,
That, quite diſmaid at ſuch a match, he reeling to the ground,
Did ſend from out his Doggiſh throat a loud and diuliſh ſound.
But when the Victor ſure enough the vanquiſhed had bound,
He leauing *Theſeus* weake without into the Cittie went:
Whereas he found the wicked King and Citizens, that ſpent
Their fruiteleſſe time in vices foule, and dealings moſt vniuſt,
As thoſe that in their Porters ſtrength repoſed all their truſt.
With theſe did *Hercules* play Rex, and leauing *Dis* for dead,
Not one eſcapes his deadly hand that dares to ſhew his head.
Whole thouſands thē did breath their laſt, & who had ſeene the ſight,
Might well haue ſaid it Hell indeede: for euerie thing out-right,
Beſides that ſullen Mew it ſelfe, did giue a figure plaine
Of ſelfe ſame Hell where damned Soules abide in endleſſe paine.
Saue howlings out & ſhuddering feare came nought to eare or ſight,
With grieuous grones of dying ghoſts: & ſo much more their ſpight
By how much more he found them then in pleaſures and delight.
This horror hanging, *Hercules* in buskling vp and downe

In

In *Plutoes* Pallace, to her ioy, *Proſerpine* he found,
And tolde her of enlargement thence: And then in harrowed Hell
(*Pyrithous* buried) he, nor ſhe, nor *Theſeus* longer dwell.
But, waying Anker with the Queene of *Cicils* Daughter went
To *Theſſalie*: where preſent greefes pretended ioyes preuent,
For, hearing of *Pyrithous* death, not one but did lament.
Hippodame (a Widowe now) eſpecially bewailes
Her ouer-hardie Husbands death: But weeping leſſe preuailes
Then did Reuenge: for *Hercules* vnto her doome commits
Her greefes-Contriuer, *Cerberus*, almoſt beſides his wits
For feare of death his due deſert: whome cauſing to be bound
Both hands and feet, and to be dragd along the ragged ground,
A knauiſh Skull of Boyes and Girles did pelt at him with ſtones,
And laying on with ſtaues and whippes did breake both fleſh & bones.

WHen *Hercules* ſhould paſſe to Hell, as hath before been ſaid,
And that *Philoctes* of his men he had Lieutenant made,
And as *Philoctes* with his charge on Seas to *Thebes* did paſſe,
He met *Androdamus* (the King of *Calcedon* he was)
Androdamus, not knowing yet his Coſen there inthralde,
(For *Lycus* was his Coſen) to the *Thebane* Pilots calde,
To Ken of whence and where they would. But ere the *Thebans* might
Giue anſwer, *Lycus* clogd with chaines on hatches ſtoode vpright
And cride, *Androdamus* beholde and ſuccour me thy friend,
That ſhamefully, vnles thou helpe, am like my life to end.
I Captiue am to *Hercules*, and thus to *Thebes* muſt goe:
Giue aide therefore. *Androdamus* deferres not dooing ſo,
But ſetteth on *Philoctes*, that himſelfe and Shippe defends,
And part of *Calcedons* he ſlewe, and part to ſea he ſends:
But where the number tripled there for them the Battell ends.
When *Lycus* was diſcharg'd of bands, and ſtout *Philoctes* bound,
He tolde what skath the *Centaures* late in *Theſſalie* had found.

Amongſt the ſlaine he named ſome allied to the King:
For which the ſauage Tyrant ſwore reuenge on *Thæbes* to bring.
And ſayling thence preuailed theare by comming vnawares:
And putteth all to ſacke and ſword, nor old nor young he ſpares.
He ſlaieth *Creon*, and in holde faire *Megara* was caſt:
And leauing *Lycus* King in *Thæbes*, from *Thæbes* the Tyrant paſt.
Whileſt *Lycus* thus did Lord-it theare, the error of his eie
Did vexe his heart: but *Megara* his luſt did chaſtly flie.
And *Hercules* by now had newes how things at *Thæbes* fell out,
And how that *Lycus* theare was Lord, and none for him durſt rout.
Diſguiſed then he thither comes and to the Pallace went:
Whom, when the Porters would haue ſtaide, his rags he off did rent,
And ſhowes himſelfe like to himſelfe, no bloe in vaine he ſpent
That ſets not breath or bloud abroch. This vprore *Lycus* heard,
And thinking that ſome priuat Fray had falne amongſt his Garde,
Preſuming that his preſence would appeaſe the growing heat,
Did caſt his haughtie armes abroad, as who would ſay, be queat,
Or here am I that can aſwell commaund it as intreat,
Which *Hercules* ſo ſuddainly chopt off that (yet vnmiſt)
He thinking to haue vſed Armes, was armeleſſe ere he wiſt.
Then *Hercules*, our *Hercules* is come, all *Thæbes* it cride,
Now ſhake we off our ſeruile Yoke and follow him our guide:
And ſo they did, till none were left to hold on *Lycus* ſide.
The medly ended, *Hercules* did bring the *Centaure* bound
To Priſon, whereas *Megara* in miſerie he found:
(For *Lycus*, ſpeedeles in his luſt, againſt her ſo had frownd)
Yea (more reuengefull) ſeeing her imbraced by his Foe,
And hoping nothing leſſe then life, to vexe them ere he goe,
He ſaid: thou doateſt ouermuch to entertaine that Whore,
The falſeſt Ladie vnder Heauen, for let me liue no more,
If *Megara* (I ſpeake by proofe) imbraced ſo of thee,
Hath not offended diuers waies, and common been to mee.

Then

Then *Hercules*, ſuppoſing that his ſpeeches had been true,
Swept off the lying *Centaures* head, and in that choller ſlewe
(Too credulent) his guiltleſſe wife: but dead her death did rue.

FOr loſſe of her, and ſlaughtered friends, he vexed at the heart,
Did then from *Thebes* (an heauie man) to Forraine lands depart.
Diſtreſſed in the *Troyan* Rhode he ſuccour ſought for pay:
To which (his peoples triple plague) *Laomedon* ſaid nay:
And to prouide their ſecond ſcourge ſaild *Hercules* away:
For, comming back with *Iaſons* Prize from *Colchos*, he complaines
Of churliſh King *Laomedon*, and ſo an armie gaines.
At *Troy* the *Greekiſh* Peeres and he did land their armed men:
Whome to reſiſt *Laomedon* did range his Battailes then.
The *Troyans* they beſtird them well, the *Grecians* ſtood not ſtill,
Laomedon fights valiantly, and many a *Greeke* did kill:
Till *Hercules* (diſgeſting ill to ſee his Foe purſue
Such good ſucceſſe) encounters him, whom eaſily he ſlue.
And hauing ſlaine the traiterous King he ceaſeth not to die
His *Thebian* Club in *Phrigian* bloud, till all began to flie.
But with the *Troyans*, *Telamon*, and *Hercules* both twaine,
And by their valour all the *Greekes* the gates and Citie gaine,
And kill who ſo of *Troy* they caught, and raſed to the ground
The Citie, whileſt that houſe by houſe, or ſtone on ſtone they found.
When ventrous *Telamon*, for that he entred firſt the gate,
For Prize had faire *Heſione*, of *Troy* the lateſt fate:
For *Priamus* to quit her Rape, long after ſent his Sonne
To rauiſh *Hellen* from the *Greekes*: So thirdly warre begonne:
Heſione the cauſe to *Troy*, and *Hellen* to the *Greekes*,
And all did worke that *Troyan Bruts* the *Albian* Climate ſeekes.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. VII.

THe twiſe-ſackt Towne the *Grecians* then did merrily forſake,
And *Hercules* for new affaires, did land in *Aegypt* take.
Theare in a Porte he did eſpie a Fleete of Shippes from farre,
Well fraught with Men, Munition, and what elſe pertaines to warre.
When *Affer* (he chiefe-Captaine was of that ſame Fleete) did ſpie
The Enſignes of the famous *Greeke*, he knew them by and by:
And entertaining on his knees the Owner of the ſame,
Reioyced to behold the man ſo honoured by fame,
With *Affer* ſailed *Hercules* to *Lybia*, to put downe
The Gyant King *Antæus*, that had aided to the Crowne
Of *Aegypt*, gainſt th' *Aegyptians* willes, *Buſiris* lately ſlaine
By *Hercules*, in whoſe conduct the doubt not to obtaine.
The taking land in *Lybia* now, and hauing in their ſight
The threatned Citie of the Foe, his Tents did *Affer* pight,
And girts it with a ſodaine Siege. The Giant then did ſhake
His hideous head, and vow'd reuenge, yea ſharpe reuenge to take.
But iſſuing out his Citie gates he found the Foe ſo hot,
That, notwithſtanding ſuch his bragges, the worſt *Antæus* got:

For

For *Hercules* did canuaſe ſo his carkes, that at length
He did retire himſelfe and men, as truſtleſſe of his ſtrength.
His *Libians* ſlaine, and he not ſound, *Anteus* Truce did craue:
For graunt whereof vnto his Foes meane time he victuals gaue:
And whileſt the Month of Truce did laſt, the Giant bruſed ſore,
Did heale his wounds, and to his part ſollicits Aiders more,
Meane while the *Greeke* to *Mauritain* did paſſe, vnknowne of all,
And theare in King *Anteus* aide he found ſupplies not ſmall:
And for he looked ſouldier-like, they brought him to the King,
Who offered pay: not ſo (quoth he) I meane an other thing,
Diſcharge theſe bands, or elſe will I diſcharge thee of thy breath,
That all alone to thee and thine oppoſe me to the death.
When *Atlas* knew him *Hercules*, that conquered of late
The Iland which his daughters held, and brought to lateſt fate
His Giant that defended them, and captiuated than
His friend *Philoctes* he twixt feare and fierceneſſe waxed wan.
And looke how faſt the ratling haile vpon an houſe dooth fall,
So faſt they lay on *Hercules*, that holdeth wage gainſt all.
For as the Smith with Hammour beats his forged Mettall, ſo
He dubs his Club about, their pates and ſleas them on a row.
And whileſt (not daring to looke downe) by heaps on him they flie,
Some ſtumbling on the bodies dead are ſmoldred ſo and die:
Some ſliding in their ſlippery bloud, wherewith the place did ſwimme,
Were ſtrangled ſo: ſome others, whileſt diſorderedly at him
They freat and foyne, are crowded on by thoſe that hindmoſt be,
And with their weapons ſpoyle themſelues and fellowes two or three:
Some others with the wounding points of broken weapons die:
And others daring with their Foe their bootles force to trie,
Were in a moment ſlaine by him: and thus in little ſpace,
Without reſiſtance *Hercules* had Lordſhip of the place:
And, maugre ſwords or ſtudied Starres, brought *Atlas* to the Seas,
Whereas *Philoctes* did in time his penſiuenes appeaſe.

And

And to his friend commends the Foe for bountie (which at laſt
Himſelfe did finde) and when as time his griefe had ouerpaſt,
The ſame that for Aſtrologie the Skies-ſupport was ſaid,
In ſuch his Science *Hercules* a perfect Artiſt made.
The Month of Truce by this had end, and *Hercules* returnes
To *Affer*, that incamped at the *Lybian* walles ſoiournes.
A ſecond battell then begonne: *Anteus* like a Baer
Beſtires himſelfe amongſt his Foes, whileſt *Hercules* did faer
As roughly with contrarie bloes, till none to fight did daer:
But humbly all ſubmitting them ſubdued by his might,
He gaue them grace, and ſtaied theare to doe them law and right.
Meane time *Anteus*, lately fled, returnes from *Maurit ain*,
And with a mightie Troupe of *Moores* renewed fight againe:
And all the Fields with Carcaſes of mangled men were filde,
And numbers failed to the *Moores* that *Hercules* had kild.
But when *Anteus* ſaw his men to leſſen more and more,
Reſoluing or to win the Spurres or loſe himſelfe therefore,
He makes a bloudie glade vntill the *Thebane* he eſpide,
And finding him: beſtowe on me thy bloes, the Giant cride,
That am both able to endure and to repay the ſame,
A Flie is not an Eagles praie, nor Mouſe a Lyons game:
My death might countenance thy deedes (if that it ſo would be)
But make account that I anon will triumph ouer thee.
In ſaying which he ſmites his Foe, perfourming wondrous might:
And bodie vnto bodie they with equall dammage fight.
But *Hercules* diſdaining that ſo long *Anteus* ſtandes
With him in combat, griping him betwixt his angrie handes,
Did cruſh his Carkaſſe in the ayre that life did leaue him ſo:
And thus did reape a Monarchie, and rid a mightie Foe.
Then *Hercules* (*Anteus* dead) with eaſe he ouercame
All *Lybia* with the Prouinces and Kingdomes of the ſame,
And maketh *Affer* King of all that beares the Donees name.

IN expedition of which warre when *Hercules* would dwell
No longer time, but purposed to bid his friends farewell,
A warlike wench, an *Amazon*, salutes him by his name,
And said: know *Hercules* (if it thou knowest not by fame)
How that the *Scythian* Ladies, late expeld their natiue Land
By King of *Egypt*, haue contriu'd amongst themselues a bande,
And with the same haue conquered all *Asia*, *Egypt*, and
All *Cappadocia*, Now for that we, Victors, vnderstand
The *Africans* are our Allies, we minding to proceed
In further Conquests, tendring them, haue therefore thus decreed:
That you two Champions shall elect, and we will also send
Two Ladies, that for victorie shall with your Knights contend:
And if your Champions vanquish ours, then we will tribute pay,
But if that ours doe vanquish yours, then you shall vs obay.
But hope not so, more profite giues our bountie then our bloes,
And vninforced tribute may procure your friendly Foes.
Then *Hercules*, admiring much the Chalengers, did yeeld
Two aduerse Knights the morrow next should meet them in the field.
And mounted well on Corsers twaine next light by dawne of day
Into the Listes came *Hercules* and *Theseus*: Mid the way
Vpon a brace of milke white Steedes the two *Viragoes* meete
The Knights, and each the other did with ciuill Congies greete.
Then either part retiring backe began to make their race,
And couching well their valiant Speares did run a wondrous pace.
With *Menalippe Hercules* the fight did vndertake,
And *Theseus* with *Hippolite* did his encounter make.
They meeting, either part both Horse and load to ground were cast,
Whereat the *Africanes* did muse, and *Scythians* were agast.
Vnhorsed thus, disdainfully each Knight defendant tooke it:
And either Ladie so disgrac'd as scornefully did brooke it.
Then settle they to handy Armes, the which was long and fierce,
And with their cutting weapons did both Helmes and Harnesse pierce.
But *Hercules*, though neuer matcht so hardie in his life,

Disarmes

Diſarmes at length his *Scythian* Taske, and ended was their ſtrife.
But *Theſeus* with his Combatteſſe in doubtfull battell fights,
Till, bluſhing at the Maidens blowes, he checks his mending ſprights:
And laid ſo hardly to her charge, not able to ſuſtaine
His freſh-got force, that he alſo the ſecond Prize did gaine.
Antiope, a third vnto thoſe warlike Siſters twaine,
Beholding how ſiniſterly the double fight had paſt,
Makes ſorow, whilſt the *Africanes* reioice for it as faſt.

The *Scythians* to the *Africanes* did homage then, and pray
Their Ladies might be ranſomed. That ſute did *Theſeus* ſtay,
For he through launce, his Foe through loue went victoreſſe away.
And therefore when th' *Athenian* Knight and *Amazon* were matcht
In mariage, *Menalippe* then from durance was diſpatcht.
And *Hercules* (then which to him no greater prize could be)
Had Queene *Antiope* her Bealt and armour for his fee,
And ſets the dames of *Thermodon* from other ranſome free.
And *Theſeus* with *Hippolite* at *Athens* landing takes,
And *Hercules* to *Calidon* a Diſmall viage makes.

THeare did King *Oeneus* bounteouſly receaue ſo great a Gueſt:
Where ſcarcely had he any time from paſſed toiles to reſt,
But that proud *Achelous* ſent Ambaſſadors to knowe
If that King *Oeneus* on him his daughter would beſtowe,
If not, to threaten wreakfull warres: which much abaſht the King,
Till *Hercules*, who then was come about the ſelfe ſame thing,
(For loue to *Deianira* both competitors did bring)
Expelled feare by offring aide to backe him from the Foe,
By meanes whereof vnſatisfide away the Legats goe.
The Tyrant *Achelous* then, with all *Epirus* force
Inuades the bounds of *Calidon*, and ſpoyls without remorſe.
But *Hercules* then leading forth his Armie got the day,
And well was he amongſt his foes that faſteſt ran away.

They and their King, with hard eſcape, inmure themſelues at length
Within

Within a Caſtle neere the Sea, an Hold of wonderous ſtrength.
The *Thæbane* then, as reſolute to ſpoyle both Foe and Fort,
Did burne his foes forſaken ſhippes, left riding in the Port,
And with a fewe beſets the hold. When *Achelous* he
So ſlender watch about the walles of Enemies did ſee,
He ſcorned that ſo weake a ſiege ſhould pen him vp ſo ſtraight,
Who hauing ten for one of them, did iſſue out the Gate
Againſt the *Greekes*, that willingly his comming did awaite.
Eſpying *Hercules*, he cride, lo yond ſame diuell is he
That droue vs out of *Calidon*, who ſo of mine he be
That ſlaieth him, ſhalbe inricht with great rewards by me.
But he that made ſuch offers large, did offer them in vaine:
For when his men ſaw *Hercules* approching them amaine
With fierie eies, and angrie lookes, and dreadfull Club in fiſt,
They thought it needles to aſſaile, and booteles to reſiſte,
And euery man retired backe into the holde againe,
Where many daies, attempting flight, they cowardly remaine.
From warre at length they fell to wieles. There lay vpon the ſhore
A broken Hoy, that had not brookt the Seas of long before,
The Maſt they boring full of holes, in euery hole did ſticke
A burning Torch, and lancht it out in night when clouds were thicke.
No ſooner was the fierie keele a floate vpon the waues,
And that the *Greekes* eſpyed it, but ech man raſhly craues
The viewing of ſo ſtrange a ſight: But *Hercules* did ſmell
The preſuppoſed Stratagem, and raung'd his armie well:
And marching neere the guilefull light, did finde ambuſhment theare
That playing on aduantage thus (preuented though) appeare.
Occaſion hapning, *Hercules* would not omit the ſame,
But tooke them as he found them now, and fights it out by aime.
When *Achelous* he beheld his guile by guile to faile,
Wel might he chafe, but harder chaūce his courage might not quaile:
For looke how fierce and boiſterouſlie a chafed Bull doth fight,
So *Achelous* luſtily on either ſide did ſmite:

And by his only proweſſe then a many Knights were ſlaine,
Whileſt *Hercules* with like ſucceſſe his Oppoſits did paine.
And now, by chance, amidſt the brunt the valiant Woers twaine
Doe ſingle, and together tug, and as two Lions ſtrong,
Each one deſiring others bloud, did hold a Combate long.
King *Achelous* minding her for whom began that broyle,
To Conquer where he did contend, annexed hope to toyle:
Alcmenas Sonne remembring too whoſe cauſe he did defend,
Euen hers on whom his being and his very ſoule depend,
So chargd his Contrarie with knocks, and vſd his Club ſo well,
That vanquiſhed (though valerous) King *Achelous* fell.
Th' *Epirotes* when they ſaw their King a Captiue led away,
Their hearts were done, and *Hercules* ſubdued them ere day,
And *Achelous* in exile did end his latter daies,
And all *AEtolia* was fild with *Hercules* his praiſe:
To whom the King did giue to Wife faire *Deianira*, ſhee
The pleaſing prize of that his prowſe, and dearely earned Fee,
Who after, of her owne decay, and his, the meane ſhould bee.
The *Centaure Neſſus* was the man that made her erre ſo much:
Of which her error, but his ſinne, the circumſtance is ſuch.

CHAP. VIII.

WHen ouer deepe *Euenus* Foord the paſſage did not fit,
This Giant of a Stature tall, did offer helpe to it:
And *Hercules*, forgetting him (for at the *Centaures* Fray
The ſame vnſlaine, but not vnskard, eſcaped then away)
Did pray him to the farther ſhoare with *Deianire* to waide,

And

And ſo he did, whilſt *Hercules* this ſide the Riuer ſtaid.
When *Iunos* Breed on farther bankes his Paſſenger had ſet,
Then luſt and long conceaued grudge to foule reuenge did whet:
Not *Deianira* could auoid a Rape, or little leſſe:
Or *Hercules*, diſioynd by Foord, giue aide to her diſtreſſe.
One while, contrarie to himſelfe, full humbly he intreates,
Anon, like *Hercules* indeed, he did command with threates,
But firſt nor latter might preuaile, for *Neſſus* halde her thence.
I may not follow, nor in flight is (*Centaure*) thy defence
Said *Hercules*: His deeds approoue his latter ſaying true,
For letting flie a fatall Shaft the Rauiſher he ſlue.
And though the arrow galled him euen at the very hart,
Yeat for a while he did indure the not induring ſmart:
And hauing brought his trembling Rape into a vallie, ſaid:
See *Deianira* how thy Loue an end of me hath made:
Yeat is my death leſſe griefe to me, then that thou ſhould beſtow
Thy ſelfe on ſuch a changing Churle as *Hercules*: I know
(Sweete Wench, I know) he doth preferre contrary Loues to thee,
Wherefore my graue (the leſſe my griefe) in this thy good ſhall bee.
Take this (he gaue a folded cloth, and to the baene therein
He mixed ſomewhat of his bloud) this ſame (quoth he) ſhall win
To thee againe thy Husbands loue, when he ſhall it eſtrange:
For out of doubt, I know it, I, he takes delight in change.
When thou ſuſpecteſt ſuch a wrong, doe boyle a ſhirt with this:
No ſooner ſhall he weare the ſame (herein ſuch vertue is)
But that his nouell Loue will change and fall whence it did flie:
Meane while doe not the vnction touch, leaſt ſo the vertue die.
In all this time betwixt his armes he did the Lady claſpe,
And hild her ſo, as Hawke a Pray, vntill his lateſt gaſpe,
Then leauing him a liueleſſe Coarſe, miſtruſting nought his drift,
She meaning ſimply, tooke with her the Traitours poyſned gift.
And *Hercules* by this had paſt the Riuer deepe and wide,
Who (*Deianira* firſt imbraſt) drew from the *Centaures* ſide

The fatall Shaft that ſhould the death of braue *Achilles* proue,
In *Phœbus* Church, by *Paris* hand, for *Polixenas* loue.

THe *Centaure* left vntoombed there, Hee, Shee, and all their traine
are come to *Lerna*: whom the King did noblie entertaine.
Theare had he from their common teares the cruell hauock made
By *Lernan Hydra*, whom in Fenne not armies durſt inuade.
His vpper parts had humane forme, his nether Serpentine, (fine
The whole was monſtrous, yeat his wit more monſtrous, but moſt
(For wit is monſtrous when the ſame from vertue doth decline)
Such were his ſubtill arguments, and ſtill ſupplies therein,
That he by often loſſe of heads was fained heads to winne:
And wittie thus to others wrong confounded all hee found,
Propounding queſtions, and a word vnanſwered was a wound.
The Scourge of Tyrants hearing this, did promiſe death or ayde,
Whilſt fearefull *Deianira* did the contrarie perſwaide.
But womans ſpeech from weapons vſe might not withdraw him then,
Til entring *Palus*, he had rouſd the Monſter from his Denne.
Diſdainfully did *Hydra* take the preſence of his Foe,
And after ſubtill arguments to ſturdie fight they goe.
Two blowes at once with Glaue and Taile made *Hercules* to reele:
Who ſince he firſt had vſed armes the like did neuer feele.
Not long he borrowed had the Loan, but *Hydra* had the like:
So either twayne repay their debt, and neither faintly ſtrike.
But who might ſtand with *Hercules?* By him the monſter fell:
Who, burning vp his vgly ſhape, did paſſe his ſoule to hell:
Which happie fate of *Hydras* fall left *Lerna* glad and well.
From whence to *Athens*, and from thence to *Lycia* did he ſaile,
Then to *Heſperia Gerons* Realme his outrages to quaile.

HE by his triple tyrannie (for *Geron* he was ſaid
Three headed, in reſpect that him three other Giants aid)
So ſpoild & plaug'd the neighbour Realmes with daily wrongs & war,

That

That all the force of *Africa* his furie could not barre.
In *Gadira* when *Hercules* his Pillers reared had,
The which (our westerne world not knowne) men farther land forbad,
Then with victorious ships he sets on *Gerons* chased Fleet:
And secondly at *Megida* did either armie meete.
Theare *Geron* with his brothers twaine the Citie did beset,
And scornefully aduance themselues as men not to be met.
Prouiding therefore murall workes, they threaten hot assault:
Whileſt *Hercules* contrarie warres vnto his souldiers taught.
The Gates wide opned, out he comes vnto the Giants three,
Your men, he said, are well at worke, well met are also wee.
This lesse then monster more than man, a Fiende in humane shape
The *Spanyard* said, is he from whom I made so hard escape.
Yet hardlier shalt thou now escape, said *Hercules*, and than
Betweene them foure (three to one) A cruell fight began.
And euery of the Giants thought himselfe an ouer-match
To *Hercules*, who almost gaue to one a quicke dispatch,
The second he dispatcht in deed, who fell his lateſt fall.
Then thousands came to rescue them yeat, one, he fights gainſt all:
Till *Theseus* with the other knights did march their Armie out,
And ioyne to him, their Foes with them, and all make battaile stout.
Then *Gerions* brother fights againe, and both did bathe in blod,
It was no fighting where they fought, or standing where they stod.
King *Meleus*, *Theseus*, *Hispan*, and *Philoctes* did no lesse:
But soueraignly the sonne of *Ioue* bestird him in the presse.
The Giant *Gerons* brother, then by him did breath his last,
And *Geron* did retire his men into their Gallies fast,
But where they land, theare *Hercules* wonne landing, though he past
The Pikes, withstanding thousand Swords, & warding thousand slings,
Himselfe alone, ere that his men to fight on Shore he brings.
Then *Geron*, curſing heauen and earth, beſtirre ye friends, he cride,
Now is the time to liue or die, let good or bad betide,

Doe liue as men, or die as men, ſee, tenne we are for one,
What lets vs then from victorie, that victors haue beene knowne?
Reuenge your ſelues, reuenge your friends, reuenge our cõmõ mone.
Nor did he ſhrinke from what he ſaid, or ſaid not as he wrought:
His onely deeds were manies death: Till *Hercules* he fought,
Whom ſingling, after combat long, of him his end he cought:
So to ſubiection *Heſpera* by *Hercules* was brought.

NO better Spaniſh *Cacus* ſped, for all his wondrous ſtrength,
Whom *Hercules* from out his Realme debelled at the length.
A richer King or Tyrant worſe liu'd not in any Land,
Nor any one gainſt *Hercules* in hardier fight did ſtand,
Yeat, chaſed by his Conqueror, he was inforc'd to flie
Vp to a Mountaine in thoſe parts, where as at point to die
Through famine, by his Magicke Arte he made the Mountaine flame,
And by that ſhift eſcapt his Foe, long wondring at the ſame.
Then fled the Giant night and day (for feare did lend him wings)
And as about from place to place the wandring Tyrant flings,
He on a Mount in *Italie* cal'd *Auentine* did light,
Where laboured *Cacus* did repoſe his wearied limmes all night.
In this ſame Hill he found a Caue, which fitting place eſpide,
He did reſolue in ſecrecie thenceforth himſelfe to hide
In that ſame Mount a mal-content: and being theare alone,
That words at leaſt might vent his woes, he maketh thus his mone.
Ah wretch (quoth he) no longer King, that title now muſt change,
Thou late weart fearfull vnto all, now fearing all muſt range.
This ragged Caue muſt now ſuffiſe in ſtead of Royall ſeat,
And though (alas) the place ſhould pleaſe, yeat want I what to eat.
Wheare be my ſolemne banquets now? wheare is my ſtately traine?
My Tributes? nay my proper Goods? or doe my friends remaine?
Not one I feare: proud wealth was ſuch, that now in time of need
I knowe not where to ſeeke a friend in any hope to ſpeede.

And

And yeat deſpaire not, *Picus* liues, indebted much to me
For great good turnes, to him I will ere here I ſetled be.
Thus droue he foorth the diſmall night, and vp by peepe of day,
He ſped him vnto *Calabrie*, for there King *Picus* lay.
His daughters three of long before, and ſtill did loue him well:
And whether with the kings conſent, or not, it ſo befell
He took them all to *Auentin*, and theare with him they dwell.
About his boiſterous necke full oft theare daintie armes they caſt,
With often kiſſes plying him, no ſport was ouer-paſt
That *Cacus* would, & they might worke: and more, their cuſtome was
By pleaſant tales in order told the wearie times to paſſe:
And once eſpecially it was concluded on a row
That each of them ſhould tell her tale, the firſt beginning ſo.

CHAP. IX.

KIng *Aganippus* ere his death had with his Lords decreed
His onely daughter *Daphles* ſhould in Empire him ſucceed.
A fairer Ladie liu'd not then, and now her like doth lack,
And nature, thinke I, neuer will a ſecond She compact.
The King intombed, *Daphles* of his Scepter was poſſeſt:
And one there was, a Noble man, that could it not digeſt.
Who (for he was of fame and force) did bid her battaile, and
In doubtfull end of victorie their ciuill quarrels ſtand.
At length the *Argiue* Maiden Queene ſhe *Doracles* ſubdued:

But (*Cacus*) of this Stratagem a Tragedie enſued.
Now Loues, not Launces came in vre, the man that loſt the day,
And lies in Chaines, left her in cares, her Conqueſt was his pray.
Full often did ſhe blame her ſelfe for louing him her Foe,
But oftner thought ſhe it more blame not to haue erred ſo.
Thus whom in Campe ſhe loathed late, in chaines ſhe loued now,
And thought him ſure, becauſe ſo ſure. To Princes priſoners bow,
Thinks ſhe: and watching fitting time, vnto the Priſon went,
Where at the dore of ſuch his Lodge a many teares ſhe ſpent.
But entring, when her eyes beheld the Image of her hart,
To her ſtill peereleſſe, though his bands had altred him in part,
She caſting downe her baſhfull eyes ſtood ſenceles then a ſpace,
Yeat what her tongueleſſe loue adiornd was extant in her face:
And now the Goaler left to her the Priſoner and the place.
Then, cheering carefull *Doracles*, let it ſuffice (quoth ſhe)
That I repent me of thy bands, and frankly ſet thee free:
And let that Grace grace-out the reſt (for more remaines behind
Then, being ſaid, may decent ſeeme to ſuch as faults will find)
My ſelfe, my Land, my Loue, my life, and all what ſo is mine
Poſſeſſe: yet loue, and ſaue my life, that now haue ſaued thine.
Then ſownes She at his ſullen feete, that yet abode in thrall:
Which to auoid, he faintly rubs his Liuer on his gall:
And with his hand, not with his heart, did reare her ſinking downe,
And faining to approue her Choiſe, had promiſe of the Crowne.
But neither Crowne, nor Countries care, nor She (worth all the reſt)
Nor grace, nor dutie, reconcile whom enuie had poſſeſt:
No ſooner was he got at large, and wealth ſuppli'd his lack,
But he to ſeeke her ouerthrow to forren aids did pack.
Demaund not how the wronged Queene diſgeſted ſuch her wrong,
But aske if ſhe, the tidings tolde, to heare them liu'd ſo long.
She liu'd in deede, yet ſowned oft, and ſowning ouerpaſt,
From her miſtempered head ſhe teares her louely Treſſes faſt.
And beareth on her Iuorie breſts, and caſts her on the ground,

And

And wrings her hands, and ſcricheth out, and flingeth vp and downe.
Her Ladies pittying her diſtreſſe had got their Queene to reſt:
From whenceforth outward ſignes & ſighs her inward griefe expreſt:
Her ſparing Diet, ſeldome ſleepe, her ſilence, and what not?
Had framd her now right Louer-like, when thus to him ſhe wrot.

WHat fault of mine hath cauſd thy flight doth reſt in cloudes to me,
But faultles haue I heard of none, and faultie may I be.
Yet not my Scepter, but my ſelfe, haue kingly Suters ſought:
Did all amiſſe, ſaue thou alone, that ſetteſt both at nought?
At nought, ſaid I? Yea well I ſaid, becauſe ſo eaſily cought.
One crime but cite, and I for it will ſhead a million teares:
And to be penitent of faults with it a pardon beares.
Ah, *Doracles*, if our extreames, thy malice and my loue,
The formers euer ill ſhall not the latters good remoue.
I heare thou doeſt frequent the warres, and war thou wilt with mee,
Forgetfull that my *Argiue* men impatient Warriours bee:
Sweet, haſſard not the ſame to ſword that Loue doth warrant thee.
Ech Speare that ſhal but croſſe thy Helme hath force to craeſe my hart:
But if thou bleede, of that thy blood my fainting ſoule hath part.
With thee I liue, with thee I dye, with thee I looſe or gaine,
Liue ſafe therefore, for in thy life conſiſts the liues of twaine.
Moſt wiſely valiant are thoſe men that backe their armed Steeds
In beaten Paths, ore boorded Tylthes to breake their ſtaffe-like Reeds:
Wheare not the dint of wounding Launce, but ſome deuiſe of loue,
Sans danger, hath ſufficient wait their manhoods to approue.
Wheare braue Aſpects of louely Dames *Tantara* to the fight,
Whoſe formes perhaps are weg'd in harts, when Fauours wag in ſight.
Whearas the Victors Prize is praiſe, and Trumpets ſound ech blow,
Wheare all is well, that ſeemes but well, in courage or in ſhow.
Wheare Ladies doffe their Champions Helmes, and kiſſe wheare Beauers hid,
And parlie vnder Canapies how well or ill they did.
Retire therefore, ſweet heart retire: or, if thou wilt be arm'd,

Then fight as theſe where all things make that all eſcape vnharm'd.
Such manhood is a mertiment: things preſent are regarded:
Not perillous wounds in warre, but here wars perill is rewarded.
In few, the warres are full of woes, but here euen words of warre
Haue brauer grace thē works thēſelues, for Courts from Campes be far.
Than are the valiant, who more vaine? Than Cowards who more wiſe?
Not men that trauell *Pegaſus*, but Fortunes fooles doe riſe.
Me thinks I ſee how churliſh lookes eſtrange thy cheerefull face,
Me thinks thy geſtures, talke, & gate, haue changd their wonted grace:
Me thinks thy ſometimes nimble Limbs with armour now are lame:
Me thinks I ſee how ſcars deforme where Swords before did maime:
I ſee thee faint with Summers heat, and droup with winters cold:
I ſee thee not the ſame thou art, for young thou ſeemeſt old:
I ſee not, but my ſoule doth feare, in fight thou art too bold:
I ſorrow, laſtly, to haue ſeene whom now I wiſh to ſee,
Becauſe I ſee loues Oratreſſe pleads tediouſly to thee.
If words, nor weepings, loue, nor lines, if eaſe, nor toyle in fight,
May waine thee from a pleaſing ill, yet come thou to my ſight:
Perchance my preſence may diſſwade, or partnerſhip delight.
But wo am I, dead paper pleads, a ſenceleſſe thing of woe:
It cannot weepe, nor wring the hands, but ſay that ſhe did ſo:
And ſaieth ſo vncredited, or if, then thought of corſe:
Thus thus, becauſe not paſſionate, to paper failes remorſe.
O that my griefes, my ſighes, and teares, might muſter to thy viewe,
The woes, not words, thē paine, not pen, ſhould vouch my writing true.
Yeat fare thou well, whoſe fare-well brings ſuch fare-ill vnto me:
Thy fare-well lacks a welcome home, and welcome ſhalt thou be.

Theſe lines, ſubſcribed with her name, when *Doracles* did viewe,
He was ſo far from liking them, that loathing did enſue.
And, leaſt that hope ſhould eaſe her heart, or he not ſeeme vnkinde,
In written Tables he to her returned thus his minde.

The beſt of Bees doe beare, beſides ſweet hony, ſmarting ſtings,
And beautie doth not want a baite that to repentance brings.

Content

Cõtẽt thee, *Daphles*, Mooles take mads, but mẽ know Mooles to catch,
And euer wakes the *Dawlian* bird to ward the ſloe-wormes watch.
I haue peruſ'd, I wot not what, a ſcrole, forſooth, of loue,
As if to *Dirce* in his Tent ſhould *Cupid* caſt his gloue.
A challenge proper to ſuch Sottes as you would faſhion me,
But I diſdaine to talke of Loue, much more in Loue to be.
Nor thinke a Queene, in caſe of Loue, ſhall tie me to conſent,
But holde the contrarie more true, and it no conſequent:
For perſons muſt in paſſions iumpe, els Loue it proueth lame:
Nor thinke I of a Womans graunt, but as a Woers game.
Your Sex withſtands not place and ſpeach: for be ſhe baſe or hie,
A Womans eye doth guide her wit, and not her wit her eye.
Then ſenceles is he, hauing ſpeach, that bids not for the beſt:
Euen Carters Malkines will diſdaine when Gentrie will diſgeſt.
The better match the brauer Mart, and willinger is ſought:
And willing ſute hath beſt euent: ſo *Vulcan Venus* cought.
I argue not of her eſtate, but ſet my Reſt on this:
That opportunitie can win the coyeſt She that is.
Then he that rubs her gameſome vaine, and tempers toyes with Arte,
Brings loue that ſwimmeth at her eyes to diue into her hart.
But ſince the beſt, at beſt, is bad, a Shrow or els a Sheepe,
Iuſt none at all are beſt of all, and I from all will keepe.
Admit I come, and come I then becauſe I come to thee?
No, when I come, my comming is contrarie ſights to ſee.
My leaſure ſerues me not to loue till fiſh as falcons flie,
Till Sea ſhall flame, till Sunne ſhall freeſe, till mortall men not die,
And Riuers, climing vp their bankes, ſhall leaue their channels dry.
When theſe ſhall be, and I not be, then may I chance to Loue,
And then the ſtrangeſt change will be that I a Louer proue.
Let Beuers hide, not buſſes hurt, my lips for lips vnfit:
Let skarred limbes, not carefull Loues, to honor honor get.
I skorne a face effeminate, but hate his baſtarde minde
That, borne a man, prepoſtrouſly by Arte doth alter kinde:

With

With fingers, Ladie-like, with lockes, with lookes, and gauds in print,
With faſhions barbing formeles beards, and robes that brooke no lint,
With Speare in wreſt, like painted *Mars*, frō thought of battaile free,
With gate, and grace, and euery gaude, ſo womanly to ſee,
As not in nature, but in name, their manhood ſeemes to bee.
Yea ſooner then that maiden heares bud on his Boyiſh chinne
The furie of the fierie God doth in the foole beginne.
And yeat to winne, whō would be wonne, theſe wow with leſſer ſpeed,
Then might be wun a towne of warre, the croppe not worth the ſeede.
But let them trauaile till they tire, and then be ridde for laides,
If Gameſters faire, if Souldiers milde, or Louers true of Maides?
Who loue in ſporte, or leaue in ſpight, or if they ſtoupe to luer,
Their kindnes muſt haue kindely vſe: faults onely make them ſuer.
Did fancie? no, did furie? yea, hang vp the *Thracian* Maide,
The wonders ſeuen ſhould then be eyght, could loue thee ſo perſwaide.
But loue or hate, fare ill or well, I force not of thy fare:
My welcome, which thou doeſt pretend, ſhall proue a thankeleſſe care.

When *Daphles* heard him ſo vnkind, ſhe held her ſelfe accurſt:
And little lacked of ſo well but that her heart did burſt:
And wheare ſhe read the churliſh ſcrole, ſhe fell into a ſowne,
But, brought againe, vpon a bed her ſelfe ſhe caſteth downe,
Not riſing more: and ſo her loue and life together end:
Or (if I ſo may geſſe) in death her ſoule did liue his friend.

The Queene enterr'd, and Obbit kept (as ſhe in charge did giue)
A Knight was ſhipt to *Caſidon*, wheare *Doraeles* did liue,
To offer him, as her bequeſt, the *Argine* Throne and Crowne.
Not that we force, or feare (quoth he) thy fauour or thy frowne
We moue this peace, or make thee Prince, but *Daphles* ſwore vs ſo,
Who louing more then thou couldſt hate, nor liu'd nor died thy Foe.
And is ſhe dead (quoth *Doraeles*) that liued to my wrong?
I gladly doe accept theſe newes, expected for of long.

The Lord and Legate were imbarkt, and Ship ran vnder ſaile,
Vntill into the *Argine* Strond the Mariners did haile.

To

To *Daphles*, by adoption, theare inthronized a King,
He diuers yeares good fortune had ſucceſſiue in each thing,
All friends, no Foes, all wealth, no want, ſtill peace, and neuer ſtrife,
And what might ſeeme an earthly Heauen to *Doracles* was rife.
A Subiect, but a Noble man, did ritchly feaſt the King,
And after meat preſented him with many a ſight and thing.
Theare was a chamber in the which, portraied to the quick,
The Picture of Queene *Daphles* was: and deepely did it prick
The King his conſcience, and he thought her like did not remaine:
So, whom her perſon could not pearce, her Picture now did paine.
A kiſſing *Cupid*, breathing loue into her breaſt, did hide
Her wandring eies, whilſt to her hart his hand a Death did guide:
Non mœrens morior, for the Mott, inchaſed was beſide.
Her curteſie and his contempt he calleth then to minde,
And of her beautie in himſelfe he did a *Chaos* finde.
Recalling eke his late degree, and reckning his deſart,
He could not thinke (or faintly thought) his loue to ſterne her heart:
And to the Maker of the feaſt, did ſuch his thoughts impart,
And doubtes your Grace (the Feaſter ſaid) if *Daphles* lou'd or no?
I wiſh (I hope I wiſh no harme) ſhe had not loued ſo,
Or you more liked than you did, then ſhe had liued yet:
To what her lateſt ſpeech did tend I neuer ſhall forget.
My ſelfe, with diuers noble men, whoſe teares bewraid our care,
Was preſent, when her dying tongue of you did thus declare.
My hap (quoth ſhe) is ſimply bad that cannot haue, nor hope:
Was euer wretch (I wretch except) held to ſo skant a ſcope?
I ſee him roue at other markes, and I vnmarkt to be:
I finde my fault, but follow it, whileſt death doth followe me.
Ah death (my Lords) diſpaire is death, and death muſt ranſome bliſſe,
Such Ranſome pleaſeth *Doracles* and *Daphles* pliant is.
Not bootleſſe then (ſince breathles ſtrait) ſweet Loue doth flames con-
The which ſhall burne me vp at once that now do burne aliue. (triue,
Alas

Alas (then did ſhe pauſe in teares) that *Doracles* were by,
To take it from his eies, not eares, that I for him doe die:
At leaſt, perhaps, he would confeſſe my loue to be no lie.
But (Want-wit I) offenſiue ſights to *Doracles* I craue:
Long liue, deare Hart, not minding me when I am laid in graue.
And you (my Lords) by thoſe ſame Goddes, whoſe ſight I hope anon,
I coniure that ye him inueſt your King when I am gon.
Alonely ſay I liu'd and died to him a Louer true,
And that my parting Ghoſt did ſound, ſweete *Doracles* adue.
A ſigh concluding ſuch her words, ſhe cloſed vp her eye:
Not one of vs, beholding it, that ſeemed not to die.
Thus to your Grace I leaue to geſſe how tragick *Daphles* died:
In Loue, my Lord, yea louing you, that her of Loue denied.
The picture, and this ſame diſcourſe afford ſufficient woe
To him, that, maimed in his minde, did to his Pallace goe.
Theare *Doracles* did ſet abroach a world of things forgot:
What meaneſt thou man? (ah frantick man) how art thou ouerſhot
(He ſaid) to hate the ſubſtance then, and loue the ſhadow now,
Her painted boord, whoſe amorous hart did breake whilſt I not bow?
And couldſt thou churliſh wretch, cõtemn the loue of ſuch a Queene?
O Gods, I graunt for ſuch contempt I iuſtly bide your teene.
Her onely beautie (worthy *Ioue*, that now on me hath power)
Was worthie of farre worthier Loue, without a further dower.
But gaze thou on her ſenceles Signe, whoſe ſelfe thou mad'ſt thy pray,
And gazing periſh: for thy life is debt to her decay.
Time going on, greeſe it grewe on, of dolour ſprung diſpaire,
When *Doracles* to *Daphles* Tombe did ſecretly repaire:
Theare (teares a preface to the reſt) theſe only words he ſpake:
Thy Loue was loſſe, for loſſe my life in recompence do take,
Deare *Daphles*. So a daggers ſtab a Tragedie did make.
Well did this Tragicke matter ſort to *Cacus* Tragicke vaine:
But merrier matter did behoue ſuch humour to reſtraine.

That

That knew the ſecond Siſter well, who (ſmiling ere ſhe ſpake)
Began her turne, and of her Tale the next report I make.

CHAP. X.

A Proper Lad made Loue (quoth ſhe) vnto a pretie Laſſe:
In ſelf-ſame houſe, for-worne with age, this Maidens Grandame was.
Her eyes were ſunck into her head, her cheekes were leane and lank,
Out ſtood her chin, into her mouth her blood-leſſe lips they ſanke,
Her toothleſſe chappes diſgrac'd her toong in telling of a Tale,
And ſucke ſhe might a Teat for teeth, and ſpoonage too did faile,
Her haire (ſince ſixtie yeares not blacke) was now or white or none,
The ſubſtance of her wrinkled face was only skin and bone,
Dimme were her eies, deafe were her eares, ranke ſmelt it ſhee could ſent,
A Palſie made her feeling ceaſe, downe taſtleſſe food it went:
Sight, hearing, ſent, touch, taſt, and all, thus failing with her ſtrength,
She to her chamber, bed, and chaire betooke her at the length.
But gold is lou'd till graue hath lodg'd, her bags and ſhe were one,
She muſt the Maidens Dowry giue, els Dowry hath ſhe none.
The yoong man, though he lou'd the Maid (on whō no loue was loſt)
Did loue to liue, as one that knew that marriage asketh coſt.
The old wiues bags did let the Banes, with whom he ſmoothed ſo,
That flattered, ſhe fantiſed, her moldie braines did cro.
What Diuel, I wote not, made her dote, ſhe doted on the man,
Her rotten tronke and ruſtie face ſhe finified than,
And ſeeth what ſhe could not ſee, her ſenſleſſe Senſes worke,

And

And vnderneath a wrinckled hide a wanton heart did lurke.
Vnkindly too ſhe kiſſes gaue, which he did kindly take,
Suppoſing that her kindnes was but for the Maidens ſake.
Her crooked ioynts (which long ere then, ſupported, ſcarcely ſtood)
She brought vnto a wallowing pace, diſiellowing ſo her bloud:
And all for loue (ſurreuerence Loue) did make her chew the cudde.

Young *Battus* from his *Omphida* (for they were named ſo)
Diſlodged by the Grandame long, to worke did roundly go,
Deſiring both the Maiden, and to marrie her a Dower.
The old-wife, netled at his words, for all her loue did lower,
And, drying vp what drained out in belching, thus did ſay:
The thing (friend *Battus*) you demaund not gladly I denay:
But well you wot that I am old, and yeat not all ſo old,
But that the remnant of my life may ſpend the wealth I hold:
As all are neereſt to themſelues, ſo to my ſelfe am I,
And all ſhall lacke ere I will lacke, ſtore is no ſore we trie.
If you doe like of *Omphida*, I alſo like the match:
Loue hath no lacke, ye both are young, wealth comes to ſuch as watch.
You louing her, ſhe to her ſelfe a dowrie is, if not,
My money ſhall not ſell the Maid, a ſinfull ſale God wot:
For money ſhall not ſell my ſelfe. And yeat I cannot ſee,
But that a comfort to mine age an honeſt match would be.
My Goods beſides doe want a Guide, and often did I know
Your youngers vpon elder wiues then I themſelues beſtow,
And liued well, and loued well. But as I doe not care
For mariage, ſo an honeſt match were poperie to forſweare.
Well, *Battus*, take you *Omphida*: but if you money craue,
My bagges muſt onely vent to him whom I my ſelfe ſhall haue.
Yet thinke I not miſlike of you in that you haue not ſped,
But thinke I wiſh no better match, if I my ſelfe ſhould wed.

Thus cunningly ſhe cloſd with him, and he conceaues her thought:
Vnequall was the Combat then that Loue and Lucar wrought,
The one was in her flowring age, the other too too old:

The

The firſt with beautie did allure, the latter with her Gold. (liue,
But ſtormes (thought *Battus*) haue their ſtops, not long the Croen can
Or if my kindenes length her life, my kindenes God forgiue.
Reſoluing therefore on ſuch hope, with eaſie ſute, he got
Aſſurance to be wedded to the old deformed Trot.
Medea charmed *AEſon* yong, *Battus Medea*-like,
Did worke no leſſe a cuer vpon this vaine vnweldie Tyke.
Now on the bridle played ſhe: yeat as ſhe laughes ſhe lookes
With ielious eyes, if *Omphida* be blotted out his bookes.
Yea ſhe that could not moue before, now crauleth euery wheare,
To prye if *Battus* play not falſe, and cauſe there was to feare.
But all this while no mariage was, nor witnes of their match:
And well he knewe that widdowes ſhrinke, if men for ſlowe diſpatch.
So haſting whats he hindred not, come was the wedding day:
The Morning thaw'd the eauening froſt, and ſlipprie was the way:
Yeat, hobling on her ruſtie ioynts, to Churchward goes the Bride,
Whoſe feete (her harts vnequall gides) could nothing els but ſlide.
Then *Battus* kindly leadeth her, and euer as ſhe trips,
God bleſſe thee Mouſe, the Bridegroome ſaid, & ſmakt her on the lips.
The oftner ſtumbled then his Beaſt, the oftner to be kiſt,
And thinketh in her gentle Choyſe her ſelfe not meanly bliſt.
But when the prieſt had done his part, and that they homeward come,
The Bride, for *Battus*, might ſalute the Pauement with her bomme.
She reeled oft, and looked backe: he ſawe, but would not ſee:
At length ſhe ſtumbled headlong downe, hoyſt vp againe, quoth hee:
The ſecond time ſhe did the like, hoyſt Brock, her good-man ſaide,
And thirdly falling, kindly bad her breake her necke, olde Iade.
The old-wife tooke it at the hart, and home ſhe went and dyde:
But *Battus*, ere his firſt was ſicke, had owed his ſecond Bryde.

THis Ieſt from *Cæcus* ſtraynde a ſmyle, but quickly was it donne:
When, turning to her Siſters twaine, the yongeſt thus begonne.

Ye,

Ye, ſiſters, ſeuerally haue tolde how foes in loue did fall,
And age with youth, but I doe ſay that Loue can all with all.
Examples we, whom Loue hath brought from Court to liue in Caue,
And were there neede of further proofe, a thouſand proofes I haue.
Could *Latmus* ſpeake, it might accuſe euen *Phœbe* of a kis:
And of a Votarie of hers to ſpeake my purpoſe is.
But firſt ſhe cheared thus her friend (for *Cacus* ſadly ſits)
Be merrie man, thy penſiueneſſe our paſtimes badly fits:
Be as thou art, not as thou wouldſt, it will be as it is:
Learne then to lacke, and learne to liue, for croſſes neuer mis.
Thinke Fortune newly hatcht is fledge, and waggeth wing to flye:
All ſuffreth change: our ſelues, new borne, euen then begin to dye.
Be reſolute, not deſperate: the Gods that made thee poore,
Can, if they will (doe waite their will (thy former ſtate reſtoore.
At leaſt let patience profit thee, for patience is a thing
Whereby a begger gaineth of a diſcontented King.
Know Deſtinie is Deſtinie. This Epitaph I reede,
Though common-booked Poetrie, yeat not vnworthie heede:
Vnborne to knowe what I ſhould be to Gods my mother praide:
A Male, quoth *Phœbus*, Female *Mars*, and *Iuno* neither ſayde:
An *Hermaphrodite* was I borne. My death then askt ſhe after:
By ſword quoth *Iuno*, Tree quoth *Mars*, and *Phœbus* ſaid by water.
A Riuer ſhadowing tree I climbd, out ſlipt my ſword, I ſlidd,
By feete I hung, ſtabd with my ſword, my head in water hidd:
Male, Female, neither, hanging, Sword, and drowning I abidd
Thus, *Cacus*, howſoeuer things from likelihoods diſcent,
In birth, life, death, the Gods are firſt, the middell, and Euent:
And not what they can doe they will, but what they will they can,
And that they doe, or doe it not, behooues not vs to skan:
And ſaying ſo, and kiſſing too, her tale ſhe thus began.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.



Speake not of the *Argiue* Nimph that had the ielious Syer,
To whome, ſhut vp in braſen Tower, *Ioue* paſſage had for hyer:
Not of *Europa*, *Semele*, or *Maia*, will I dwell:
Not of your Foe his baſtardie: or *Ledas* rape I tell:
Not of King *Ceus* Daughters faulte, or other freak of *Ioue*
Speake I: ſaue of th' *Arcadian* Nunne, with whom he thus did roue.
Caliſto was as faire a Maide, as faire as faire might bee,
Her father King *Lycaon* fled, *Ioue* chaunced her to ſee,
And ſeeing liked, liking lou'd, and louing made it knowne
To her (ſweet Laſſe) for fathers loſſe that maketh then her mone.
Take patience, wench, ſaid *Iupiter*, with thee ſhall all be well,
Thy fathers deeds haue their deſerts, but thou in peace ſhalt dwell.
I am his Victor, but thy ſelfe art Victoreſſe of mee:
Doe graunt me loue, my zeale is more than fatherly to thee.
The reſtleſſe cloudes that mantling ride vpon the racking Skie,
The ſcouring windes that ſightleſſe in the ſounding aire doe flie,
The thriftie Earth that bringeth out and broodeth vp her breed,
The ſhifting Seas whoſe ſwelling waues on ſhrinking ſhoores do feed,
Shall fall and faile ere I be falſe (*Lycaons* Impe) to thee:
Of hartie Loue this kiſſe (he kiſt) an happie hanſell bee.
But hapleſſe termes are theſe, quoth ſhe, vnfitting to a thral:
Yeat, in reſpect of that I feele, I heare them not at all.

A friend (ah friendleſſe name I Friend?) it being as it is,
A friend I ſay, much more a foe, and more, and worſe than this,
The ſonne of *Saturne* ſhould, and ſhall, that ſpeed and hearing miſſe.
Doe rid, ah rid mine eyes of teares, and ſet my hart at reſt,
By taking life, not making Loue, the former likes me beſt.
Or, if that poore *Caliſtos* life ſhall lengthen to her wo,
Graunt that among *Dianas* Nunnes a Votarie I go:
For neither fits it now to loue, or euer ſhall it ſo.
What viewed *Iupiter* this while, not pleaſing to his ſight?
Or what vnuiewed did he geſſe, not adding to delight?
Not excellent, but exquiſite, was all to minde and eye:
Saue ſhe, the hanſell of this loue, did him of Loue denie.
It greeues that Natures Paragon in Cloiſter, not in Court,
Should looſe the beautie of her youth, and he thereby his ſport.
But conſtant in her chaſt pretence, he grants that would gain-ſay,
And, ſeated in religion now, with *Phœbe* did ſhe ſtay.
Blame *Iupiter* of other Loues, of this doe ſet him cleere:
It was his firſt, and firſt is firme, and toucheth verie neere.
He might forgoe, but not forget *Caliſto* in her Cell,
When, ſetting higher thoughts apart, the Frithes did pleaſe him well:
He takes his Quiuer and his Bow, and wheare ſhe hunts hunts hee,
And ſacrificed to his eyes that day he did her ſee:
About the Chaſe, Toyles, Dogs and Bowes, the Stand, Quarrie and all
He vſeth double diligence: ſo often did befall,
Not onely ſight of her his Saint he got, but alſo talke,
Whilſt thus for his *Caliſtos* loue, he haunted *Phœbes* walke.
But ſight and talke accrew to loue, the ſubſtance muſt be had:
And for to bring his drift about, he virgin-like is clad.
His nonage kept his beard from bloome, no wench more faire thē he,
Whom at her Nunnerie a Nunne *Diana* takes to be,
And with his Siſters brotherly doo geſſe him to agree.

Thus

Thus faines *Lycaons* Conqueror a Maid, to winne a Maid:
His hands to woll, and Arras worke, and womans Chares hee laid,
That not ſo much as by the tongue the Boy-wench was bewraid.
Yeat thought is free, he ſees, and ſmiles, and longs perhaps for more:
No maruell, for that Siſter-hood had goodlie Ladies ſtore.
Scarce one for birth and beautie too was theare vnworthie him,
Yet chieflie to *Caliſtos* vaine he formed life and limme,
And Siſterlike they ſingle oft, and chat of manye things,
But that *Caliſto* mindeth loue no likelihood he wrings.
So *Ioue* not once durſt mention *Ioue*, and force was ſinne and ſhame:
But loue is hardie. Thus it hap: by long purſute of game,
She wearie reſteth in the Thicks, wheare ſitting all alone,
He ſeeing her, is reſolute or now to end his mone,
Or for ſo ſweete a bodies vſe to leaue his ſoule in lone.
Nymph-like he ſits him by the Nymph, that tooke him for no man,
And after ſmiles, with neerer ſignes of Loues aſſault began.
He feeleth oft her Iuorie breaſts, nor maketh coy to kiſſe:
Yeat all was well, a Maiden to a Maiden might doe this.
Than ticks he vp her tucked Frocke, nor did *Caliſto* bluſh,
Or thinke abuſe: he tickles too, no blab ſhe thinks the Buſh.
Thus whilſt ſhe thinkes her Siſter-Nunne to be a merrie Laſſe,
The Wanton did diſcloſe himſelfe, and told her who he was.
Away the Virgin would haue fled, whom he withhild by force:
Thy loue (ſweet Nymph) hath vrg'd this ſhift, wel worthy thy remorſe,
He ſaid: nor ſcorne with me a King to ioyne thy ſelfe a Queene,
Or doe but loue and I will liue in *Phœbes* Celles vnſeene:
And theare in beds, in buſhes heere (My fainings fit ſo well)
We may enioy what loue enioynes, and none our ſcapes ſhall tell.
She would not loue, he could not leaue, ſhe wrangleth, and he wooeth,
She did reſiſt, he did perſiſt, and ſport denied dooeth.
That done, which could not be vndone, what booteth diſcontent?
As good bee pleas'd as not be eas'd: away *Caliſto* went
To Cloyſter, *Iupiter* to Court: nor much ſhe did repent.

Vntill her growing wombe diſcloſed an ante-cedent fault,
Then in the Chapter houſe ſhe told of *Iupiters* aſſault.
Diana and her virgines all, admiring that eſcape,
Did gird at her, maligning *Ioue* for ſuch his ſubtill Rape.
And who more ready to controule then *Athalanta* was?
Whome ſhortly *Meleager* brought vnto the ſelfe ſame pas.
The Lady Abbeſſe did diſcharge *Caliſto* from her Cell,
And (ſilly Nymph) ſhe, great with child, ſome other wheare muſt dwell.
Pelaſgis it was *Iupiters*, and he her cauſe of blame,
The King her father in exile, her ſelfe in this defame,
What then remain'd? euen ſecrecie, to hide her ſelfe from ſhame.
Keepe cloſe (quoth ſhe) frō world, ye woods, mine error, *Ioue* his crime:
And ſetling theare in ſimple Caue, did waite her childing tyme.
At length was hairy *Arcas* borne: no ſooner could he go,
But that his wildnes eiked to his wretched Mothers wo:
No beaſt ſo ſtrong that he would ſhunne, and man he neuer ſawe,
Nor yeat his vexed mother could from fearcenes him withdrawe.
Long time (the daughter of a King) ſhe liued thus in Caue,
Not wanting griefe, but wanting all that pooreſt wretches haue?
And (worſt of all) her ſauage ſonne (whoſe manners did agree
Vnto his birth-place) howerly threats his mothers death to bee:
And angrie once, purſued her ſo long from place to place,
That euen into the Citie gates he followed her in chaſe.
The people when they did behold ſo faire a nimph in flight,
A Beare-like *Arcas* in purſute, for being naked quite,
His skinne was ſwart and hairie) they did wonder at the ſight:
And ſome that would his paſſage ſtop, he rudely caſteth downe,
And ſpares no ſpoile vntill the ſight was noiſed through the towne.
Then out came *Iupiter* in armes, whom, when *Caliſto* knewe,
Helpe *Ioue* (ſhe cryde) for loe thy ſonne his mother doth purſue.
He knewe his Leiman at the firſt, and ioyed of her ſight:
Then kiſſe they, when the Sauage boy by force did leaue to fight.

Caliſto

Caliſto liued Lady-like, yea, *Ianos* Riuall now,
And *Arcas*, nobly mannaged, ſuch vertues him indow,
That (*Ioue* conſenting) him for King *Pelaſgis* did allow.
A Sonne well worthy ſuch a Syer, and for his prowes and fame,
Pelaſgis then, of *Arcas* tooke *Arcadia* to name.

BVt neither might theſe Ladies faire by any pleaſant tale,
Or dazeling toye of maſhing loue, (ſweet Conſorts to preuaile)
Diſſwade outragious *Cacus* from vnpatientnes of minde:
Who in his greateſt tyrannies did chiefeſt pleaſures finde.
He ſleas the harmles Paſſengers, from eldeſt ſoule to childe,
He burnes and ſpoiles the neighbour parts, and women he defild:
And to his Caue (*Troponius* Caue) did bring the ſpoiles he gaines,
In which (except to doe more harme) he ſecretly remaynes.
Whilſt none did paſſe, that did repaſſe vnſpoiled or vnkild
(None knowing how) all *Italie* with feare thereof was fild.
But, lo an helpe: when *Hercules* had ſlaughtered out-right
Tenne Giants, of *Cremona* Kings, and put th'eleauenth to flight,
From thence the worthie did ariue with his victorious band
At King *Euanders* Cittie, that by *Auentin* did ſtand.
Amongſt a many richer Spoyles, though none to him ſo rare,
He brought a ſort of Spaniſh kine: *Euander* taking care,
(Becauſe the like misfortunes oft had hapned theare before,)
Leaſt *Hercules* ſhould looſe his kyne, of which he made ſuch ſtore,
Gaue counſell that within the walles they might be kept all night:
And, better to approoue his words, with teares he did recite
The murthers, thefts, and cruelties, without compaſſion made
Vpon his ſubiects and their goods, by whom could not be ſaid,
But that the Gods (for ſo they geſſe) for ſinne them ſo inuade.
I am reſolu'd (quoth *Hercules*) wheare Gods do vengeance craue,
It is not ſtrong or fenſiue walles that any thing can ſaue:
My Kyne ſhall therefore graſe abroad: if mortall man it be,
Then know a Tyrant is my taske, his blood the Taskers fee.

The Cattell grasing then abroad(as was his vse alwaies)
The Gyant left his cruell Denne to seeke his curſed praies.
The Moone not wanting of her light,the Kine he did eſpye,
And knowing them,he alſo knewe his feared Foe was nye.
And far much better feare had bin then malice at that tyde:
But hardly ſhunneth policie what deſtinies prouide:
He might haue lurkte a while in Denne,but of a peeuiſh ſpight,
Eight of the Kine with faſtned cords,by pollicie and might,
He dragged backward by their tailes into his diueliſh neſt,
Then ſtopping vp the ſubtill hole,did laye him downe to reſt.
Now *Hercules* (the rather prickt by King *Euanders* talke)
Into the fieldes to ſee his Kine by prime of day did walke:
Where miſſing eight,he could not geſſe which way they ſhould be gō:
A many therefore had in charge, to ſearch them out anon.
The Seatchers,following euery ſigne,great ſtore of footings fouūd
Deſcending from Mount *Auentine* into the lower ground:
But for the footings did deſcend, and not aſcend,they thought
Of no ſuch cunning as in deed in *Auentine* was wrought.
Alcæus Grand-ſonne ſearching long the Thefts he could not finde,
Was much diſquieted in himſelfe, and angrie in his minde,
And chafing,when he ſhould depart,he twiſe or thriſe did ſhake
A Tree that grew on *Auentine*,which rooted vp,did make
So large a vent that one might view they hollow caue belowe,
And *Cacus* with his Leaſh of wiues they were diſcloſed ſo.
Whome, when the Greeke eſpied theare, O graceleſſe King, he ſaid,
Whoſe Tyrannies haue made the Realmes of *Heſpera* afraid,
Whoſe cruelties haue been the cauſe of al the loſſe thou haſt,
What moueth thee in *Italie* to proſecute ſuch waſte?
Thinkſte thou,whom neither mightie Realmes,nor royal Gards of mē
Could late defend,now to eſcape,incloſed thus in den,
The iuſt reuengment of the Godds?no,no,the Heauens we ſee,
Haue brought to light a wretch ſo lewd,euen by a ſenceles Tree:
And ſince that neither wealth nor want to goodnes may thee win,

A

A greeuous death, condignly, ſhall cut off thy grounded ſinne.
To it did *Cacus* anſwere thus: doeſt thou purſue me ſtill,
Who onely art the chiefeſt cauſe of theſe my doings ill?
Not ſuffering me to liue the reſt of mine vnhappie daies
Among the fruitleſſe Rocks, a wretch in miſerie alwaies,
Ceaſe further prate: ſaid *Hercules*, in troth it greeueth much
To ſee a King in this Diſtreſſe, but ſince thy life is ſuch
As neither in aduerſitie, nor proſperous eſtate
Thou canſt affoord one iot of good, I purpoſe to rebate
Thy wicked daies by worthy death, prepare therefore to dye.
When *Cacus* ſaw he muſt perforce ſo hard a combate trye,
He by inchanted flames againe indeuoured to flye.
But *Hercules*, deluded once by that deuiſe before,
Had learned now for being ſo deceiued any more:
And, caſting feare aſide, did leape into the flaming Caue,
And theare by Arte did conquer Arte. The Gyant then to ſaue
Himſelfe did take his Axe in hand, wheare *Hercules* and he
Couragiouſly beſtirre themſelues, vntill they did agree
To trye it out in open ayre. So doubtfull was their fight,
That Lookers on could not diſcerne to whether beſt ſhould light.
The frighted Ladies did their beſt to helpe their fighting friend:
But *Hercules* had victorie, and *Cacus* had his end.

CHAP. XII.

FOr Gyants of *Cremona* ſlayne, and *Cacus* ridded ſo,
The *Latine* Princes praiſe on him and preſents did beſtoe.
Wheare *Rome* is now, *Pallantia* then, *Euander* he did frame

A temple, and to *Hercules* did dedicate the ſame:
And he (intreated thereunto) in *Italie* did ſtay:
To honor whom did Princes come from farre and euery way.
King *Faunus* had affaires abroad, when from *Laurentum* came
Hs wife *Marica* (*Facus* ſome this louely Queene doe name,)
From liking did ſhe fall in loue with *Hercules*, and he
(More readie to haue made demaund, then like to diſagree)
Conceiuing her by circumſtance, ſo coupled by contract,
That, had King *Faunus* neuer liu'd, *Latinus* had not lackt:
Yeat home came *Faunus*, fathering his late Corriuals act.
But whether gotten lawfully, or thus in loue forbod,
Latinus, *Brute* his Gran-dames Syer, was ſonne vnto a God.

WHilſt that in loue of this ſame Queene, & lande of all beſides,
The vanquiſher of *Vulcans* ſonne in *Italie* abides,
Of *Calabres* a mightie hoſt King *Picus* he prouides.
And, in reuenge of *Cacus*, ſwore his Slayer ſhould be ſlaine:
But he, ere long, that ſo did ſweare, vnſweared it againe,
When, chaſed home into his holdes, theare ſparred vp in gates,
The valiant *Thebane*, all in vaine, a following fight awaites.
Who, for diſpatch, did fayne himſelfe a Legate to the King,
And him the Porters, as the ſame, before their Tyrant bring.
Then ſhaking off his ciuil robes, his ſhining Armes appeare:
And renting downe an Iron ſparre, both Prince and people feare.
Some ran to Armor, other ſome did fight with him their laſt:
Both Court and Cittie in the end did lay vpon him faſt.
Theare *Picus*, worthely, did winne of valiantneſſe a name,
Yeat *Hercules* more valiantly by death did *Picus* tame:
And to attend their King his ghoſt he ſendeth flocke by flocke:
His furie was as fier to Ferne, his foes as waues to Rocke,
Nor did his Lyons Spoyle giue place to darting or to knocke.
Meane time his men aſſault without, whil'ſt he aſſayles within,

Wheare

Wheare fighting to beate downe the Gates he ſo the Goale did win.
Within the King his ranſackt Court he *Iole* eſpies,
Whoſe teares, then mounting frō her hart, diſmount thē frō her eyes.
King *Pteus* (now a lifeles corſe) was Father of this Mayde:
In vaine therefore did *Hercules* her penſiueneſſe diſſwayde,
Nor could he but lament her fate, and loue ſo ſweete a face,
Whoſe perſon alſo did containe the type of female grace.
At firſt ſhe was ſo farre from loue ſhe rather ſeem'd to hate,
Yeat could ſhe not ſo giue the Checke but that ſhe tooke the Mate.
Then eithers loue was eithers life: poore *Deianira* ſhe
Was out of commons, yea of thought, an other had her fee.

With this ſo faire and portly wench he ſayled into *Thrace*:
And heares how *Diomedes* did tyrannize in that place.
No Straunger ſcapes vnranſomed: but Raunſome wanting, then
He caſteth them, as prouender, to Horſes eating men.
A Garde of Tyrants, like himſelfe, attending on him ſtill,
Who richly did maintaine themſelues, by ſuch their doings ill.
The Scourge of ſuch was moued, not to be remoued now
By *Iole*, whoſe louing teares ſuch labours diſalow.
With *Diomedes* and his Garde in Forreſt did he meete,
Who with their common Stratagem the Stranger thinke to greete.
Hands of, commaunded *Hercules*, for Horſe I am no hay,
All Straungers Ranſom, once for all, my comming is to pay:
Which ſaid, himſelfe againſt them all began a noble fray.
The ſturdie *Thracians*, mightie men, did hardly looſe their ground,
But, than the King, a mightier man not any wheare was found:
Theſe all at once aſſayle, and ſtrike, and thunder on his Sheeld:
But number fitted to his force, vnwonted ſo to yeeld.
For with his club he skuffles then amongſt their Curets ſo,
That ſpeedie death was ſweeter dole then to ſuruiue his blo.
Well mounted comes the King himſelfe, whom he diſmounts anon,

But

But, reſcued to his Horſe againe, away he would be gon.
Leſſe haſte, he ſaid, I Harts out-runne, nor ſhalt thou me out-ride:
Out-ſtripping ſo the man-feade horſe, he topled ore his ſide
The monſtrous King, that reſculeſſe to flying people cride.
Who, lying all to fruſhed thus, the ſonne of *Ioue* did bring
His cruell Iades, that ſoone deuoure their more than cruell King.
The *Thracians* all ſubmit themſelues, and ioye their Tyrants death,
And thinke ſome God had left the Heauens to ſuccour men on earth,
From ſuch as what they would they will, and what they will they can,
And what they can they dare and doe, and doing none withſtan.
Nor thought they better of the man then did his deeds approue,
That neuer was a Conqueror vnto his owne behoue,
But to eſtabliſh vertuous men, and Tyrants to remoue.
This common Soldiour of the world with *Iole* did land
In *Lycia*, and (the earth in peace) diſcharged theare his band.
Sweete buſſes, not ſharpe battels, then did alter man and minde,
Till he, as others, ſorrowe in ſecuritie did finde.
From *Aſſur* went the Empire then when *Tonos* he had time
To court his Trulles, *Arbaces* ſo eſpying place to clyme:
Secure in *Tomyris* her flight, was valiant *Cyrus* ſlaine:
From *Capua*, not from *Cannas*, grew braue *Hanibal* his baine:
The ſame, to whoſe victorious Sword a ſecond world was ſought,
That *Macedon* in court, not Campe, to traytrous end was brought:
A louer, not a Soldiour, went *Achilles* to his graue:
And *Caſar* not in ſteele, but ſilke, to Rome his farewell gaue,
Euen ſo, this ſecond vnto none, ſuperior vnto all,
To whom did ſooner Cauſes ceaſe then Conqueſts not befall,
This monſter-Maſter *Hercules*, this Tyrant Tamer, hee
Whoſe high Exploytes, did leaue the earth from ſpoyle and Spoylers (free,
In pleaſures did he periſh now, that did in perils thriue:
A greeuous Taske I vndertake his dying to reuiue.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

WHen *Deianira* vnderſtood her husbands back returne,
She thought it ſtrange that he frō her ſo ſtrangely did ſoiorne:
Explorers ſent to ſearch the cauſe, returne was made that he
Did loyter in a ſtrangers Loue: and *Iole* was ſhe
That euer hanged at his lips, and hugged was of him,
And that, his armor laid a-part, in ſilke he courts it trim.
The daughter of th' *AEtolian* King did little leſſe then raue:
And can the churle (quoth ſhe) preferre in loue a captiue Slaue
Before his wife, whom late he ſaind inferiour vnto none?
Ah *Hercules*, thou art a man, thy manhood thus is knowne.
Fye, may a forren Strumpets armes ſo faſten on his necke,
As he (the Rector of the Earth) muſt bowe if ſhe doth becke?
Oh how vnlike to *Hercules* is *Hercules* in this?
But, leauing men to natures fault, in her the lewdnes is,
No man ſo chaſte, but ſuch as ſhe may worke to doe amis.
Thus whilſt her ouerplus of loue to Ielouſie did growe,
She ſimply minds the ſpightfull gift that *Neſſus* did beſtowe:
And, for he dying ſpake the words, ſhe held it as her Creede
That it could winne him to her ſelfe: of which now hauing neede)
She vſeth part, and ſent a Shirt ſo boyled as he bad
To *Hercules*: and *Hercules* was of the Preſent glad:
Confeſſing her his onely Wife: And whilſt he did repent
His breach of Loue, on *Oeta* Mount to ſacrifice he went.

Philoctes,

Philoctes, *Paans* valiant Sonne, and *Lychas*, he that brought
The poyſoned Shirt, were preſent theare, but of no treaſon thought:
Nor *Deianiras* ſelfe (good Soule) till tryall made it playne,
When as his body and the fire gaue moyſture to the bayne.
His ſtoutnes hid ſuch torments long, as els could none abyde,
Yea till the baine his Bowels and his very Marrow fryde.
But when his torments had no meane, the Altar downe he throes,
And from his martred body rents the gory ſmoking cloathes:
And ſtriuing to ſtrip off the Shirt he teareth fleſh from bone,
And left his breaking Synoees bare, his Intrailes euery one
Did boyle, & burſt, & ſhew themſelues where lumps of fleſh did lacke,
And ſtill the murdrous Shirt did cleue vnto his mangled backe.
Eſpying *Deianiras* Squire, that quaking ſtood, he ſaide,
And art thou, wretch, the Inſtrument of my deſtruction maide?
Whom ſwinging then about his head, he ſlinged downe the hill:
And ſo did ſilly *Lycas* dye, that purpoſed no ill.
Then running downe from hill to Playne, from Playne to hill againe,
He rents vp Rockes and mightie Hils in error of his paine:
Till, ſadly leaning on his Club, he ſighing, vowes that none
Should be the death of *Hercules* but *Hercules* alone.
And to his friend *Philoctes* tooke his Arrowes and his Bow,
And gladly to the hallowed fyer, as to his bed did go.
Wheare lying downe, and taking leaue with reared hands to skye,
The Earths Protector ſo, in peace, amidſt the flames did dye.
Philoctes, neere o'rgone with griefe, his aſhes did conuay
To *Italy*, inſhrined in his Temple there to ſtay:
And wofull *Deianira* heares of *Hercules* decay.
His Ghoſte ſhe voucheth and the Gods to witnes that her minde
Was giltles of a traitrous thought: nor thinke me ſo vnkinde
(Sweet Husband) as to haue the will to ouerliue thee heere,
But that my Ghoſte before thy Ghoſte it ſelfe of guile ſhall cleere:
And now I come, ah now I come, forgiue ye gods the deed
She ſayde, and pearſing ſo her breaſt, a breathles Corſe did bleed.

As

AS *Greekes* lament their Champions loſſe, ſo did the *Phrygians*
And *Priamus* did fortifie his ſtately Cittie *Troy*. (ioy
Twiſe *Hercules* had raſed it, and thirdly was it reard
By *Pryam*, ſtrong in wealth and walles, through *Aſia* lou'd and feard.
He cald to minde *Laomedon* whom *Hercules* had ſlayne,
His Siſter too *Heſione*, that Captiue did remayne
In *Salamis* with *Telamon*: and well he was apayde,
In that the Doer of the ſame liu'd not the *Greekes* to ayde.
His Siſter therefore not reſtorde, his Legates asking it,
By ſtealing of the *Spartane* Queene did *Paris* cry them quit.
Twelue hundred fiftie fiue war-ſhips, with men and Armor frought,
By ſeauenty kings & kingly Peeres, from *Greece*, to *Troy* were brought
To winne her thence. King *Priamus* (beſides his Empire great)
Had ayders Princes thirtie three: leſſe Lords I not repeate,
Nor *Sagitar*, that in this warre did many a valiant feate.
Tenne yeres, ten moneths, & twiſe ſixe daies, the ſiege they did abide:
Eight hundred ſixtie thouſand *Greekes* by *Troian* weapons dide:
Sixe hundred fiftie ſixe thouſands of *Troians* fighting men,
Beſides the ſlaughtred at the ſacke, by *Grecians* periſht then:
And (if that *Hector*, *Troilus*, and *Paris* ſo we name)
Fell fortie Kings: omitting more, of little leſſer fame.
Miſlike, and ciuill quarrels, when the *Grecians* homewards drewe,
Did well neere waſte the remnant Kings that *Phrigia* did ſubdewe.
Thus ſecure *Troy* was ouer-ſet, when *Troy* was ouer ſtoute,
And ouer rich, was ouer-runne, and tardie lookt about.
The *Greekiſh* ſhips with *Phrigian* ſpoiles through *Xant* & *Simoes* roe,
For now *Antenor* had betraid *Palladium* to the foe,
And with *Palladium* *Priamus*: *AEneas* ſought to hide
From *Pyrrhus* *Polyxena* (ſhe for whom *Achilles* dide,
Wherefore vpon *Achilles* tombe her ſelfe was after ſlayne,
What tyme old *Hecuba* deſcryde yoong *Polydor* his bayne)

For

For which, *AEneas* baniſhed, did hoyſt his ſayles to winde,
And, after many perils, rule in *Italie* did finde.

AEneas dead, *Aſcanius* raign'd: *Aſcanius* dead his brother
Poſthumus Syluius did ſucceed: *Lauinia* was his mother,
Her Syer *Latinus*, *Faunus* his, and *Picus* him begot,
And *Saturne* him: From mother thus *Poſthumus* lacked not
The nobleſt bloud. On Fathers ſide his petigree was thus:
Ioue had *Dardanus*, and the ſame begot *Eric̄theus*,
He *Troys*, *Troys Aſſaracus*, he *Capys*, and the ſame
Anchiſes, he *AEneas* had, of him *Poſthumus* came,
And he was Father vnto *Brute*: and thus the *Brutons* bring
Their petigree from *Iupiter*, of Pagane Gods the King:
And adde they may that *Brute* his Syer of *Venus* ſonne did ſpring.
Thriſe fiue degrees from *Noe* was *Brute*, and fower times ſixe was he
From *Adam*: and from *Iaphets* houſe doth fetch his petigree.
Poſthumus Syluius periſhing in Chace amongſt the brakes,
Miſtooke for Game by *Brute* his Sonne, *Brute Italy* forſakes:
And to aſſociate his Exile, a many *Troyans* mo
At all aduentures put to ſeas, vncertein where to go,
To whom did Fortune, Fortunelike, become a friend and foe:
Till *Brute* (with no leſſe payne and praiſe then had his Grandſier late
Achiued *Latium*) landing here, ſuppreſſed ſo the ſtate
Of all the Fiend-breed *Albineſis*, huge Gyants fearce and ſtrong,
Or race of *Albion*, *Nepruns* Sonne (els ſome deriue them wrong)
That of this Iſle (vn-Scotted yet) he Empire had ere long.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XIIII.

NOw, of the Conquerour, this Iſle had *Brutaine* vnto name,
And with his *Troians Brute* began manurage of the ſame.
For raſed *Troy* to reare a *Troy* fit place he ſearched then,
And viewes the mounting Northerne partes: Theſe fit (quoth he) for men
That truſt aſmuch to flight as fight: our Bulwarks are our breſts,
The next Arriuals heere, perchaunce, will gladlier build their neſts:
A *Troians* courage is to him a Fortres of defence:
And leauing ſo wheare Scottes be now he Southward maketh thence:
Whereas the earth more plentie gaue, and ayre more temprature,
And nothing wanted that by wealth or pleaſure might allure:
And more, the Lady Flood of Floods, the Ryuer *Thamis*, it
Did ſeeme to Brute againſt the foe, and with himſelfe to fit.
Vpon whoſe fruitfull bancks therefore (whoſe bounds are chiefly ſaid,
The want-les Counties *Eſſex*, *Kent*, *Surrie*, and wealthie Glayde
Of *Hartfordſhire*, for Cities ſtore participating ayde)
Did *Brute* build vp his *Troy-nouant*, incloſing it with wall:

Which

Which *Lud* did after beautifie, and *Ludſ-towne* it did call
That now is *London*: euermore to rightfull Princes trewe,
Yea Prince and people ſtill to it as to their Storehouſe drewe,
For plentie and for populous the like we no wheare vewe.
Howbe-it many neighbour townes as much ere now could ſay,
But place for people, people, place, and all for ſinne decay.
When *Brute* ſhould dye thus to his Sonnes hee did the Iſle conuay:
To *Camber* Wales, to *Albanact* he *Albanie* did leaue,
To *Locrine Britaine*: whom his Queene of life did thus bereaue.

THe furious *Hun*, that drowning theare to *Humber* left his name,
The King did vanquiſh, and for ſpoyle vnto his Nauie came:
Where *Humbars* Daughter, Parragon for beautie, ſuch a Dame
As Loue himſelfe could nót but loue, did *Locrine* ſo inflame,
That *Guendoleyne*, the *Corniſh* Duke his daughter, *Locrins* Queene,
Grewe in contempt: and, *Coryn* dead, his Change of Choyſe was ſeene.
To *Cornwall* goes the wrothfull Queene to ſeaze her Fathers Land,
Frō whence ſhe brought, to worke reuenge, of warriours ſtout a band,
And bids her husband battell, and in battell is he ſlaine:
And for their Sonne in Nonage was, ſhe to his vſe did raine.
The Lady *Eſtrild Locrins* Loue, and *Sabrin*, wondrous faire,
Her Husbands and his Leimans impe, ſhe meaning not to ſpare,
Did bring vnto the water that the wenches name doth beare:
There binding both, and bobbing them, then trembling at her yre,
She ſaid: if *Scythia* could haue hild the wandring King thy Syre,
Then *Britiſh* waters had not been to him deſerued bayne:
But *Eſtrild*, ſnout-faire *Eſtrild*, ſhe was ſparde, forſooth to traine
With whoriſh tricks a vicious King: But neither of yee twaine,
Thou ſtately Drab, nor this thy Brat, a baſtard as thy ſelfe,
Shall liue in triumph of my wrong: firſt mother and her Elfe
Shall fiſh in Flood for *Humbars* ſoule, and bring him newes to hell,
That *Locrins* wife on *Locrins* whore reuenged her ſo well.

They lifting vp their lillie hands, from out their louely eyes
Powre teares like Pearles, and waſh thoſe Cheekes where naught ſaue
And ſeeking to excuſe themſelues, & mercie to obtaine, (beautie lyes:
With ſpeeches good, and praiers faire, they ſpeake and pray in vaine:
Queene *Guendoleyne* ſo bids, and they into the Flood are caſt,
Whereas amongſt the drenching waues the Ladies breath their laſt.
As this his Grandame, ſuch appear'd *Empricius, Madans* ſonne,
Whoſe brother *Manlius* traitrouſly by him to death was donne.
And ſince of noble *Brute* his line prodigious things I tell,
I skipping to the tenth from him will ſhew what then befell.

ABout a thirtie yeeres and fiue did *Leir* rule this Land,
When, doting on his Daughters three, with them he fell in hand
To tell how much they loued him. The Eldeſt did eſteeme
Her life inferior to her loue, ſo did the ſecond deeme:
The yongeſt ſayd her loue was ſuch as did a childe behoue,
And that how much himſelfe was worth, ſo much ſhe him did loue.
The former two did pleaſe him well, the yongeſt did not ſo:
Vpon the Prince of *Albanie* the firſt he did beſtoe:
The Middle on the *Corniſh* Prince: their Dowry was his Throne,
At his deceaſe: *Cordellas* part was very ſmall or none.
Yeat, for her forme, and vertuous life, a noble *Gallian* King
Did her, vn dowed, for his Queene into his Countrie bring.
Her Siſters ſicke of Fathers health, their husbands by conſent
Did ioyne in Armes: from *Leir* ſo by force the Scepter went:
Yeat, for they promiſe pentions large, he rather was content.
In *Albanie* the quondam King at eldeſt Daughters Court
Was ſetled ſcarce, when ſhe repines, and leſſens ſtill his Port
His ſecõd Daughter then, he thought, would ſhew her ſelfe more kind:
To whom, he going, for a while did franke allowance finde.
Ere long abridging almoſt all, ſhe keepeth him ſo loe,
That of two bads, for better choyſe he backe againe did goe.

But *Gonerill* at his returne, not onely did attempt
Her fathers death, but openly did hold him in contempt.
His aged eyes powre out their teares, when holding vp his hands,
He sayd: O God, who so thou art, that my good hap withstands,
Prolong not life, deferre not death, my selfe I ouer-liue,
When those that owe to me their liues, to me my death would giue.
Thou Towne, whose walles rose of my welth stand euermore to tell
Thy Founders fall, and warne that none do fall as *Leir* fell.
Bid none affie in Friends, for say, his Children wrought his wracke:
Yea those, that were to him most deare, did lothe and let him lacke.
Cordella, well *Cordella* sayd, she loued as a Child:
But sweeter words we seeke than sooth, and so are men beguild.
She onely rests vntryed yet: but what may I expect
From her, to whom I nothing gaue, when these do me reiect?
Then dye, nay trye, the rule maye fayle, and nature may ascend:
Nor are they euer surest friends on whom we most doe spend.
He ships himselfe to *Gallia* then: but maketh knowne before
Vnto *Cordella* his estate, who rueth him so poore,
And kept his theare ariuall close till she prouided had
To furnish him in euery want. Of him her King was glad,
And nobly entertayned him: the Queene, with teares among,
(Her duetie done) conferreth with her father of his wrong.
Such duetie, bountie, kindnes, and increasing loue, he found
In that his Daughter and her Lord, that sorrowes more abound
For his vnkindly vsing her, then for the others crime:
And King-like thus in *Agamps* Court did *Leir* dwell, till time
The noble King his Sonne-in-lawe transports an Armie greate
Of forcie *Gawles*, possessing him of dispossessed Seate:
To whom *Cordella* did succeede, not raigning long in queate.
Not how her Nephewes warre on her, and one of them slew th'other
Shall followe: but I will disclose a most tyrannous mother.

CHAP. XV.



Orbodags double Iſſue nowe, when eighteene Kings were paſt,
Hild ioyntly Empire in this land, till *Porrex* at the laſt,
Not tyed ſo by brotherhood, but that he did diſdaine
A fellowe King, (for neuer can one Kingdome brooke of twaine)
Did leuie ſecret bands: for dread whereof did *Ferrex* flie,
And out of *Gallia* bringeth Warre, in which himſelfe did die.
Then *Porrex* onely raigned heere, and ruled all in peace:
Till *Iden*, mother Queene to both, her furie did increaſe
So fearcely, as ſhe ſeekes reuenge euen in the higheſt degree,
Why liueth this (quoth ſhe) a King? in graue why lieth he?
Dye *Iden*, dye: nay dye thou wretch, that me a wretch haſt made:
His ghoſt, whoſe life ſtood in thy light, commaundeth me of ayde.
Nor want I (*Ferrex*) will to ayde: for why the Gods I ſee
Deferre reuenge, nor with a Deuill the Deuils diſagree. (hell,
The heauens, me thinks, with thunderbolts ſhould preſſe his ſoule to
Or Earth giue paſſage, that at leaſt with men he might not dwell:
But I my ſelfe, euen I my ſelfe, their ſlackneſſe will ſupplye,
And Mothers name and Nature both to ſuch a Sonne denye.
Dead night was come, when *Iden* found the King her ſonne a ſleepe,
And all was ſtill (not then as now did Guards their Princes keepe:
Admit they had, who would haue feard ſuch miſchiefe in a mother?)
She whiſpring ſoftly, ſleepe thy laſt, yea ſleepe as doth thy brother.
Did gaſh his throte: who ſtarting vp, whē ſtrēgth & ſpeech were gone,

Lifts vp his faynting hands, and knew the Tyranneſſe anone:
And maketh ſignes, as who would ſay, ah mother thou haſt done
A deed, as neuer mother earſt did practiſe on her Sonne.
But name of ſon, nor ſignes did ſerue, him ſtill with wounds ſhe plyes
Nor (more than Monſter) did it pleaſe that ſimplie ſo he dyes,
But that his bodie, peecemeale tore, about the Lodging flyes.
And thus from noble *Brute* his line the ſcepter then did paſſe:
When of his bloud for to ſucceede no heire ſuruiuing was.

FOwer Dukes at once, in ciuil broyles, ſeiunctly after raine.
Neere when, the *Scottes* (whō ſome accuſe by Ante-dates to gain)
Did ſettle in the Northerne Iſles. Theſe people bring their line
From *Cecrops* and that *Pharo*, he that euer did decline
From *Moſes* ſeeking *Hebers* houſe from *AEgypt* to conuay.
His daughter *Scota Gathelus* their Duke brought thence away,
When *Pharos* ſinne to *Iacobs* ſeede did neere that Land decay.
And *Cecrops* ſon brought thē from thence (as *Scottes* inforce the ſame)
The ſtone that *Iacob* ſlept vpon, when Angels went and came:
Of it was made their fatall Chaire, of which they beare in hand,
That whereſoere the ſame is found, the *Scottes* ſhal brooke the land:
At *Weſtminſter* that Monument doth now, decaying, ſtand.
In *Luſitanea Gathelus* did firſt his kingdome found,
And of his race (of *Scota, Scottes*) when *Spaniſh Scottes* abound,
Ariue in *Ireland*, and in it a ſecond Empire ground:
And thirdly, when their broodie Race that Iſle did ouer-ſtore,
Amongſt the Iſlands *Hebredes* they ſeeke out dwellings more.
Theſe *Iriſh*, ſometime *Spaniſh Scots*, of whence our now-*Scottes* be,
Within the Iſles of *Albion* thus, whilſt *Brutaines* diſagree,
Did ſeat themſelues, & neſtle too amongſt the Mountaine grounds:
What time a *Scythian* people, *Pichtes*, did ſeaze the middle boundes
Twixt them and vs: & theſe did prooue to *Brutaine* double woundes.
The *Penthland* people and the *Scots*, alying, friendly liue,
Vntill the *Picths* by Brittiſh wyles, contrarie cauſe did giue.

Then

Then from their Captains fell the *Scots*, and choſe to them a King.
And *Fergus* out of *Ireland* did the Chaire of Marble bring:
In which inſtald the firſt *Scotch* King in *Albion*, ſo he wrought
That *Picht*s and *Scots*, then vp in Armes, were to attonement brought.
Three valiant people thus at once in *Albion* Empire hold,
Brutes, *Scots* and *Pichts*: the latter twaine leſſe ciuill, but as bold.
The *Pichts* were fierce and *Scythian*-like: much like the *Iriſh* now
The *Scots* were then: couragious both: Nor them I diſallowe
That write they fed on humane fleſh, for ſo it may be well,
Like of theſe men their bloudy mindes their natiue ſtories tell:
But to our *Brittiſh* buſines now, to ſhew what there befell.
Not how the tri-partited Rule vnto his quartarne Rayne
Dunwallo, after fortie yeeres, did Monarchize againe:
Not what precedent Kings in *France*, and *Denmarke* did obtaine
Speake I: From *Porrex* fortie Kings in ſilence ſhall remaine:
Alonely valiant *Brennus*, and his brother *Beline*, thay
Vnpraiſed for their warres and works ſhall not eſcape away.

CHAP. XVI.

THeſe Brothers, thirſting amplier Raignes, did martially contend,
Till *Brenn* his force was not of force his brothers to defend.
To *Norway* ſayles hee, wheare he got an Armie and a prize,
The Prince of *Norwayes* Daughter, whom hee winneth in this wiſe.
The King of *Denmarke* ſtoode with him, vntill the States decreed
That both ſhould plead before their Prince, and better Pleader ſpeed.

And when the *Norgane* Prince and Peeres were ſeated for their ſtrife,
The King of *Danes* beginning firſt, thus pleaded for a wife.
Not yet a King, King *Philips* ſon with none but Kings would cope,
His reaſon was, inferiour ſtrife of glorie giues no hope:
I am a King, and graunt the Prize in queſtion worthie mee,
But grudge that my Competitor a baniſht man ſhould bee.
Doe grant him what he hath for-gon, and neuer more ſhall git,
Yeat were he but a Demi-king, to challenge me vnfit:
Dunwalles yonger Sonne, that hath his brother to his Foe,
And worthelie, his trecheries haue well deſerued ſoe.
And yet (audacious that he is) he bluſheth not to heare
The troth of his vntroth, nor yeat an heere-Repulſe doth feare.
Would ſhe for whom I muſt contend were not to me the ſame
She is, or he that ſtands with me a man of better fame.
But ſince in this vnequall Plea I muſt my ſelfe imbrace,
Knowe, *Norwaies*, that my pleaded cauſe cõcernes your publique cace.
It is the King of *Denmarke* doth your Prince his daughter craue,
And note, it is no little thing with vs Allie to haue.
By league, or Leigure, *Danske* can fence, or fronte you, friend, or foe,
Our neighborhood doth fit to both, your wel-fare or your woe:
Combine therefore in needfull League our neere conioyned States:
I may your good, nought leſſe can he that thus with me debates.
He is a *Bruton* (if Exile allow we call him ſo)
And farre from aiding you, that knowes himſelfe not to beſtoe.
Admit he were receiued home, what Empire doth he ſway?
A ſorrie Ilands Moyetie, and farre from hence away.
Her Dowrie is your Diademe: what Ioynter can he make?
Not anie: giue not then to him from whom you cannot take.
And Ladie (She for whom they ſtroue was preſent) well I wot,
My loue doth claime a greater debt than ſo to be forgot.
I wiſh (mine Oppoſite his want) that Armes might giue the right,
It is not dread, but doom'd (ſweet wench) that thus with tongue I fight.
Proude *Bruton* (frowning ſo on *Brenn*) diſclaime in her my dewe,

Els

Els thou repining ſhalt repent, doe make thy choyce a new:
At leaſt amend thine Error, and mine enuie ſhall haue end:
I need not force ſo weake a Foe, ſeeke thou ſo ſtrong a friend.
Norwates conſent, and, Ladie, be no Counter-mand to this:
Diſcent not *Brenn:* conclude her mine: els my Concluſion is,
If not for worth, by force perforce to winne her from you all,
Yea though our baniſht Copeſ-mate could his *Britiſh* Succours call.
The King of *Danes* concluded thus: and after ſilence ſhort,
The *Brutaine Heros* vailed, and did anſwere in this ſort.
Moſt gracious *Norgane* Peeres, you heare the ouer-tearming taunts
Of this Appelant, that himſelfe and Scepter ouer-vaunts.
It leſſer greeueth he ſhould grudge that I with him co-riue,
Than his ſo peremptorie ſpeach in your deſpight to wiue.
It greeues, in troth, not for my ſelfe, but for he beardeth you,
And ſeemes diſdainfull of your aide, that doth ſo proudly wowe.
How captiouſly he derogates from me, and mine eſtate?
And Arrogates vnto himſelfe, to bring me ſo in hate.
How daintely his eies endure ſo bace an Obiects view?
How deſperately doth he conclude, and threatneth me and you?
Well, barke he, byte he, bragges nor blowes ſhall dare me to defend
A Challenge, where ſo braue a Prize ſtands for the Wagers end,
Nor thinke (vaine-glorious that thou art) me leſſer then a King,
Or greater than by ſute, or ſword, to prize ſo rare a thing.
Vpbrayd me not with baniſhment, nor *Belyns* quarrell touch,
Nor yeat my petite Signorie: nor more than troth by much,
Theſe preſent nobles know the cauſe for which I hether come:
Not as an exile, but for ayde, and they aſſiure me ſome.
Then know, the cauſe is honeſt when their Honors giues ſupplies:
As capable are they of troth, as thou art apt for lies.
My bothers Kingdome ſeemes, forſooth, an Ouer-match to mine?
My Kingdome, *Cutlake*, therefore is an vnder-match to thine?
Nay, giue (and ſo I hope ye will) the Prize to me, and than
Let *Cutlake* with his Crowne of *Danske* vn-crowne me if he can,

Then he, diſabling me to make a Ioynter happelie,
With Denmarke ſuch a Ioynters want(if wanting)ſhould ſupplie.
But neither haue I ſuch a lacke,nor holde I ſuch a loue,
As that her Dowrie(not in queſt)before her ſelfe doth moue.
He harpeth as himſelfe would haue,that maketh loue his Staile:
Els would he ſue in milder ſort,and ſuing,feare to faile.
For,Ladie,ſee your Louers Plea: your loue, ſaith he,is debt:
And if not words, nor worthines, then Armor ſhall you get.
Braue words and fit to feare, not feede, a courted Ladies vaine.
But ſay he cannot wooe in print,but Soldior-like and plaine:
Nor I, in ſooth, more loues my heart than can my tongue explaine.
Conclude we therefore Souldior-like, and let a combate yeeld
Vnto the hardier of vs twaine the honour of the field.
If not,then (if my Lords ſo pleaſe,or ſhe thereto agree)
Although thou ſhould'ſt by force of Armes ſubdue her hence to thee,
Yeat from thy ſtrongeſt Holde in *Danske* I would thy Conqueſt free.
Lo heer my Gage(he terr'd his Gloue)thow know'ſt the Victors meed:
(So did he pauſe, his Pledge vntoucht,and then did thus proceede)
Then fret thy fill,and worke thy worſt,deliuer,Lords,your willes:
Ye haue experience how this ſame with brags,not battell,killes.
He threatneth onely, I intreate,he claimeth her of dew,
I wiſh,and hope for to deſerue. The Counſel then withdrewe
Themſelues apart: and ſoone for *Brenn* a verdict did enſewe.

The *Dane* inraged ſayled thence,and rigged out a Fleete,
And did with *Brenn*,reſayling home,at great aduantage meete.
Their Shippes did grapple,and their ſwords did ſunder life from lim:
So fought they, as their ſhippes did ſeeme in Seas of bloud to ſwim.
But multitude oppreſſed *Brenn*,he hardlye did eſcape,
His Ladie,will he nill hee,left the King of *Denmarkes* Rape.
Not meanely inſolent the *Danes* hoyſt vp their home-meant Sayles:
But after manye crabbed Flawes,and long contrarie Gayles,
The Kings and *Norgane* Ladies Shippe was toſſed to the Coſte
Of *Brutaine*: wheare,impriſoned,King *Belyn* was their Hoſte:

Vntill,

Vntill, ſufficient Pledges had that *Denmarke* it ſhould pay
Continuall Tribute to the *Brutes* he them diſmiſt away.
Meane while King *Bren* (receiued now amongſt the *Gawles* did threate
For *Englands* Crowne-halfe him with-held his Brothers ſelfe & Seate:
(For Time, alaying Loue, did adde vnto domeſticke hate)
And with the *Genoueſean Gawles*, whoſe Prince his heire of late
He had eſpouſed, did inuade the Empire of his Brother:
And almoſt did their Battels ioyne, when thus intreates their Mother.
I dare to name ye Sonnes, becauſe I am your Mother, yet
I doubt to tearme you Brothers that doe Brotherhood forget.
Theſe Prodigies, their wrothfull Shields, forbodden Foe to Foe,
Doe ill beſeeme allyed hands, euen yours allyed ſoe.
O, how ſeeme *Oedipus* his Sonnes in you againe to ſtriue?
How ſeeme theſe ſwords in me (aye me) *Iocaſta* to reuiue?
I would *Dunwallo* liued, or ere death had loſt againe
His Monarchie, ſufficing Fower, but now too ſmall for Twaine.
Then either would you, as did he, imploy your wounds elſwheare:
Or for the ſmalnes of your Power agree, at leaſt for feare.
But pride of ritch & romeſome Thrones, that wingeth now your darts,
It will (I would not as I feare) worke ſorrow to your harts.
My Sonnes, ſweet Sonnes, attend my words, your Mothers wordes attend,
And for I am your mother doe conclude I am your frend:
I cannot counſell, but intreate, nor yet I can intreate
But as a Woman, and the ſame whoſe blood was once your meate:
Hence had ye Milke (She baerd her Paps) theſe Armes did hug ye oft:
Theſe fyled hands did wipe, did wrap, did rocke, and lay ye ſoft:
Theſe lips did kiſſe, or Eyes did weep, if that ye were vnqueat,
Thē ply I did, with Song, or Sighes, with Dance, with Tung, or Teate:
For theſe kind Cauſes, deere my Sonnes, diſarme your ſelues: if not,
Then for theſe bitter teares that now your Mothers Cheekes do ſpot:
Oft vrge I Sonnes and Mothers Names, Names not to be forgot.
Send hence theſe Souldiers: yee, my Sons, & none but ye would fight:

When

When none ſhould rather be at one, if Nature had her right.
What comfort, *Beline*, ſhall I ſpeede? ſweete *Brenn*, ſhall I preuaile?
Say yea (ſweete Youthes) ah yea, ſay yea: or if I needes muſt faile,
Say noe: and then will I begin your Battell with my baile.
Then then ſome ſtranger, not my Sonnes, ſhall cloſe me in the Earth,
When we by Armor ouer-ſoone ſhall meet, I feare, in death.
This ſayd, with guſhing teares eftſoones ſhe plyes the one and other,
Till both did ſhew themſelues at length Sonnes worthy ſuch a Mother:
And with thoſe hands, thoſe altred hands, that lately threatned bloes,
They did embrace: becomming thus continuall frends of foes.
Glad was the Queene, and *Beline* hild ſole Empire: more, he had
From *Denmarke* Tribute: and to this a greater honor add,
His daughter *Cimbra*, wedded to the *Almayne* Prince, gaue name
Vnto the *Cumbrians*, holding *Rome* ſo long and warlike game:
Some (if no Error) giue to him for forraine Conqueſts fame.
His Valour, Warre, & Peace ore-paſt: now ſpeake we of the Knight,
That this ſide and beyond the *Alpes* ſubdewed all by fight.
The ſtatelieſt Townes in *Italie* had *Brenn* their Builder, and
Euen *Rome*, the terror of the World, did at his mercie ſtand:
The Senate, giuing to the Earth ear-while both warre and peace,
Could not themſelues, their Citie, ſcarce their Cappitoll releaſe.

THeir Gander-feaſt, what *Manlius* and *Camillus* did therein,
How This the Cappitol and That from *Brenn* his Spoiles did win
I permit. The three-topt Mount *Parneſſus* had beloe
Apolloes Temple, whither men for Oracles did goe:
This, with the God and Goods the *Gawles* did put to ſacke and ſpoyle:
And whil'ſt, incamped here, they kept ſuch ſacreligious coyle,
The God (or rather Diuell, whom th'Almightie did permit,
His Deitie prophaned, to deceiue the world in it) (lers quit,
With Tempeſts, Earth-quakes, Stench, & Sights, ſo cryde the Spoy-
That moſt did periſh, fewe diſperſe, and all were out of harte,

Yea

Yea *Brenn* himſelfe, diſcouraged, did change in euery parte.
He looking after and vpon the ſcattered and the ſlayne,
Did ſeeme a ſecond *Cadmus*, ſaue leſſe patient of his paygne:
And, ſhaming to be ſeene to weepe, deuoured ſightles teares,
And, in theſe words, his heartie greefes did number to their Eares.
Sweet Soldiours leaue me to my ſelfe, it likes me that ye leaue me,
More takes your tarriãce frõ my health than can theſe plagues bereaue me:
Each of theſe Maſſe of Corpſes dead hath bin a death to me,
Deliuer then mine Eyes of you, too many deathes I ſee:
Suruiue, and tell the Weſterne World what we exployted haue:
How that to *Rome*, amidſt her Rooſe, the mayden Sacke we gaue:
Tell of our Battels, Booties, and our Buildings: laſtly tell
(An honor to our Ouerthrowe) that we at *Delphos* fell
By wounds deuine, no humane Armes. But God, who ſo thou be,
Leſſe is thy courage than Commaund, els would'ſt thou cope with me,
As *Pluto* with *Alcides* did, and *Mars* ſometimes with men:
Do me like honor, and theſe Graues ſhall lightly greeue me then.
But thou full little dareſt ſo. Nay, I doe dare too much,
That with my'ſo vnhallowed tongue thy Deitie dare touch.
Ah, ſee theſe Slaughters, and reſerue aliue this ſmall Remayne,
Let laſtly me and onely me eike number to the ſlayne.
But bootleſſe on a ruthles God I ſee my prayers ſpent,
As haughtely doeſt thou reuenge as humbly I repent.
Well (God of *Delphos*) ſince our teares, this Incenſe, nor theſe Graues
Appeaſe thine yre, perſiſt to plague this fleſh, that henceforth craues
No pitie: to the *Hebrew* God, of power exceeding thine,
(Men ſay) appeale I, and bequeath the Soules of me and mine:
Accept my ſimple Legacie, O Godhood moſt deuine,
Said *Brenn*: And with a ſelfe-wrought woũd did periſh: and his men
Departing, wonne, and left the name to *Gallo-Gretia* then.
The righteous *Gorboman* might adde freſh Subiect to our Muſe,
But skipping to his Fathers Sonnes, of them it thus enſewes.

Fiue

Flue yeeres had *Archigallo* raign'd, when (hated doing wrong)
He was depriued of his Realme, and liued vagrant long,
And fearing all, that frended none, kept cloſe the Woods among.
Theare *Elidurus*, hunting, found his wretched Brother, and
They gazing each in others face, with ſighes and weepings ſtand.
A King, as *Elidurus* is, once was I, thinkes his Brother,
A wretch, as *Archigallo* is, I may be, thinkes the other.
The lowlie King alights anon, and when they had imbrac'd,
Then *Archigallo* ſecretly in *Ebranks* Towne was plac'd:
In which, the King commanding ſo, the Nobles did conuent,
To whom did *Elidurus* thus informe of his intent.

If Fortune had bin croſſe (my Lords) to me, or any feare
Of Armor were approching vs, I ſhould perchance appeare
Faint and falſe-hearted in my charge, but euer lackt the one,
Nor hath the other likelihood, for quietler ruleth none.
Yeat Kings may thinke their heads too weake their Dyademes to ſu- (ſtaine,
For endles cares concurre with Crownes, a bitter ſweete is Raine:
Howbeit, Subiects falſely iudge their Princes bleſſed are;
When both of peace and perils they containe the common care:
And yet for this they grudgingly, from Pounds a Penny ſpare.
Not theſe, my Lords, make me diſclaime in it which all purſue,
But Iuſtice bidds my Brothers right I ſhould commend to you.
This one Requeſt includes, I know, exceeding dangers twaine,
To me, if for a priuate life I change a publique Rayne,
To you, if whom ye haue depriu'd ye ſhall reſtore againe.
But for I haue done right no wrong (though Iuſtice wants not foes,
And though vnto a Magiſtrate diſgrading bringeth woes)
Againſt the bad a conſcience good may ſafe it ſelfe oppoes.
Nor be ye fearefull of reuenge, that did no more than right:
Euen *Archigallo* will confeſſe his ſinne, and cleere your ſpight:
Whoſe reſtitution (were he wrongd) at leaſt ſhall you acquite.
You haſſard leſſe, re-kinging him, then I vn-king'd to bee,
And Danger ouer-dares, if it from Iuſtice diſagree.

Then,

Then, good my Lords, doe right his wrong, at leastwise doe him right,
Whose smart, no doubt, hath wrought in him a reconciled spright.
Iust *Gorboman* his brotherhood succeeding in their Line,
Then *Archigallo* should be King, to him let me resigne.
So much the King did vrge this Text, that *Archigallo* ray'nd,
And *Elidurus*, willingly, in priuate life remaind:
The one, restored, for his late depriuing nothing mou'd,
The other (wonders tell I now) dis-crowned yet belou'd,
Tenne yeeres did *Archigallo* raigne, beloued well, and died:
And *Elidurus* once againe the Kingly Throne supplied,
Vntill his Brothers secondly depose him of his raigne,
But, they deceasing, thirdly he was crowned King againe,
And so, vntill his Dying day, with honor did remaine.
A many Kings, whose good or bad no Wrighter hath displaid,
Did follow: *Lud*, and *Hely*, for their stately buildings made
Rest chiefly famous: Nor forget King *Bledgrabed* I shall,
Whom *Brutons* did their Glee-god for his skill in Musicke call.
The next, whose daies gaue famous deedes, *Cassuelan* is saide,
Whom *Caius Iulius Cæsar* did with Armour thus inuade.

CHAP. XVII.

THis Conquerour of *Gallia* found his Victorie prolong'd
By *Brittish* Succours, and for it, pretending to be wrong'd,
Did send for Tribute: threatning els to bring the *Brutons* Warre.
The latter going forward first, the *Albinests* to (barre
A common foe, concurre as friends: and now was come the spring,

When

When *Cæſar* out of War-wonne *France* victorious troupes did bring,
But eaſlier wonne the *Grecians* land at *Pargama* by much,
Than got the *Latines* footing heere, their Contraries were ſuch.
Yee might haue ſeene of *Hectors* race, ten thouſand *Hectors* heere,
With pollicie on either part, the *Romanes* buying deere
The bloodie ſhoore: the water yeat leſſe deerer than the land
To them, whom valiantly to proofe the Ilanders withſtand.
Ofte battell they, the *Brutons* ſtill victorious, and in vaine
Their foes were valiant: onely heere was *Cæſars* force in waine.
And as our men vnto his men were as tempeſteous Thunder,
So did his ankred ſhips on ſeas by Tempeſt daſh in ſunder.
But twice (quoth *Cæſar*) Fortune, thou wert oppoſite to mine,
But thirdly heere to *Cæſars* ſelfe thou (wontleſſe) doſt decline.
Conuaying then his wearie men into his waſted ſhips,
To *Gallia*, there to Winter them, he miſcontented ſlippes.
Of this ſame Victorie did ſpring ſecuritie and ſtrife:
The *Scottes* and *Pichtes* did ſunder hence, the *Brutons* (ouer-riſe
In Largeſſe) making frollike Cheere, a quarrell then aroes
Betwixt the King and *Luds* falſe Sonne, and they diſioyne as foes:
That *Cæſar* ſlippes Aduantage ſuch were error to ſuppoes.
Euen of the *Brutons* ſome there were recalling backe the Foe,
And Winter paſt, with doubled power he backe againe did roe.
The *Romanes* more, the *Brutons* they farre fewer than before,
Offend, defend, fight for, fence from, to winne, and warde the ſhore.
But *Cæſar* landed, and enſew'd continuall cruell fight,
Thrice put the fierce *Caſſuelanes* the *Cæſarines* to flight:
And ſtill the King incouraging in euery wing appeares,
So giuing needleſſe ſpurs to fight, his ſouldiours brooke not feares:
Nor little did the *Cornish* Belles offend the *Romane* eares.
When *Cæſars* oft ſucceſles fight had tyred him and his,
Inringed with his mayhmed Campe, the *Romane* ſpeaketh this.
Are theſe ſame Bands, thoſe ſelfe-ſame Bands that neuer fought in vaine?
And ye the men that following ſtil my Standard ſtill did gaine?

Euen

Euen theſe, and ye, are verie thoſe: nor can I diſcommend
Your manhoodes, that with leſſer worke brought greater Wars to end.
But not, as was my wont to wright, the Senate now ſhall reede,
I came, I ſawe, I ouer-came: ſuch Foes forbid ſuch ſpeede.
Nor let the Senate muſe, for *Troy* with *Troy* doth here contend:
This warlike people (fame is ſo) from whence ſprong we diſcend.
Yea, if *Æneas* had not left the *Phrygian* Gods to vs,
And *Greekes Palladium* Shipt to *Greece*, this Fortune foyling thus,
I would haue thought thoſe very Gods had followed our anoy:
But them haue we, theſe onely haue vndanted harts from *Troy*.
But what? ſhall *Cæſar* doubt to fight againſt ſo braue a Foe,
No, *Cæſars* Tryumphes with their Spoyles ſhall giue the brauer ſhoe.
Ye Gods that guide our Capitoll, Mount *Palatin* thou Throne
Of ſtately *Rome*, ye followers too of her affaires each one,
Delay not, but depriue me quite my Triumphes now in hand,
Nor let me liue, if ſo I leaue vnconquered this Land:
This Land, the laſt of Weſterne Iſles, an Iſle vnknowen ere this,
Which famous now through *Cæſars* fight and our misfortune is.
Enough, my fellow friends in Armes, enough we *Romaines* haue
To ſeeke reuenge: your Conqueſt, loe, a Countrie rich and braue:
And (which perſwadeth victorie) in *Troynouant* there be.
That hold that Citie to our vſe: the *Brutons* diſagree,
No *Scot* or *Picht* aſſiſting them in theſe our Warres I ſee.
Their ciuill ſtrife will proue their ſcourge, how ſtout ſoere they ſeeme,
And perpetuitie doth faile in euery thing extreme.
Not Fortune ſtill is good or bad, and now let be our day:
Too long we liue, if that ſo long we ſhall on trifles ſtay,
Said *Cæſar*: And with ſuch his words did ſo inflame his men,
That with leſſe patience did they liue, than linger battell then.
The *Romaines* did the bace, and then did cruell Warre begin:
And little wanted that the *Brutes* the better did not win.
But *Cæſar* ſo foreſawe Supplies, and Succors here and theare,

Perſwa-

Perſwading this; diſſwading that, controuling flight and feare,
That, after many *Romaines* ſlaine, the *Brutons* tooke their flight,
To Southerne Shores: whereas to proofe *Caſſiuelan* did fight,
With oft Eruptions out of Woods, vntil the traitrous Knight,
The Earle of *London*, yeelds his Charge and Citie to the Foe,
Through which diſloyall preſident did other Cities foe:
And then with hard-won Tribute hence the Conquerour did goe.

BVt he, that wonne in euery Warre, at *Rome* in ciuill Robe.
Was ſtab'd to death: no certaintie is vnderneath this Globe.
The good are enuied of the bad, and glorie finds diſdaine,
And people are in conſtancie as Aprill is in raine:
Whereof, amidſt our ſerious penne, this Fable intertaine.

An Aſſe, an Old-man, and a Boye, did through a Citie paſſe,
And whil'ſt the wanton Boye did ride the Old-man led the Aſſe:
See yonder doting foole, ſaid Folke, that crauleth ſcarce for age,
Doth ſet the Boye vpon his Aſſe and makes himſelfe his Page.
Anon the blamed Boy alights, and lets the Old-man ride,
And, as the Old-man did before, the Boye the Aſſe did gide:
But, paſſing ſo, the people then did much the Old-man blame,
And told him, Churle, thy limbs be tough, let ride the Boy, for ſhame.
The fault thus found, both Man and Boye did backe the Aſſe and ride,
Then that the Aſſe was ouer-charg'd each man that met them cride.
Now both a light, and goe one foote, and lead the empty Beaſt,
But then the people laugh, and ſay, that one might ride at leaſt.
With it they both did vnderthore the Aſſe on either ſide,
But then the wondring people did that witles pranke deride.
The Old-man ſeeing by no waies he could the people pleaſe,
Not blameles then did driue the Aſſe and drowne him in the Seas.
Thus whil'ſt we be, it will not be, that any pleaſeth all:
Els had bin wanting, worthely, the noble *Cæſars* fall.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

AVguſtus, quayling Anthonie, was Emperour alone:
In whoſe vn-foed Monarchie our cõmon health was knowne.
The brooſer of the Serpents head, the Womans promiſd Seede,
The ſecond in the Trinitie, the Foode our ſoules to feede,
The Vine, the Light, the Doore, the Way, the Shepheard of vs all:
Whoſe Manhood ioynd to Deitie did Raunſome vs from thrall,
That was, and is, and euermore will be the ſame to his,
That ſleepes to none that wake to him, that turns our curſſe to bliſſe,
Whom yet vnſeene, the Patriarkes ſawe, the Prophets haue foretold,
Th'apoſtles preacht, the Saints adore, and Martyrs doe behold,
The ſame (*Auguſtus* Emperour) in *Paleſtine* was borne,
Amongſt his owne, and yeat his owne did croſſe their bliſſe in ſcorne:
Bi-formed *Ianus* then in Mewe: ſo would this Prince of Peace,
That *Cæſars* Edict euery wheare ſhould *Mars* his enuie ceace.

THen raigned heere King *Cymbelin*, King *Theomantius* ſonne:
Next him *Guiderius*, that with-held the Tribute *Cæſar* wonne.
The *Romanes* (that, in our reſpect, neglected *Miſia*, *Spaine*, *Armenia*, *France*, and *Siria*, then Recuſants of their Raine,)
Not by their Captaines, but himſelfe the Emperour of *Rome*,
Into relapſed *Brutaine* with imperiall Enſignes come.

Then hotter than the *Punike* Warres to *Romaines* did begin:
And *Claudius* looſeth valiantly all that the *Brutons* win,
But *Romiſh Hamo* (from whoſe death *Southhampton* had that name)
In *Brittiſh* armes ſalutes the King, and ſlewe by guile the ſame.
Duke *Aruiragus* vſing then the Armor of the King,
Maintained fight, and wonne the field ere *Brutons* knew the thing.
This hardie Knight, his Brother ſlaine, was Crowned in his place:
And with his winnings, alſo wonne the Emperour to grace:
Who ſending for his Daughter, faire *Geniſſa* ſo did ende
The Warres in Wedding: and away did *Claudius Ceſar* wende.
But *Aruiragus* after this reuolted, and to ſtay
The hauocke made of *Romanes* here came ſuccors euery day.
His Queene *Geniſſa* childing died, when his reuolt ſhe knew:
And *Voada*, deuorſed late, became his Queene of new.
Then he that at *Ieruſalem* the fatall ſiege begonne,
Was ſent from *Rome*, and warring here, the wonted Tribute wonne:
And through his gentle Victorie, bound *Aruiragus* ſtill
A friend to *Ceſar*, whom the King adopted heire by will.
I here omit the diſmall Warre in Iſle of *Mona* made
Againſt the *Romanes*, whom the Prieſts the *Druides* inuade
With banning words, and Women, with their haire vntruſſed, ſtand
With brands of fire in furious wiſe about their deſperate Band.
The King deceaſed, *Voada* and her two daughters they,
Abuſed by the *Romane* Lords, doe hotter warres aſſay.

THe noble *Scot* King *Corbred*, he confederates with the King
Of *Pichts*: and they & *Brittiſh* Peeres to field their Armies bring,
To aide the Queene of *Brutes*, that like the *Amazonian* Dame
That beating downe the bloodie *Greekes* in *Priams* ſuccour came,
Had pight her Iauelin at her feete, when entred in among
The fearce Confederates, thus ſhe ſpake amidſt the ſilent throng.
My ſtate and ſex, not hand or hart, moſt valiant friends, with-hild

Me

Me(wretched Cauſe of your repaire,by wicked *Romans* il'd)
From that reuenge which I do wiſh, and ye haue cauſe to worke:
In which ſuppoſe not *Voada* in female feares to lurke.
For,Loe,my ſelfe,vnlike my ſelfe,and theſe ſame Ladies faire
In Armor,not to ſhrinke an ynch wheare hotteſt doings are.
Euen we do dare to bid the Baſe,and you your ſelues ſhall ſee
Your ſelues to come behind in Armes: the *Romaines* too, that bee
Such Conquerors,and valiantlie can womankind oppreſſe,
Shall know that *Britiſh* women can the *Romiſh* wrongs redreſſe.
Then Arme ye with like courages as Ladies ſhall preſent,
Whom ye,nor wounds,nor death,the praiſe of Onſet ſhall preuent.
Nor enuie that our martiall rage exceeds your manly ire,
For by how much more we endure,ſo much more we deſire
Reuenge,on thoſe in whoſe default we are vnhallowed thus,
Whilſt they forget themſelues for men,or to be borne of vs
Ye yeeld them Tribute,and from vs their Legions haue their pay:
Thus were too much,but more then thus,the haughtie Tirants ſway:
That I am Queene from being wrong'd doth nothing me protect:
Their Rapes againſt my daughters both I alſo might obiect:
They maydes deflower,they wiues enforce,and vſe their wils in all,
And yeat we liue,deferring fight,inferring ſo our fall.
But,valiant *Brutons*,ventrous *Scots* and warlike *Picts* I erre,
Exhorting,whom I ſhould dehort your fiearcenes to deferre:
Leſſe courage more conſiderate would make your foes to quake:
My heart hath ioy'd to ſee your hands the *Romaine* Standards take,
But when as force and Fortune faild,that you with teeth ſhould fight,
And in the faces of their Foes your women, in deſpight,
Should fling their ſucking Babes,I hild ſuch valiantnes but vaine:
Inforced flight is no diſgrace,ſuch Flyers fight againe.
Here are ye,*Scots*,that with the King my valiant brother dead
The *Latines*,wondring at your prowes, through *Rome* in triumph lead:
Ye *Mars*-ſtard *Pichtes* of *Scythian* breed are here Colleagues,& more,

Ye *Dardane Brutes*, laſt named, but in valour meant before:
In your conduct, moſt knightly friends, I ſuperſeade the reſt:
Ye come to fight, and we in fight to hope and helpe our beſt.
Scarce did this braue *Bellona* end, when as the Battailes ioyne,
And life and death was bought and ſould with courage, not with coine.
Aboue the reſt the Queene of *Brutes* through blood did cut her way,
Sixe thouſand Ladies, Lyons-like, exployting like Affray:
Till *Cattus* with his *Romaine* Armes, ſubdewed, fled away.
Of *Romains* ſeuentie thouſand died, of *Brutons* then were ſlaine
Twiſe fifteene thouſand, and the reſt their ceaſed freedome gaine.
When valiant *Plancius*, Preſident in *Gallia*, heard ſuch newes,
He waffes an Armie out of *France*, and *Voada* purſues.
The *Albineſts* to aid the Queene aſſemble at her call,
And then began a ſecond Warre, nor was the ſlaughter ſmall.
The *Brutons*, bearing flight had clos'd themſelues with waines about,
In which the awles women ſtood ſurueying who was ſtout,
Controuling Cowards, and among did fill the aire with dinne:
But, valiant though the *Brutones* were, the day the *Romaines* winne.
In vaine the furious women then on Sonnes and Husbands call,
Themſelues with Sonnes and Husbands did by aduerſe weapons fall.
Queene *Voada*, paſt helpe and hope, betooke her ſelfe to flight:
Till looking backe, vnfollowed then, and hauing in her ſight
The ſenſeles Tronkes of ſlaughtred friends, ſhee leaning on her Lance
Did power forth teares, and grew at length impatient of the chance,
And ſaid: my ſelfe, my truſtie friends, will with my deareſt blood
Keepe Obite to your happie Ghoſtes, that for your Countries good
Be as you be, and I will be: no *Romaine* ſword ſhall boaſt
Of my diſpatch. So on her Lance ſhe yeelded vp her Ghoſte.
Her Daughter then, for to reuenge her friends vpon her foes,
Aſſiſted by the vanquiſhed, againſt the Victors roes,
And ſlaughtring through the *Romaine* Tentes the braue *Virago* goes,
Till *Plancius*, euer prouident of perils, brought ſupplies,
What time *Vodicia*, vrging wounds, with conſtant courage dies.

Such

SVch busines hanging, *Lucius*, here the first baptized King,
Died issuelesse: and for the Crowne did long contention spring.
At length *Constantius Cæsar* (for the *Brutons* yeelded so)
Did *Helin*, *Coils* daughter wed. Of her do praises go
For finding of the holy Crosse, and for deuotion rare.
From these proceeded *Constantine*, the most vndoubted heire
Both to the *Romane* Monarchie and this his Parents Reame.
He turn'd the Empires ebbing pompe into her flowing streame,
And was a Prince Religious: yea (with reuerence be it said)
If lesse religious, then not he the Empire had decaid.
By largesse to a pompeous Priest, Apostolique ere then,
But now intruding euen on God, insulting ouer men.
Nor sparest thou his natiue Realme that seazed thee of *Rome*:
Admit his frankenesse were a fault (as is their common doome,
That say he made a *Paule* a *Saule* that made a Priest a Prince,
And in that grace the Empires grace disgraced euer since)
Find thou no fault with such a fault whereby he fitted thee:
But, if thou wilt vngrateful proone, vngracious cease to be,
A Traytors Tutor is a K. nor force we such a. T.
Let such a Prelate blesse or banne, with Candle, Booke, and Bell,
He cannot raise himselfe to heauen, nor rid a Knaue from hell.
Vaine are his Buls engendring Calues, sent hither from his Stals,
To feed (mad Sots) the Foule that by his name the Sender cals.
Nor thinke he dreamed this in vaine that dreamed thus of late:
One seemed to haue passed *Stix*, and entring *Plutoes* gate,
Saw *Hecat* new canonized the Sourantisse of hell,
And *Pluto* bad it holliday for all which there did dwell,
Sterne *Minos* and grim *Radimant*, descend their duskie roomes:
The Docke was also cleare of Ghosts, adiorn'd to after doomes:
The Furies and the deadly Sinnes, with their inuectiue scroles
Depart the Barre: the Feends rake vp their euer-burning Coles:
The Elues, and Fairies, taking fists, did hop a merrie Round:

And *Cerberus* had lap enough: and *Charon* leasure found:
The airy Sprights, the walking Flames, and Goblins great and small,
Had theare good cheere, and company, and sport the diuell and all.
To *Tantalus* the shrinking flood, nor starting fruit were such:
Nor *Titius* his bowels did the hungrie Vultur touch:
Vpon his stone sat *Cisaphus*: *Ixeon* on his Wheele:
The *Belides* vpon their Tubs: no wonted toile they feele.
Till, in this anticke Festiuall, these last recited fiue
Of dignities for dueties theare gann earnestly did striue:
And then the quarrell grew so hot that hell was hell againe,
And flocking Ghosts did seuerally their Fauctors part maintaine.
With *Cisaphus* tooke part the Ghosts of minds that did aspire,
And by ambitious climing fell, desarts vnlike desire.
With *Tantalus* hild starued Ghosts, whose pleasure was their paine
Whose euer Hords had neuer vse, and gettings had no gaine.
To *Belides* assisted soules of Vnthrifts, whose supplies (suffise.
Did passe from them as sea through Cieues, whose wastes no wealthes
Vnto *Ixeon* stood their Sprights that had their lusts for law,
Rebellants to a common good, and sinning without awe.
To *Titius* lastly ioyned Ghosts, whose hearts did emptie hate
As Todes their poyson, growing when it seemeth to abate.
About flie Apples, Stones, and Tubs, the wheele was tumbled downe,
The Vultur girds, no Ghost but had at least a broken crowne.
This skufling and confedracie in hell made such a reare,
That (wontles of such braules and blowes) *Proserpine* did feare.
But *Pluto*, laughing, told his Bride to Ela it was Fa,
To morrowes dinne should prooue that same to be a ciuill day:
In peace these were their practises on earth, and here in hell
(Saue that their soules haue neuer peace) we finde them as they fell.
They worke to me, each of these fiue, though daily count I aske,
Doe newly number Million soules, whose torments is their taske.
The Queene of such, not free of feare, replied thus againe,

And

And yeat, me thinkes, that *Pluto* ſhould haue pitie on their paine.
He lowers, and Feaſt with Fray had end, and drinke did euery ſoule
Of *Lethe*, who (their ioyes forgot) euen yet in torments houle.
Nay *Pluto* muſt be *Pluto* ſtill, and ſo I will (quoth he,)
For this ſame onely day the Ghoſts indebted are to thee:
For as the like ſhall neuer come, ſo neuer like befell,
But henceforth all, yea Prince, and Pope, ſhall euer finde it hell.
So dreamed one: but ouer-long on fantazies I dwell.

CHAP. XIX.

THe Coſen of great *Conſtantine*, in *Rome* and here ſucceeds:
Betwixt the *Brutes*, the *Scots*, and *Pichtes* continuall trouble breeds:
And long the regiment of this Land the *Romanes* did inioy,
Tranſmitting Captaines euermore as Foes did here anoy.
But *Rome* it ſelfe declined now, and *Brutaine* was oppreſt,
No longer were the *Scottiſh* Spoyles by *Romaine* Swords redreſt.
Then ends the Tribute, then began new troubles, worſer farre
Then Tribute: for the *Scots* and *Pichtes* inferre conſuming warre.
The *Brutons*, vnder *Rome* ſecure, as men that did relie
On others, were diſabled now by Martiall meanes to trie
The fame of fight: but Captaineleſſe, confuſedly they deale,
And giue a wretched inſtant of an headles Common-weale.
And whom ſo many *Romaine* Peers, grand-Captaines of ſuch might,

Of whom nine Emperors themſelues in perſons here did fight,
Could hardly foyle, were fronted now, euen of a barbarous Foe,
And at the point (a wondrous change) their Countrey to forgoe.
Such fruit hath eaſe, ſuch policie did ſerue the *Romaines* turne,
Who, wayning Martiall minds, themſelues the quietlier here ſoiorne.
The *Brutons* thus diſpoyl'd of Armes, and courage in effect,
Of Prince, of Captaines, and aduiſe, their buſines to direct:
Diſpatch the Legate to the Land Diminutiue in name
To *Brutaine*: where the Legate thus his Ambaſſie did frame:
The back-ſlide of our helpleſſe friends, the down-fall of our ſtate,
Our lacke of Prince, of people, and our wealth, not now as late,
The ſauage dealing of our Foes, conſuming ours and vs,
Is cauſe (right mightie King) that we approch thy preſence thus.
Not for we are in blood allied, or that whil'ſt Fortune ſmil'd,
Your Anceſtors had rule from vs, not for the Dames defil'd
At *Cullin*, who withſtanding luſt for it did looſe their liues,
That els to *Conon* and his Knights had liued noble wiues,
We are emboldned in our ſuit, though all of theſe might mooue:
But for our former wants, O King, and for thine owne behooue,
Great *Brutaine* doth ſubmit it ſelfe thy Subiect (if thou pleaſe:)
Or els diſpoſe it at thy will. Prouided we haue eaſe
Againſt ſuch Foes, as would not ſaue our liues to haue our Land:
Whom to conclude (except thou helpe) we neuer may withſtand.
The King *Aldroen* pitying much the cauſe of his Allies,
Arm'd thence his brother *Conſtantine*, a Captaine ſtout and wiſe.
He chaſing hence the *Scots* and *Pichtes*, with glory wore the Crowne,
And through his vertue ſtayed vp a kingdome ſinking downe.

WIthin a while did *Vortiger* the Duke of *Cornewale* raigne,
When *Conſtans* Sonne of *Conſtantine* he traitrouſly had ſlaine.
The *Scots* did ruffle then anew, nor did the King affye
In *Brutones*, for they hated him, and reaſon had they why:

And

And *Saxon* Fleetes from *Germanie* in Armor here arriue,
Through whoſe ſupport the King in wars againſt the *Scots* did thriue.
The Fox by *Hengeſt* foyled thus, he and his brother git
The chiefeſt credit with the King, but few gaine-ſaying it,
Neceſſitie of Souldiers here ſo well for them did fit.
And *Hengeſts* Daughter intertain'd King *Vortiger* ſo well,
That to miſliking of his wife and liking her he fell:
And ſotted thus in forren Loue, did wed the *Saxon* Wench:
Which wrought vnto the *Saxons* weale, but to the *Brutes* offence:
For whatſoere the Queene did aske, the King would not deny,
Vntill his Subiects ran to Armes, and made the *Saxons* flie.
They putting downe the Father, then did ſet vp *Vortimer*,
He poiſoned by his Stepdame, they reſtored *Vortiger*:
With this condition, that he ſhould no *Saxons* intertaine.
But *Hengeſt* (hearing from the Queene that *Votimer* was ſlaine,
And *Vortiger* his Sonne-in-lawe re-kinged) did reſaile
With *Saxon* forces: though with fraud, not force he did prenaile.
For thus by pollicy he did the *Brutons* circumuent:
He craued Parlie, as a man that were to quietnes bent,
The place appoynted, Parlantes him in ſimple meaning meet
Farre from their Armie all vnarm'd, whom *Saxon* Traitors greet
With deadly wounds by hidden kniues, & held the King with them,
Confounding ſo the *Britiſh* Oſte. Nor ceaſe they to contemne
Both Chriſtian rights, and ciuill Rule, ſubuerting either twaine:
And what they would of *Vortiger* through fearefull threats they gaine:
And plant themſelues in *Southfolke*, *Kent*, and elſewhere at their will:
And ruſling runne throughout the Land oppreſſing *Brutons* ſtill.

The King and *Brutons* fled to Wales, and Feend-got *Merlin* theare
Bewraied more then I beleeue, or credit ſeemes to beare:
As ſhewing how the Caſtell worke, rear'd daily, fell by night,
By ſhaking of two Dragons great that vnderneath it fight,
With other wonders, tedious if not trothleſſe to reſight.

Aurelius

Aurelius Ambroſe, brother to King *Conſtans* murdred late,
From either *Bruton* hauing aid, wonne ſo the kingly ſtate:
And, ere that *Hengeſt* or his Sonne ſtout *Octa* he ſubdew'd,
Firſt to reuenge his Brothers death he *Vortiger* purſew'd.
In vaine the Welſh wild Mountaines fence the Flier from his Foe,
Or *Gerneth* Caſtell, when as flames throughout the buildings goe:
In midſt whereof the wretched King did end his daies in woe.

THe *Brutons* thus had peace a while, till *Vortigerus* Sonne,
And *Gullamour* the *Iriſh* King, in new Conflicts begonne:
Whom, whil'ſt that *Vter* valiantly in *Wales* to wracke did bring,
His Brother *Ambroſe* did deceaſe, and *Vter* then was King.
What *Vter* did by *Marlins* Art, in compaſſing his will
Vpon the Wife of *Gorlois*, transfigured by skill
Into the likeneſſe of her Lord, on whom he got a Sonne,
Renowmed *Arthur*, or to name the Acts by *Vter* donne,
Were much and needleſſe: onely note he was a valiant Prince.
But ſuch as was his noble Sonne, was not before or ſince.
Yeat blazing *Arthur*, as haue ſome, I might be ouer-ſeene:
He was victorious, making one amongſt the Worthies neene:
But (with his pardon) if I vouch his world of Kingdomes wonne,
I am no Poet, and for lacke of pardon were vndonne.
His *Scottiſh*, *Iriſh*, *Almaine*, *French*, and *Saxone* Battels got,
Yeeld fame ſufficient: theſe ſeeme true, the reſt I credit not.
But *Bruton* is my taske, and to my taske I will retire:
Twelue times the *Saxon* Princes here againſt him did conſpire,
And *Arthur* in twelue Battels great went vanquiſhor away:
Howbeit *Saxon* forces ſtill amongſt the *Brutons* ſtay.
This King to entertaine diſcourſe, and ſo to vnderſtand
What Accidents in after-times ſhould happen in this Land,
He with the *Brutiſh* Prophet then of Sequelles fell in hand.
Of ſixe long after-Kings the man, not borne of humane ſeede,

Did

Did Propheſie, and many things that came to paſſe indeed.
Now *Arthur*, chiefe of Chiualrie, had ſet his Crowne at ſtay,
And to his Nephew *Mordred* did commit thereof the ſway,
When with his Knights (the wonders of the world for Martiall deeds)
Beyond the ſeas in forren fights he luckely proceedes:
Till faithleſſe *Mordred* cal'd him backe that forward went with fame,
For at his Vncles Diadem he traiterouſly did aime.
Twiſe *Arthur* wonne of him the field, and thirdly ſlewe his Foe,
When, deadly wounded, he himſelfe, victorious, died ſo.

INterred then with publique plaints, and iſſules, enſewes
A drouping of the *Britiſh* ſtate: the *Saxon* ſtill ſubdewes,
Howbeit worthy Kings ſucceed: but deſtiny withſtood
The auncient Scepter to iniure in *Brutes* ſucceeding blood.
Vnlou'd *Careticus* was he that loſt the Goale at length:
Whenceforth, in vaine, to win their loſſe the *Brutons* vſe their ſtrēgth.
Yea God, that as it pleaſeth him doth place or diſpoſſeſſe,
When foes, nor foiles, nor any force, their courage might ſuppreſſe,
Seem'd partiall in the *Saxon* Cauſe, and with a Plague did croſſe
The *Brutons*, that had els at leaſt rebated from their loſſe:
For *Cadwane*, and *Cadwallyn*, and *Cawallader*, the laſt,
But not the leaſt for valorous of *Britiſh* Princes paſt,
Brought out of *Wales* ſuch Knightly wars as made their foes agaſt.
The Plague (worſe ſpoyler then the Wars) left *Cambre* almoſt waſte,
Which to auoid, the remnant *Brutes* vnto their ſhips did haſte.
Cadwallader, in leauing thus his natiue ſhoore, he fixt
His eies from whence his body ſhould, and with his ſighes he mixt
His royall teares, which giuing place, he ſpeaketh thus betwixt.
Sweete *Brutaine* (for I yet muſt vſe that ſweet, and ceaſing name)
Adew, thy King bids thee adew, whoſe flight no weapons frame:
But God commands, his wrath commands, all counter-maund is vaine.
Els, for thy loue, to die in thee were life to thy Remaine.

Thus

Thus tymes haue turnes, thus Fortune ſtill is flying to and fro:
What was not, is: what is, ſhall ceaſe: ſome come, and other goe:
So, *Brutaine*, thou of Nation and of name endureſt change,
Now balking vs whom thou haſt bread, and brooking people ſtrange.
Yeat (if I ſhoot not paſt mine aime) a world of time from me,
Part of our blood, in higheſt pompe ſhall *Englands* glory be,
And chiefly when vnto a firſt ſucceeds a ſecond She.
But, leauing ſpeeches ominous, *Cadwallader* is woe,
That, ſeeing death determines griefe, he dies not on his foe.
Ah, Fortune faileth mighty ones, and meaner doth aduance:
The mightieſt Empire *Rome* hath change, then *Brutaine* brooke thy chance
Let it ſuffice thou wert before and after *Rome* in fame,
And to indure what God intends were ſinne to count a ſhame.
Nor vaunt, ye *Saxons*, of our flight: but if yee needs will vaunt,
Then vaunt of this, that God diſplac'd whom you could neuer daunt.
This ſaid, the teares cõtrould his tong, & ſailes wrought land frõ ſight
When (ſaue a Remnant ſmall) the Iſle was rid of *Brutons* quight.

THE

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XX.

THe *Brutons* thus departed hence, Seauen Kingdomes here begonne:
Where diuerſly in diuers broyles the *Saxons* loſt and wonne.
King *Edel* and King *Adelbright* in *Diria* iointly raigne:
In loyal concorde during life theſe Kingly friends remaine.
When *Adelbright* ſhould leaue his life, to *Edel* thus he ſayes:
By thoſe ſame bondes of happie loue, that held vs friends alwaies.
By our by-parted Crowne, of which the Moyetie is mine,
By God, to whom my ſoule muſt paſſe, and ſo in time may thine.
I pray thee, nay I coniure thee, to nouriſh as thine owne
Thy Neece my Daughter *Argentile*, till ſhe to age be growne,
And then, as thou receiueſt it, reſigne to her my Throne.
A promiſe had for this Bequeſt, the Teſtator he dies:
But all that *Edel* vndertooke, he afterwards denies.
Yeat well he educats a time the Damſiell, that was growne
The faireſt Lady vnder Heauen: whoſe beautie being knowne,

A many Princes ſeeke her loue, but none might her obtaine:
For grippell *Edel* to himſelfe her Kingdome ſought to gaine,
And for that cauſe from ſight of ſuch he did his Ward reſtraine.
By chance one *Curan*, Sonne vnto a Prince in *Danske*, did ſee
The Maid, with whom he fell in loue as much as man might bee.
Vnhappie youth, what ſhould he doe? his Saint was kept in Mewe,
Nor he, nor any Noble-man admitted to her vewe,
One while in melancholy fits he pines himſelfe away,
Anon he thought by force of Armes to win her, if he may,
And ſtill againſt the Kings reſtraint did ſecretly inuay:
At length the high Controller Loue, whom none may diſobay,
Imbaſed him from Lordlines, into a Kitchin Drudge:
That ſo at leaſt of life or death ſhe might become his Iudge.
Acceſſe ſo had to ſee, and ſpeake, he did his loue bewray,
And tels his bearth: her anſwer was ſhe husbandles would ſtay.
Meane while the King did beat his braines his booty to atchieue,
Nor caring what became of her, ſo he by her might thriue:
At laſt his reſolution was ſome Peſſant ſhould her wiue:
And (which was working to his wiſh) he did obſerue with ioye,
How *Curan*, whom he thought a drudge, ſcapt many an amorous toy.
The King, perceiuing ſuch his vaine, promotes his Vaſſall ſtill,
Leaſt that the baſeneſſe of the man ſhould let, perhaps, his will:
Aſſured therefore of his loue, but not ſuſpecting who
The Louer was, the King himſelfe in his behalfe did wowe.
The Lady, reſolute from Loue, vnkindly takes that he
Should barre the Noble, and vnto ſo baſe a Match agree:
And therefore ſhifting out of doores, departed thence by ſtealth,
Preferring pouertie before a dangerous life in wealth.
When *Curan* hard of her eſcape, the anguiſh in his hart
Was more then much, and after her from Court he did depart:
Forgetfull of himſelfe, his bearth, his Country, friends, and all,
And onely minding (whom he miſt) the Foundreſſe of his thrall.

Nor

Not meanes he after to frequent or Court or ſtately Townes,
But ſolitarily to liue amongſt the Country grownes.
A brace of yeeres he liued thus, well pleaſed ſo to liue,
And Shepherd-like to feed a flocke himſelfe did wholly giue.
So waſting loue, by worke, and want, grew almoſt to the Waine:
But then began a ſecond Loue, the worſer of the twaine.
A Country wench, a Neatheards maid, where *Curan* kept his Sheep,
Did feed her Droue: and now on her was all the Shepheards keepe:
He borrowed on the working daies his holy ruſſets oft,
And of the Bacons fat, to make his Startopes blacke and ſoft,
And leaſt his Tarbox ſhould offend he left it at the Fold,
Sweete Growte, or Whig, his Bottle had as much as it might hold,
A Sheeue of bread as browne as Nut, and Cheeſe as white as ſnow,
And Wildings, or the Seaſons-fruit he did in Scrip beſtow,
And Whil'ſt his py-bald Curre did ſleepe, & Sheep-hooke lay him by,
On hollow Quilles of Oten ſtraw he piped melody:
But when he ſpied her his Saint, he wipt his greaſie ſhooes,
And clear'd the driuell from his beard and thus the Shepheards wooes.
I haue, ſweet Wench, a peece of Cheeſe, as good as tooth may chaw,
And bread, and Wildings ſouling-well (and therewithall did draw
His Lardrie) and, in eating, ſee, you crumpled Ewe (quoth he)
Did twinne this fall, and twin ſhouldſt thou, if I might tup with thee.
Thou art too eluiſh, faith thou art too eluiſh, and too coy:
Am I (I pray thee) beggerly that ſuch a Flocke enioy?
I wis I am not: yeat that thou doeſt hold me in diſdaine
Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe to all that keepe this Plaine.
There be as quaint (at leaſt that thinke themſelues as quaint) that craue
The Match, that thou (I wot not why) maiſt, but miſlik'ſt to haue.
How wouldſt thou match? (for, well I wot, thou art a Female) I,
Her know I not her that willingly with Maiden-head would die.
The Plowmans labour hath no end, and he a Churle will proue:
The Craftſman hath more worke in hand then fitteth vnto loue:

The

The Marchant, traffiquing abroad, ſuſpects his wife at home:
A youth will play the Wanton, and an old man prooue a Mome.
Then chuſe a Shepheard: with the Sun he doth his Flocke vnfold,
And all the day on Hill or Plaine he merrie chat can hold,
And with the Sun doth folde againe: then iogging home betime,
He turnes a Crab, or tunes a round, or ſings ſome merrie ryme:
Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whil'ſt round the nut-brown Bole doth trot,
And ſitteth ſinging care-away, till he to bed be got:
Theare ſleepes he ſoundly all the night, forgetting Morrow-cares,
Nor feares he blaſting of his Corne nor vttering of his wares,
Or ſtormes by ſeas, or ſtirres on land, or cracke of credite loſt,
Not ſpending franklier then his Flocke ſhall ſtill defray the coſt:
Well wot I, ſooth they ſay that ſay more quiet nights and daies
The Shepheard ſleeps & wakes than he whoſe Cattel he doth graize.
Beleeue me, Laſſe, a King is but a man, and ſo am I:
Content is worth a Monarchie, and miſchiefes hit the hie:
As late it did a King and his, not dwelling farre from hence,
Who left a Daughter, (ſaue thy ſelfe) for faire a matchleſſe wench:
(Here did he pauſe, as if his tongue had done his heart offence.)
The Neatreſſe, longing for the reſt, did egge him on to tell
How faire ſhe was, and who ſhe was. She bore (quoth he) the bell
For Beautie: though I clowniſh am, I know what Beautie is,
Or did I not, yeat, ſeeing thee, I ſenceles were to mis.
Suppoſe her Beautie *Hellens*-like, or *Hellens* ſomewhat leſſe,
And euery Starre conforting to a puer Complexion geſſe:
Her ſtature comely tall, her gate well graced, and her wit
To maruell at, not meddle with, as matchles I omit:
A Globe-like head, a Gold-like haire, a Forhead ſmooth and hie,
An euen Noſe, on either ſide did ſhine a grayiſh Eie:
Two roſie Cheekes, round ruddy Lips, white iuſt-ſet Teeth within:
A mouth in meane, and vnderneath a round and dimpled Chin:
Her ſnowiſh necke with blewiſh Vaines ſtood bolt vpright vpon

Her portly ſhoulders: beating Balles, her vained Breaſts, anon
Adde more to Beautie: wand-like was her middle, falling ſtill,
And riſing whereas women riſe: but ouer-skip I will,
What Males in Females ouer-skip: imagine nothing ill:
And more, her long and limber armes had white and azure Wriſts.
And ſlender Fingers aunſwere to her ſmooth and lillie Fiſts:
A Legge in Print, a pretie Foot: coniecture of the reſt,
For amorous Eies, obſeruing forme, thinke parts obſcured beſt.
With theſe (O Raretie) with theſe, her tong of ſpeech was ſpaer,
But ſpeaking, *Venus* ſeem'd to ſpeake the Balle from *Ide* to baer:
With *Phœbe Iuno*, and with both her ſelfe contends in face:
Wheare equall mixture did not want of milde and ſtately grace:
Her ſmiles were ſober, and her lookes were chearefull vnto all,
Euen ſuch as neither wanton ſeeme, nor waiward, mell, nor gall:
A quiet minde, a patient mood, and not diſdaining any:
Not gybing, gadding, gawdy, and ſweete faculties had many: (ſee,
A Nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie, might praiſe, might wiſh, might
For life, for loue, for forme, more good, more worth, more fair thē ſhe:
Yea ſuch an one, as ſuch was none, ſaue onely ſhe was ſuch:
Of *Argentile* to ſay the moſt were to be ſilent much.
I knew the Lady very well, but worthles of ſuch praies,
The Neatreſſe ſaid: and muſe I do, a Shepheard thus ſhould blaze
The Coote of Beautie: Credit me, thy latter ſpeech bewraies
Thy clowniſh ſhape a coined ſhew. But wherefore doeſt thou weepe?
(The Shepheard wept, and ſhe was woe, and both doth ſilence keepe,)
Introth, quoth he, I am not ſuch as ſeeming I profeſſe,
But then for her, and now for thee I from my ſelfe digreſſe:
Her loued I, (wretch that I am a Recreant to be)
I loued her that hated loue, but now I die for thee.
At *Kirkland* is my Fathers Court, and *Curan* is my name,
In *Edels* Court ſometimes in pompe, till Loue contrould the ſame:
But now. What now? deare heart, how now? what aileſt thou to weepe?
(The Damſell wept, and he was woe, and both did ſilence keepe.)

I graunt, quoth ſhe, it was too much, that you did loue ſo much:
But whom your former could not moue, your ſecond loue doth touch:
Thy twiſe beloued *Argentile* ſubmitteth her to thee,
And for thy double loue preſents herſelfe a ſingle fee,
In paſſion, not in perſon chaung'd, and I, my Lord, am ſhe:
They ſweetely ſurfeiting in ioy, and ſilent for a ſpace,
When as the Extaſie had end did tenderly imbrace,
And for their wedding and their wiſh got fitting time and place.
Not *England* (for of *Hengeſt* then was named ſo this Land)
Then *Curan* had an hardier Knight, his force could none withſtand,
Whoſe Sheep-hooke laid apart, he then had higher things in hand.
Firſt, making knowne his lawfull claime in *Argentile* her right,
He war'd in *Diria*, and he wonne *Brenitia* too in fight:
And ſo from trecherous *Edel* tooke at once his life and Crowne,
And of *Northumberland* was King, long raigning in renowne.

CHAP. XXI.

THe *Saxons* (that, in theſe diſcents, deriue from
Gods and men,
Ioue, Minos, Geta, Flokwald, Flyn, Fredwolfe, Fraloffe, Woden,
(Each, as heere placed, others ſonne) not onely
Conquer heere,
But with their wandring Armies ſpoyle the
World through-out welneere.
The *Engliſh-Saxon* Kings oppreſſe the mightier ones the weake:
Each trifling cauſe ſufficing here their loue and leagues to breake.
One ſeazeth of his Neighbours Realme, and is diſſeaz'd ere-long:
For Empire ſome, for Enuie ſome, and ſome to right their wrong

Contend

Contend vnto their common losse, and some like Monsters raine:
As *Sigbert*, who for tyrannie did banishment sustaine.
He wandred vnbewailed long, a man whom men exempt
From house and helpe, pursuing him with capitall contempt:
Forlorne therefore, with drouping lims and dropping eies in vaine,
He frendles walks the fruitles Woods and foodles did complaine?
A Swineheard meeting him by chance, and pitying his estate,
Imploy'd that Westerne King, vnknowne, on his affaires to wait.
Nor did the needie King disdaine such roome, for such reliefe:
An vnder-Swineheardship did serue, he sought not to be chiefe.
But when by speech and circumstance, his Maister vnderstood,
His seruant was the somtimes King, blood cries (quoth he) for blood:
My giltles Master in thy pompe, thou Tyrant, diddest slay,
Nor vnreuenged of his death thou shalt escape away:
With that he tooke a Libbat vp, and beateth out his braines,
And, dead (so odious Tyrants be) not one for him complaines.

NOt all so ill, yeat cause of worse vnto the *English* state,
Was *Osbert* of *Northumberland*: his loue did winne him hate.
Enamored on Lord *Buerns* wife, as tired in the Chace,
He left the Hounds, and with a fewe dismounts at *Buerns* Place.
Her Husband absent, heartely his Lady entertaines
The King, and feasts him royally, not sparing cost or paines.
But he that fed on fansies foode, and hungred whil'st he eates,
Thought *Venus* sparer in her loues then *Ceres* in her meates:
The Trayne and table voyded, than he taking her apart,
Directs her by his tongue and teares vnto his louing heart.
Delay, he sayth, breedeth doubts, deniall bringeth death,
Or do not long surcharge my blisse, or soone discharge my breath:
For if my praiers adde no edge vnto thy begged doome,
The vintage of my thriftlesse loue is blasted in the bloome:
Be fauourable to my fire: for thy sweete sake, be bolde,
I durst attempt euen Hell (if hell so sweete a thing might holde,)

Doe thinke her coie,or thinke her chaſte,my Cenſure I ſuſpend:
No Woman yeeldeth at the firſt, yeat yeeldeth in the ende.
She gaue repulſes to his luſt,and he replies of Loue:
Not all the Writs *Diana* had might *Cupids* Plaint remoue.
She countermaunding his demaund,he ceaſed Courting now,
And did with her by violence what vertues diſalow:
And then departed,leauing her in ſelfe-conceit diſgraſte:
More treſpaſſed then ſome would thinke, and yeat perhas as chaſte.
Home came her Lord,whoſe browes had buds,and found his wife in
And(fooliſh thing)ſhe told a troth,for which renēge he ſwears. (tears,
But ſo the man did proue a beaſt: he better might haue hid it,
Some ſuch are miſtically domme,yeat domly doe forbid it.
The Wiues eſcapes done ſecretly, if by the man detected,
Shews hilled būps(ſuppoſed būps)meere hornes,not hornes ſuſpected.
At *Denmarke* in his Coſins Court, he telleth of his wrong:
And gaines againſt his ſoueraigne Lord of *Danes* an Armie ſtrong:
Hungar and *Hubba*,and himſelfe,Conductors of this Hoaſt,
Did with their forren forces land,and ſpoile the Northerne Coaſte.
The vicious valiant *Osbret*(that had vanquiſhed ere then
The King and Kingdome of the *Scots*)though wanting armes & men,
Thought skorne his foes ſhould beard him ſo & bar him vp in walles,
And therefore,iſſuing out of *Yorke*,vpon the *Danes* he falles.
A bloodie Bargaine then begonne, no fight might fearcer be,
And of the *Daniſh* part were ſlaine for euery *Engliſh* three.
But manhood loſt,and number wonne,the *Danes* they got the filde:
And *Osbret* dyed valiantly,that not to liue would yeeld.

MEane while the *Danes* with freſh ſupplies ariue at euery Shoore,
And warre almoſt in euery ſheire infeſting *England* ſoore:
With whome courragious *Etheldred* contended long in vaine:
By them was he,King *Ella*,and the holy *Edmund* ſlaine.
Nothing was done,but all vndone,till King *Alured* he
In daunger of his Royall ſelfe did ſet his ſubiects free:

For

For euery day, in euery place, the *Danes* did ſo increaſe,
That he nor any *Engliſh* King enioy one day of peace.
Nor mightier men at Armes than they, might any wheare be found,
Who in their diuers Warr els-where did diuers Realmes confound:
For as the *Gothes*, the *Vandales*, *Hunnes*, and *Saxons* earſt did range,
So now the *Danes* did plague the world, as ſent by interchange.
This Weſterne and victorious King, and greateſt Monarke heere,
Perceiuing of this ſpoyled Iſle a toward Ruine neere,
Diſguiſed like a Minſtrill poore, did haunt the *Daniſh* Tents,
And with his feats and melodie the Enemie preſents,
And of their ſloth, their gluttonie, and Counſels priuie ſo,
He tooke aduantage, giuing them a ſodayne ouerthrow:
And ſlayeth *Hubba*, *Hungar*, and the Cauſe of their repaer,
And putteth all to ſword and Seas that vnbaptized waer.
Yeat to *Northumberland* return'd fearce *Gurmond* with the *Danes*,
Meane time did King *Alured* die, the Hatchet of their Tranes.
But *Adelſtane* (one King betwixt) not onely clear'd the Land
Of *Danes*, but of all *England* had ſole Empire in his hand,
Thus of this long diſmembred Realme was he the onely King:
In which, till *Egelred* his raigne, did proſper euery thing,
He raigning, much of *England* then the lordly *Danes* did hold,
Exacting Tributes euery yeere, and ſelling Peace for Gold:
And (which no doubt did hatch thoſe Plagues) the King a wicked one,
Did enter by his Brothers blood, extorting thus his Throne:

KIng *Edgar*, that ſubdu'd the *Scots*, and ſlaughtered the *Danes*,
And of the *Welch* had tribute Wolffs, of whom it more remaines
That, as it were in Triumph-wiſe, Eight Vnder-kings did roe
Him, Sterns-man, on the Riuer *Dee*, with diuers honors moe,
This *Edgar* by a former wife had *Edward*, by an other
This *Egelred*, a Sonne vnto a kinde and cruell Mother:
For as ſhe labors to preferre her owne by well and ill,
So to deſtroy her Son-in-law ſhe wanted meanes, not will.

And meanes did hit. King *Edward* hunts, and hunting loſt his Traine,
Whom, man-les, at her Caſtle *Corfe* the Queene did entertaine.
He hauing ſeene to whome he came in curteſie to ſee,
Made haſte away, in Queſt of them that ſtill a hunting be:
And when he, mounted, ſhould depart, to him his Stepdame drinkes:
Whom, pledging, him an Hierling ſtab'd, and life-les downe he ſinkes.
Thus *Egelred* obtain'd the Crowne, but for his crowning ſo
His Subiects grudge, and he became a Preface to their woe.
For when this proud and vitious king was neither lou'd of his,
Nor liued ſafely for the *Danes*, his ſecret Edict is,
That ſodainely, in one ſelfe hower, throughout the Land ſhould paſſe
A common Maſſaker of *Danes*, which ſo performed was: (charge)
Hartfordia Welwyn (*Wealth-wyn* then, for promptneſſe in that
Beginning, other Townes as it themſelues from *Danes* inlarge.

CHAP. XXI.

THis common murther of the *Danes* was common mirth to all
The *Engliſh* whom they did oppreſſe with ſlaueries not ſmall,
Compelling men by grieuous Draught as beaſts to plough their Land,
Of whom the thraled *Engliſh* as of Fiends, in terror ſtand.
The Husband durſt not vſe his Wife if liked of a *Dane*,
Nor Houſe nor Goods, nor ought he had, for who reſiſts was ſlaine:
That frankes and feedeth daintily, This pines and fareth ill,
And of his ſweat that hath the ſweete, and is imperious ſtill.
Each houſe maintained ſuch a *Dane*, that ſo they might preuent
Conſpiracies,

Conſpiracies, if any were, and grope how mindes were bent:
Lord *Dane* the ſame was called then, to them a pleaſing name,
Now odiouſly *Lur-dane* ſay we, when idle Mates we blame.
When *Swaine* the *Dacia*̃ King did hear his *Danes* were murthered ſo,
With bitter vowes he ſhipt his men for *Englands* ouerthroe:
And landing, ſpar'd nor ſhrine, nor Saint, nor Sex, nor any State,
Not wanting Aiders *Engliſh*-men, that held their King in hate.
Eſpecially falſe *Edricus* the Admirall deceiues
His King and Countrey oftentimes, and Bribes of *Swaine* receiues:
And *Egelred* his cowardiſſe incouraged the Foe,
Till *Swaine* at length, for Maſſes great, was bribed hence to goe.
But making ſhort returne, the Peeres of *England* that diſdaine
Th'indignities of ſuch a King, that did ſo feebly raigne,
Submit them Subiects vnto *Swaine*: and *Egelred* did flie
Vnto the Father of his Queene, the Duke of *Normandie*:
And *Swaine*, poſſeſſed of the land, did ſhortly after die.
His ſonne *Canutus*, preſent here, had Seazen of the Crowne,
Till *Egelred*, returning back, by Armor puts him downe:
Who ſcarcely giueth breathing time, but that he back reſailes
From *Denmarke*, and by force, by friends, and fortune here preuailes:
For in this Warre King *Egelred* did ſicken and deceaſe:
And then the broiles (*Canutus* king) did for a time decreaſe,
Till *Edmund*, ſonne of *Egelred*, did interrupt that peace.

COnferring Armes to *Edmonds* age, when *Egelred* did lie
On death-bed, to his ſonne he ſaid: not quite forlorne am I,
Whoſe life hath had ſo much of griefe thus gratiouſly to dye.
Ad more, thy vertues glad my death, yeat two things greeue among,
To leaue my Kingdom ſo in Warres, and thee for Wartes to young,
So may theſe troubles weare to none as thou doeſt waxe I pray,
And ſo poſſeſſe thy Fathers Seate that all approoue thy ſway.
Not to be made a King (my Sonne) is ſo to make thee proude,
For Mildenes fitteth maieſtie, high mindes are diſaloude.

See me thy Father, now a King, and by and by but earth,
Nor thinke that euerie King hath hap to die a happie death.
Let nature for perfection molde a Paragon each way,
Yeat death at laſt on fineſt lumps of liuing fleſh will pray:
For nature neuer framed it, that neuer ſhall decay.
The braueſt are as bloſſomes, and the longeſt Liuer dies,
And dead, the loueleſt Creature as the lothſom'ſt Carrion lies.
Then thinke not but that kings are men, and as the reſt miſcarrie,
Saue that their fame or infamie continually doth tarry.
Deeme paſt Examples Sentences, and (which did fayle in me)
Make vſe of thoſe not now in vſe, for now will ceaſe to be.
Attempt not things beyond thy reach, ioyne fortune to thy will:
Leaſt *Phœbus* Chaire do elſe ſurcharge tath *Phaeton* his skill.
If Fortune helpe whom thou would'ſt hurt, fret not at it the more:
When *Aiax* ſtormed, then from him the Prize *Vlyſſes* bore.
Try friends by touch, a feeble friend may proue thy ſtrõgeſt Foe:
Great *Pompeis* head to *Cæſars* hand it was betrayed ſo.
Admit thou hadſt *Pactolon* waues, to land thee Golde at will,
Know *Cræſus* did to *Cyrus* kneele, and thou maiſt ſpeed as ill.
Abandon luſt, if not for ſinne, yeat to auoid the ſhame:
So Hogges of *Ithacus* his men the *Læian* Witch did frame.
Be not to moody in thy wrath, but pauſe though fiſt be bent:
Oft *Philips* Sonne did raſhly ſtrike, and leiſurely repent.
Content thee with vnthreatned Meane, and play not *AEſops* Dogge:
The Golde that gentle *Bacchus* gaue did greedy *Mydas* clogge.
Be valiant, not too ventrous, but fight to fight againe:
Euen *Hercules* did hold it ods for one to ſtriue with twaine.
Be not ambitiouſly a King, nor grudgingly decline:
One God did roote out *Cis* his ſtock, and raiſe vp *Ieſſes* line.
Ieſt not with edge tooles, ſuffer Saints, let mightie Fooles be mad
Note, *Seneca* by *Neroes* doome for Precepts pennance had
Haue care to whom, of whom, & what to ſpeak, though ſpeech be trew,
That Miſſe made *Phœbus* contrary his Rauens Swan-like hew.

He

He frameth torments to himſelfe that feeds a Tyrants vaine:
Perillus was by *Phalaris* adiudg'd to ſelf-taught paine.
Prayſe not the beautie of thy Wife, though ſhe of forme be ſped:
For *Gyges*, moued ſo, did graft on *Candaules* his head,
Shunne Ielouſie that heart-breake loue, if Cat will will goe to kind,
Be ſure that *Io* hath a meanes that *Argus* ſhall be blind.
Commit not Treaſure with thy Child to greedy minded men:
Thou leaueſt *Polydor* a ſpoyle to *Polymneſtor* then.
Occurrants giue occaſions ſtill of like, in which be ſure
To ſerue thy God, to ſaue thy ſelfe, and well to all procure.
Be vertuous, and aſſure thy ſelfe thou canſt not then but thriue:
In onely vertue it is ſaid, that men themſelues ſuruiue.
As for the vicious ſuch they are as is the heedleſſe Flye,
That killes it ſelfe, and hurts his ſight that hath her in his eye.
Farewell my Sonne, *England* farewell, thy neuer happy Prince
Doth take his leaue, an happy leaue, if taken ſo long ſince.
And, *Edmond* (burying not with me thy vertues, nor my ſpeech)
I bleſſe thee in his bleſſed Name whom I of bleſſe beſeech,
Said *Egelred*: and ſhortly gaue a quiet gaſpe or twaine,
And being dead, his noble Sonne ſucceeded him in Raigne.

THis like himſelfe, euen Knight like and an *Engliſh-man* indeed,
Did quickē *Englands* quailing Prowes, & *Mars*-like did proceed.
A brauer Captaine than was he not any band might haue:
And yeat a *Mars* did match this *Mars*, *Canutus* was as braue.
Theſe wonders of that age for Armes, and *Dirts* of thoſe daies,
Did often battell, equally to eithers loſſe and praies.
Now, after many bloody Fields, when none might eſtimate
The better or the worſer part, a Knight that ſaw the ſtate.
Then preſent, and by likelyhoods preſaged what might fall,
Said (hearing it, the differing Kings and Souldiers almoſt all:)
We euer warre, and neuer winne, *Edmund* hath Fortitude,
Canutus Fortune, neither thus of other is ſubdude.

Death

Death feares not vs,nor for their liues our Contraries doe care:
It followes then,that all muſt die wheare all ſo deſprat are.
If all be ſlaine,then who ſhall ſerue our Princes that ſuruiue,
Or fence out Forrens? better one,then none of both ſhould thriue.
To thriue therefore,were not a-miſſe,that ſeeing one of twaine
Will Owner all,that onely they the quarrell doe maintaine
Or if Combattenſie not pleaſe,the Land is rich and large,
And they Copernicers may liue,and vs of death diſcharge.
If Combat nor Partition be,then will his Warre reuiue,
Till one,ſuruiuing all of vs,wants one with whom to ſtriue.
This ſaid,the Kings did marke and make a profit of the ſame,
And did conclude by Combacye to winne or looſe the Game.
Within a little,Iſland neare (round which the Armies ſtand)
The Kingly Champions trie their Force,by fighting hand to hand:
They ſpur their Horſes,breake their Speares,and beat at Barriers long
And then,diſmounting,did renew a Battell braue and ſtrong.
Whil'ſt eyther King thus Martially defends,and did offend,
They breathing,King *Canutus* ſaid: we both I ſee ſhall end,
Ere Empire ſhall begin to one,then be it at thy choyce
To fight,or part. With it their Knights,crie out with common voyce,
Deuide,moſt valiant Kings,deuide,enough ye haue of Fight:
And ſo the Champions did embrace,forgetting malice quite.
Partition equally was made betwixt theſe Princes twaine,
And Brother-like they liue and loue: till by a deu'liſh traine,
Earle *Edricus*, a Traytor to the Father and the Sonne,
Did murther *Edmund*: and his head (ſuppoſing to haue wonne
The fauour of *Canutus* ſo)preſenting ſaid (O King)
For loue of thee I thus haue done. Amazed at the thing,
Canutus ſaid,and for that thou haſt headed him for me,
Thy head aboue all *Engliſh* heads exalted it ſhall be:
The Earle was headed,& his head poold vp for all to ſee.
Of *England*, *Danske*,and *Norway* then *Canut* was perfect Lord,
And in this triple Regiment all with vertue did accord.

Harold,

Harold, & *Hardi-knought* his Sonnes each th'other did ſucceed:
Of either which ſmall certaine Fame of well or ill we reed,
Saue by their Raignes to *Engliſh-men* did grieuous thraldom breed.
But after *Hardi-knought* his death the *Danes* were chaſed hence,
Not intermedling with the ſtate of *England* euer ſince.

CHAP. XXII.

OF foreſaid *Egelred* his Sonnes, *Alured* and his brother,
Was *Edward* King, (for *Goodwins* guile had made away that other.)
Religious, chaſte, wiſe, fortunate, ſtout, francke, and milde was he,
And from all Taxes, wrongs, and Foes, did ſet his kingdome free.
By ouer-ruling of his Lords, intreating long the ſame,
Leaſt, dying Iſſuleſſe, he leaue ſucceſſion out of frame,
He tooke to Queene a Damſell faire: howbeit, by conſent,
In vowes of ſecret chaſtitie their loning liues they ſpent.
The Father of this maiden-wife, he ſitting by the King,
And ſeeing one that ſtumbled, but not falling, vp to ſpring,
Did laughing ſay, the brother theare the brother well hath eas'd,
(His meaning was the Stumblers feete:) And haddeſt thou ſo pleas'd,
So had my Brother, quoth the King, bin eaſing vnto me.
The traitrous Earle tooke bread and ſaid, ſo this digeſted be
As I am guiltleſſe of his death: theſe words he ſcarcely ſpoke,
But that in preſence of the King the bread did *Goodwyn* choke.
His ſonne *Harold*, by *Hardi-knoughts* late daughter, him ſurviues,
He, croſſed by contrary winds, in *Normandie* ariues,

Where

Where *Goodwins* Sonne did take an oth, Duke *William* vrging ſo,
To keepe vnto the Duke his vſe, when *Edward* hence ſhould go,
The Crowne of *England* (claimed by Adeption, and by blood.)
But *Harold* after *Edwards* death, not to his promiſe ſtood:
And for he was in wealth, in friends, in blood, and Armor ſtrong,
And title had his Mothers right, he forced not the wrong:
But arming him againſt the Duke, ſo vrged vnto wroth,
Did ſeaze the Crowne vnto himſelfe, contrary to his oth.
Whil'ſt *William* therefore works for war, King *Harold* had not reſt,
For *Harold Hare foote*, King of *Danes* and *Norwaies*, much oppreſt
The *Engliſh* with his puiſſant Bands. But *Harold* him aſſailes,
And after fearce and doubtfull fight moſt valiantly preuailes,
And with the *Norgaine* Prince he ſlew his people almoſt all:
When, for deuiſion of the ſpoyle, did much contention fall
Betwixt the King and *Engliſhmen*, and many a noble knight
Not onely murmur and maligne, but did forſake him quight.
Such malice growing, *William* with his *Normanes* taking land,
Found hot-ſpur *Harold* preſt in Armes, his puiſſance to withſtand:
And either battell Marſhalled, as either Captaine wild,
The King of *England* eagerly the *Normane* Oſte behild,
And with his cheerefull ſpeeches thus his men with courage fild.
See valiant (War-friends) yonder be the firſt, the laſt, and all
The Agents of our Enemies, they hencefoorth cannot call
Supplies: for weedes at *Normandie* by this in Porches groe:
Then Conquer theſe would Conquer you, and dread no further Foe.
They are no ſtouter than the *Brutes*, whom we did hence exile:
Nor ſtronger than the ſturdy *Danes*, or victory er while:
Not *Saxonie* could once containe, or ſcarce the world beſide
Our fathers, who did ſway by ſword where liſted them to bide:
Then doe not yee degenerate, take courage by diſcent,
And by their burialles, not abode, their force and flight preuent.
Yee haue in hand your Countries cauſe, a Conqueſt they pretend,
Which (were yee not the ſame yee be) euen Cowards would defend.

I graunt that part of vs are fled and linked to the Foe,
And glad I am our Armie is of Traytours cleered ſo:
Yea pardon hath he to depart that ſtayeth mal-content:
I prize the mind aboue the man, like zeale hath like euent.
Yea troth it is, no well or ill this Iland euer had,
But through the well or ill Support of Subiects good or bad:
Not *Cæſar*, *Hengeſt*, *Swayn*, or now (which neretheles ſhall fayle)
The *Normane* Baſtard (*Albion* true) did, could, or can preuayle.
But to be ſelfe-falſe in this Iſle a ſelfe-Foe euer is,
Yea wot I, neuer Traytour did his Treaſons Stipend mis.
Shrinke who will ſhrinke, let Armors wayte preſſe downe the burdned earth,
My Foes, with wondring eies, ſhall ſee I ouer-prize my death.
But ſince ye all (for all, I hope, a like affected bee,
Your Wiues, your Children, liues, and Land from ſeruitude to free)
Are Armed both in ſhew and zeale, then glorioufly contend,
To winne and weare the home-brought Spoyles, of Victorie the end.
Let not the Skinners daughter Sonne poſſeſſe what he pretends,
He liues to die a noble death that life for freedome ſpends.
As *Harold* hartned thus his men, ſo did the *Normane* his:
And looking wiſhly on the earth, Duke *William* ſpeaketh this.
To liue vpon or lie within this is my Ground or Graue
(My louing Souldiers) one of twaine your Duke reſolues to haue.
Nor be ye *Normanes* now to ſeeke in what you ſhould be ſtout,
Ye come amidſt the *Engliſh* Pikes to hewe your honors out,
Ye come to winne the ſame by Launce, that is your owne by law,
Ye come, I ſay, in righteous warre reuenging ſwords to draw.
Howbeit of more hardie Foes no paſſed Fight hath ſpead yee,
Since *Rollo* to your now-Abode with Bands victorious lead yee,
Or *Turchus*, Sonne of *Troylus*, in *Scythian Fazo* bread yee.
Then worthy your Progenitors yee Seede of *Pryams* ſonne
Exployt this buſineſſe, *Rollons* do that which yee wiſh be done.
Three People haue as many times got and forgone this ſhore,
It reſteth now yee Conquer it not to be Conqured more:

For

For *Normane* and the *Saxon* Blood conioyning, as it may,
From that conſorted Seede the Crowne ſhall neuer paſſe away.
Before vs are our armed Foes, behind vs are the Seas,
On either ſide the Foe hath Holdes of ſuccour and for eaſe:
But that Aduantage ſhall returne their Diſaduantage thus,
If ye obſerue no ſhore is left the which may ſhelter vs,
And ſo hold out amidſt the Rough whil'ſt they hale in for Lee,
Whereas, whil'ſt men ſecurely ſayle, not ſeldome ſhipwracks bee.
What ſhould I cite your paſſed Acts, or tediouſly incence
To preſent Armes? your faces ſhew your hearts conceiue offence,
Yea euen your courages deuine a Conqueſt not to faile,
Hope then your Duke doth prophecie, and in that hope preuaile.
A People braue, a terren Heauen, both Obiects wroth your warres.
Shall be the Prizes of your Prow's, and mount your fame to Starres.
Let not a Traytors periur'd Sonne extrude vs from our right:
He dyes to liue a famous life, that doth for Conqueſt fight.
By this the furious Battels ioyne, a bloody day to eyther,
And long they fight, the victory inclining vnto neyther:
At length the *Engliſh* had the ods, who keeping cloſe aray,
Vnto the Duchie Forces gaue no entraunce any way:
Who fayning feare, and martially retyring, as oppreſt,
The *Engliſh* ſo became ſecure, and follow on diſperſt:
To which aduantage, furiouſly the *Normans* did returne,
And got a bloody victorie. In vaine the *Engliſh* ſpurne
Amidſt the Pikes againſt the pricke: King *Harold* then was ſlayne:
From whom began the *Normans* ſole, but ſoone conioyned rayne:
For ſecond *Henry*, *Mawd* her Sonne, freed *Englands* blood agayne.
Since when (and euer may they ſo) that Of-ſpring ruled vs,
Of whoſe Coniunction in the Crowne, the Genalogue is thus:
King *Edmund Irn-ſide* Iſſue had *Edward* the Out law, he
Had *Margaret*, *Mawd*, by *Malcolme* (then the King of *Scots*) had ſhe,
Mawd to the Conqueror his Sonne, firſt *Henry*, *Mawd* did beire,
This ſecond *Mawd*, the *Angeos* wife, had ſecond *Henry* heire.

Edward

EDward, King *Harolds* Preregnant, of this ſame Change foretold,
Who preſent and ſucceeding times thus, dying, did vnfold:
It is a world to note (quoth he) the waies that men adore,
And how Hypocriſie hath bred of Godlike Deuils ſtore,
That ſpeake to ſeeme, that ſeeme to ſhift, that ſhift to ſpoyle by guile,
That ſmooth, & ſooth, & yeat deceiue with *Scriptum eſt* meane while:
But let them heaue their hands to Heauen, they haue their hier in Hell
That ſeeme deuout to cloake deceit, and ſay but do not well.
The Rich are retchles in their willes, their liking is for law:
The Poore repine, and Goods, not theirs, by idle ſhiftings claw:
The Lords and landed ouer-rent, and cunningly the ſame
The Paraſite doth ouer-reach, and beares away the game:
One riſeth by anothers fall, and ſome doe clime ſo faſt,
That in the Clowdes they doe forget what Climates they haue paſt:
But Eagle-winged mindes that fly to neſtle in the Sunne,
Their lofty heads haue leaden heeles, and end where they begun.
It is a common point on which the aged groſſely ronne,
Once to haue dared, ſaid, and ſeene, more then was euer done.
The Youth are fooliſh-hardie, or leſſe hardy then they ought,
Effeminate, phantaſtick, and in few not few are nought.
At *Cyprus* not the wanton Saint nor yeat her wylie Sonne
Did want her Orgies, nor at *Rome* did *Veſta* lacke her Nonne,
The *Lampſacens* gaue *Pryapus* his filthy Rites, and *Create*
To *Ioue* his Bulles, and *Sicilie* to *Ceres* tithed Wheat,
The *Thracians* with their *Bacchanales* did *Lybers* Temple fill,
And *Italie* did blood of Babes on *Saturnes* Altars ſpill,
And fatall wreathes of Myrtill boughes were ſacred vnto *Dys*,
In fewe, there was no Pagane God his Sacrifice did mis:
But *Engliſh-men*, nay chriſtian men, not onely ſeeme prophane,
But Man to Man, as Beaſt to Beaſt, holds ciuill dueties vaine:
Yea Pulpits ſome, like Pedlers packs, yeeld foorth as men affect,
And what a Synode ſhall conclude a Sowter will correct.
The rude thus boaſting Litrature, one Schiſme begets another,

And

And groſſely though a Schiſme, yet hath each Schiſmatik his Soother.
Meane while the learned want their Meed, & none with profit heares
The tedious Doult, whoſe artles tong doth preach to weary eares.
Here could I enter in a Field of matter more then much,
But geſſe that all is out of frame, and long time hath bin ſuch,
And what ſhall be let time diſcloſe, This onely will I touch:
A Greene tree, cut from withered Stock, deuided Furlongs three
From proper roote, it ſhall reioyne and after fruitfull bee,
Said then the King, And thus doe ſome expound that Propheſee:
The Tree this Land, the Stock and Roote the thralled *Engliſh* line:
King *Harold* and the *Williams* twaine the Furlongs, ſome define,
Henry the *Normane* that begot on *Mawde* his *Engliſh* Queene
Mawde, ſecond *Henries* Mother, was the Trees returne to greene.
King *Stephen* firſt, though not ſo firme, did in this Turne proceed:
But ſecond *Henrie* perfectly reſtalled *Wodens* Seed.

THE

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXIII.

ASsisted by the former Boone persist, my Muse, and tell,
How, by the *Normane* Conquest, here an other world befell:
New lawes (not Labyrinths as now through wrested Quirkes) came in,
New Lords also, at whom, for most, our auncient Crests begin.
The *English* sinke, the *Normans* swimme, all topsie-turuie was,
Vntill the Conqueror had brought his whole command to pas.
Then was one *Edgar*, sonne vnto the out-law *Edward*, he
To holy *Edward* had beene heire, had not King *Harold* be:
And *William*, pleading too by sword, admits no milder law:
So *Edgar* in his soonest flight his safest issue saw:
Who, with his mother (daughter to the King of *Hungarie*)
And Sisters did attempt into his Grandsiers Realme to flie.
Thus *Englands* hope with *Englands* Heire in one same Barke did sayle,
When desprate from their villanage was English blood of baile.
But God (that to the hopeles is not helples, if he please)
Did driue the storm-beate Engliship into the Scottish Seas,
Wheare, cast a shore King *Malcolme* soone had notice of the wracke,

And did become a gracious Lord vnto their preſent lacke:
And (*Agatha* a Votariſſe) tooke *Margaret* to Queene,
Protects her brother, euen by Armes, againſt king *Williams* teene:
Vntill by warre and wiſe conuay he ſo to paſſe did bring
That *Edgar* reconciled was vnto the Engliſh King:
In credit, though withheld his Crowne, and thus, at leaſt, did good:
His flight ſcotch-Queen'd his Siſter, ſhe rengraded *Englands* blood.
For let we *Edgar* (gainſt the haer preſerued, as expreſt)
And either *William*, luckie Knights at armes, interred, reſt,
And ſet firſt *Williams* yoongeſt ſonne, firſt *Henry*, on the Throne,
Through him, the royall-*Engliſh* and the *Normane* bloods grew one.
On *Mawd* ſcotch-*Malcomes* daughter, by the foreſaid *Margret* he
Had *Mawd*, that ſolie did ſuruiue her drowned brothers three,
Her (Empreſſe to the Emperour, then newly being ded)
Did *Geffrey Plantaganet* the Earle of *Anioy* wed,
And ſhe vnto *Plantaganet* did ſecond *Henry* heire,
Of *England*, *Angeo*, *Gaſcoyne*, and of *Normandie* the heire. (marry,
Yeat *Stephen*, firſt-*Williams* daughters-ſon, whom th'Earle of *Bloys* did
Did with the Empreſſe and her ſon now King now Captiue varry:
But laſtly, tyred, and inter'd, *England* by *Stephens* death
Was quietly ſecond *Henries*, who was lawfulſt heire by birth.
With *Hengeſts* blood our droupen Muſe it alſo now reuiues
For harſhly ſounds our Poeame ſaue in matter where it thriues.
Let be your bitten Vine, we here a blisfull Vintage gaine,
That did, and doth, and euermore vnblaſted may remaine:
For this coriuall ſeed begot *England* Engliſh againe.
From whence we note what Scepters, what diſcents, and turnes befell:
Leſſe pleaſing vnto ſome, perhaps, than toyes which many tell,
That but of phanſies, women, loues, and wantonnes can ſing:
Frō which their tunes but pipp their tongs & then they hang the wing.

THis ſecond *Henry*, mightie both in Empire and in Armes,
Was onely by his Cleargie croſt with vnbeſeeming harmes.

Perplexed

Perplexed therefore at th'Apeales that waiward *Becket* made,
To ſome, demaunding his diſeaſe, at *Normandie* he ſayd:
Our Popes that ſeeme (they do but ſeeme) Saint *Peter* to ſucceede
(Who did denie, although deſerue, high Styles to him decree'd)
Are quite vnlike to *Peter* and Popes thirty three fore-paſt
Who liu'd in miſerie and died by Martyrdome at laſt.
Now neede not Tyrants, Popes to Popes be Tyrants, and they all
Doe wreſt euen Principalities ſubmiſſiue to their Pall.
Peter did ſinne, and, ſinning, to repentante teares did flye:
Popes ſinne not, but to others ſinnes giue pardon (els they lye.)
Chriſt waſhed feet, Kings kiſſe their feet, Chriſt gaue to *Cæſar* his,
They take, and ſay that either Sword in their ſubiection is.
The Pope did ſo our mothers Pheare, the Emperour, intreate
As that his proud attempts I ſhame and ſorrow to repeate.
What cite I forraine matters, when our natiue Stories yeeld
Of myters medling with our Sword an ouerplenteous feeld?
We offer Tapers, pay our Tythes and Vowes, we Pilgrims goe
To euery Saint, at euery ſhrine we Offrings doe beſtoe,
We kiſſe the Pix, we creepe the Croſſe, our Beades we ouer-runne,
The Couent hath a Legacie, who ſo is left vndone:
We faſt the Eaue, we feaſt the day of euery Saint they make,
Their houſlings, Shrifts, and Sacraments moſt reuerently we take,
By tale we ſay Oryſons, and to words vnknowne Amen,
The Quier doth chaunt, we knock our breſts, we bow and croſſe vs thē,
Their skaer-Spright water, boxed Boans, their hoaſts, and what not
The Prieſt, the Fier, or Pardoner we count not holy things? (brings
We ſeat them in our fatteſt Soyles for Paſture, wood, and ſpring,
We lodge them ſafe in ſtately walles, we ſorrowing when they ſing.
Their Belles call them from eaſie beds to ſing in gownes as warme,
But Larums vs from reſtles Campes, by wounds, to heale their harme.
And meete is ſo, but meete alſo that they, protected thus,

Be not vnquiet, but for their quiet pray for and further vs.
When our great Grād-ſier thought this Iſle by Cōqueſt cleerly wōne,
And entred *Kent*, what earſt he did did ſeeme in *Kent* vndone:
A moouing wood ſtole marching on, and hem'd his Armie round,
When al at once, their boughes caſt downe, was heard a warlike ſoūd,
That to the *Normanes* did diſcloſe an Armie ordered well,
Reſolu'd to die, rather then leaue the lawes where they did dwell,
(For ſo, in way of Parlie, did their mytred *Stygand* tell.)
Their Biſhop, their Contriuer, and their chiefe Conduct was he,
By whoſe deuiſe the Conqueror, intrapped, did agree
To ratifie the lawes of *Kent* ſuch as they were, and be.
But, bearing in a common good with Croſiers croſſing Crownes,
Proud *Anſelme* in our Vncles raigne did farre exceede the bownes
Of Prelacie or pietie (for Church-men ſhould be meeke:
Yeat ſome in practiſe leaue what they of vs in preaching ſeeke:
For they that bid me doe, and doe themſelues the good they bid,
Doe leade me to the ſubſtantiue, and leaue me not in *quid*)
Yea, either of our Vncles thriu'd in Forraine Conqueſts more,
Than gainſt their Church-men, ſetting al their Kingdome in vprore.
One Prelate wrought the Pope to curſe & croſſe his Prince with foes,
Twixt others long ambitious Pleas for Primacie aroes,
And now, through *Becket*, to our ſelfe no leſſer damage groes.
I haue had hardy Knights for warres, and helpfull friends in peace,
Yeat helples friends, and hartles Knights this cleargie-pride to ceaſe.
Theſe words heard diuers preſent Knights, who vexed at the wrong,
Did, cleane vnwitting to the King, ariue in *Kent* ere long,
And at S. *Bennits* Altar, in the Minſter of his Sea,
At ſacring for a ſacrifice the ſawcie Clerke did ſlea?
Which heard, the Pope canonized the ſtir-ſtrif Prieſt a Saint,
Inſencing Kings againſt our King, till warres made *Henry* faynt.
Then humbled vnto haughty Prieſts as Legats ſent from *Rome*
He baſely bowes, and they to him for begged Pennance dome
Purſ-payne and heathen battels, and (which worſer was decreed)

Bareſoote

Barefoote he went, whom Monkes did whip till feete and body bleed:
Barefoote to *Iurie* fare the Knights, ſo dying for their deed:
Nor might they mend it, for as bad euen Emperors did ſpeed.

CHAP. XXV.

THe Kings fayre Leiman *Roſamund*, and how his Sonnes rebell
I ouer-paſſe. To *Richard* next the Dyadem befel.
He did in *Cyprit*, *Sycil*, and in *Syria* warre & win:
Whoſe glory his confederate Peeres to enuie did beginne:
And, warring with the Soldan, left the Engliſh King behinde:
Who left not fighting till he forſt Conditions to his minde,
And of *Ieruſalem* was King. But as he did returne,
The *Auſtrich* Duke, (whoſe reared flagge our wronged king did ſpurne
From *Acon* wals, his Victorie,) did *Richard* intercept,
And him in eaſeleſſe priſon for reuenge and raunſome kept.
The Duke his daughter, as the King did theare a Captiue lie,
Did labour ſtrongly in the loue ſhe would but could not flie:
And ſighing wept, and weeping ſpake, and ſpeaking thus ſhe ſaid:
Richard through hate, through loue am I to diffring bands betrayd.
My harueſt hangeth in the graſſe, and ere the proofe may blaſt,
Or clew-led *Theſeus*, from the denne of *Minotaurus* paſt,
To farre more harder ſtarres than was poore *Ariadne* left
Leaue me he may, of all, yea more than all, of him bereft.
Sweete Loue, Saint Loue, or rather I thy Saint and thou my God,
In ſuch deſarts let ſuch deceite be, as ſhould be, forbod.

The Gailor bribed, with his keyes to ſtay or free him ſent her:
Loue(louely *Richard*) makes,quoth ſhe,that I this hel-houſe enter,
Hence make eſcape,remembring me that thus for thee doe venter.
Attentiue to her ſpeech,but more retentiue of her ſhape,
The King,awaking to her forme,did ſleepe his owne eſcape,
And giuing her a meeting kiſſe,quoth he,ſo God me keepe
As true deſire to quite this good in me ſhall neuer ſleepe:
Yeat ranſomleſſe I will not hence,but fetching backe the lone,
When as thy Father ſhall repay to *England* tenne for one,
I vow thy loue a recompence,till when I liue to thee:
Thus ſeuer they,and raunſome him ere many weekes did free.
Soone after on the *Belgicke* towers he Engliſh flags did reare,
Auſtrich and all the Empire of his proweſſe ſtood in feare,
Vntill a deſperate Stragler with an arrow pierſt his head,
And ſent the wofull Engliſh home, their worthy Leader dead:
Thus Lyons-hart(his courage got that ſurname)laſtly ſped:
To whom King *Iohn*(in courage not inferior to the other)
Succeeded,but in life and death more tragicke than his brother.

IN *Scotland*, *France*, *Ireland*,and *Wales* he warred wearied leſſe
Than by the Pope and Engliſh Prieſts wronged without redreſſe,
Nor was,ſaue from their Soueraignes death,their malice out of date:
Yeat *Iohn*,faine they,but they,felt *Iohn*,did trouble Church and ſtate.
When(for as Gaylers with Conuicts, ſo Popes deale with a faulter:
Their ſin-ſalue like the ſetting looſe from Shackles to the haulter)
When Maſſe and all the Sacraments were Strangers many a day,
And that,ſo farrefoorth as it in the triple Myter lay,
Euen God himſelfe was barred hence,and that, proſtrate before
His Vaſſall Biſhop *Langtons* feete,the King did grace implore,
When *Peter*-pence were graunted, and the Engliſh Crowne to holde
By rent and Homage of the Pope,and that for ſums of gold
The French Kings ſon was curſed hēce,who els had wore the Crowne,
And that the reconciled King did ſeeme on ſureſt ground,

Then

Then he, whil'ſt he in progreſſe did at Swinſhed Abbey lye,
Was poyſned by a Monke, that baend himſelfe that *Iohn* might dye.
The Monke, more ſolemnely inter'd and ſong for than the King,
Was cauſe that diuers diuerſly did conſture of the thing.
Some charg'd the Popes of Auarice, for that when Kings offend
They ſell them peace: of pride, for that to them euen Monarks bend:
Of meere incharitie, for that to wreake their priuate ſpight
Gainſt Kingdomes Kingdomes they incenſe, and, worſer, do acquite
Euen ſubiects to allegiance ſworne againſt their Lords to fight:
Of Treaſon, for that to intrap ſuch as from them diſcent
With othes and al things they diſpence: Some bid vs thus preuent
Their ſinnes and ſleights, do not as they, nor deale with them, for why?
Who doth muſt liue their Vaſſal or their Victorie muſt die.
A merrie mate amongſt the reſt, of Cloyſterers thus told.

THis cloyſtring and fat-feeding of Religious is not old
(Quoth he:) Not long ſince was a man that did his deuoire giue
To kill the paſſions of his fleſh, and did in penance liue,
And, though beloued of the King, he liued by his ſweat,
Affirming men that would not worke vnworthy for to eate:
He told the erring their amiſſe, and taught them to amend,
He counſelled the comfortleſſe, and all his daies did ſpend
In prayer and in pouertie: Amongſt his doings well
High-waies he mended: doing which this Accident befell.
A doſen Theeues to haue beene hang'd were lead this Hermite by,
To whom he went, exhorting them as Chriſtian-men to dye:
So penitent they were, and he ſo pitifull (good man)
As to the King for Pardon of the Priſoners he ran:
Which got, he gaue it them: But this *Proviſo* did he add
That they ſhould euer worke as he: They graunt, poore ſoules, & glad:
He got them gownes of countrey gray, and hoods for raine and cold,
And hempen girdles, (which beſides themſelues) might burthens hold,
Pick-axe and Spade, and hard to worke the Couent fell together,

With Roabes, and Ropes, & eu'rie toole for eu'rie worke & wheather.
So did they toyle as thereabout no Cauſie was vnrought,
Wherefore new labours for his men the holie Hermite ſought:
But at departure prayed them to faſt, to watch, and pray,
And liue remote from worldly men, and goeth ſo his way.
The holy Theeues (for now in them had cuſtome wrought contēt)
Could much of Scripture and, indeede, did hartely repent.
Now when the countrey folke did heare of theſe ſame men deuout
Religiouſly they haunt their Celles, and laſtly brought about
That frō the woods to Buldings braue they wonne the Hermits crew,
Who was from found-out worke returnde, and their *Apoſta* knew.
He going to their ſtately place, did finde in euery diſh
Fat beefe and brewis, and great ſtore of daintie fowle and fiſh.
Who ſeeing their ſaturitie, and practiſing to winne
His Pupels thence, Exceſſe, he ſayd, doth worke acceſſe to ſinne:
Who fareth fineſt doth but feed, and ouer-feedeth oft,
Who ſleepeth ſofteſt doth but ſleepe, and ſometimes ouer ſoft,
Who clads him trimmeſt is but clad, the faireſt is but faire,
And all but liue, yea, if ſo long, yeat not with leſſer care
Than formes, backs, boans and bellies that more hōely cheriſht are:
Learne freedome and felicitie, Hawkes flying where they liſt
Be kindlier and more ſound than Hawkes beſt tended on the fiſt
Thus preacht he promiſt abſtinence, and bids them come away:
No haſt but good, well weare they, and ſo wel as they would ſtay.
The godly Hermit, when all meanes in vaine he did perceiue,
Departing ſayd, I found you knaues, and knaues I doe you leaue.
Hence ſayd this merrie fellowe (if the merriment be trew)
That Cloyſtring, Friers cloathing, and a Couents number grew.
This heard a ſimple Northerne-man, no friend to Monke, or Frier,
Or preaching Lymmer, for his ſpeach diſcloſed thus his yre.

A Fowle ill on their weazens, for they Carles garre ſyke a dinne,
That more they member vs of iapes than mend vs of our ſinne.

At

At Ewle we wonten gambole, daunce, to carrole, and to ſing.
To haue gud ſpiced Sewe, and Roſte, and plum-pies for a King,
At Faſtſ-eue pan-puffes, Gang tide gaites did alie Maſſes bring,
At Paske begun our Morriſe, and ere Penticoſt our May,
Tho Roben hood, liell Iohn, Frier Tucke, and Marian deftly play,
And Lard and Ladie gang till Kirke with Lads and Laſſes gay:
Fra Maſſe and Eenſong ſa gud cheere and glee on ery Greene,
As, ſaue our wakes twixt Eames and Sibbes, like gam was neuer ſeene:
At Baptiſ-day with Ale and cakes bout bon-fires neighbours ſtood,
At Martlemaſſe wa turnd a crabbe, thilke told of Roben hood,
Till after long time myrke, when bleſt were windowes, dares & lights,
And pails were fild, & hathes were ſwept, gainſt Fairie-elues & ſprits:
Röck, & plow Mõdaies gams ſal gang, with ſaint-feaſts & kirk-ſights.
I is tell yee, Clearkes earſt racked not of purpoe ne of pall:
Ylke yeoman fed moe poore tume wambes than Gentiles now in Hall:
Yea, ledge they nere ſa hally Writ, thilke tide is greater wrang
Than heretoforne: tho words had foothde, na writing now ſo ſtrang,
I is na Wizard, yeat I drad it will be warſe ere lang.
Belyue doone lyther Kirk-men reaue the crop, and we the tythe,
And mykell bukiſh ben they gif they tache our lakines blithe.
Some egge vs ſla the Prince and ſhewe a Bullocke fra the Pape,
Whilke, gif it guds the ſawle, I is ſure the cragge gangs till the rape:
Syke votion gyles the people, ſa but ſylde gud Princes ſcape,
Sa teend our King his life, and ſong is *Requiem* for the Monke:
Gud King God reſt thy ſawle, but Feends reaue him bath ſawle & tröke.
Such talke was long on foote, and ſtill was quittance tale for tale.
Dunſtone, quod one, made *Edgar*, earſt an Engliſh Monarke, quale
For matter of leſſe moment, euen for wedding of a Nunne,
Whom in her Cell the King eſpi'de, lou'de, wooed, and thus wonne.

THe ſame (quod he) that rules this Land the ſame intreateth thee,
Thou maiſt, ſweet, Wench, vnto thy ſelfe deriue a Queen frõ me.

What

What lets,ſince none may loue thee more,vnleſſe perhaps this Cell,
Too ſtrict a place wherein thy ſelfe,euen Beauties ſelfe,ſhouldſt dwell.
Let nature hide her barren formes and imperfections thus,
And in ſuch Puritanes as thou commend her skill to vs.
Thou wrongeſt Nature,molding thee to molde by thee as faer,
Thou wrõgeſt men,that would beget the fruit which thou ſholdſt baer,
Thou wrong'ſt thy Countrie of increaſe, thou wrong'ſt me in like ſort,
Thou wrong'ſt thy Kin of kindred, and thou wrong'ſt thy ſelfe of ſport.
Shouldſt thou but dreame what marriage were, thou would'ſt not liue a (maid:
One heart of two two Soules to one by wedlocke is cõuaid:
An husbands open kiſſings,and his ſecret coyings,nay,
The very Soule of Loue,more ſweet then thou or I can ſay,
The ioy of babes which thou ſhould'ſt beare,the Seruice at thy becke,
The ſweet conſorted common-weale of houſhold at thy checke,
Would make thee ſeeme a Goddeſſe,who,becauſe thou art not ſuch,
Offendeſt God in hiding of thy Tallent: Too too much
Thou doteſt on Virginitie,permitted,not impos'd
On any,ſaue on ſuch as for no ſuch thy ſelfe thou knoeſt:
Els what ſhould meane this penning vp,ſuch vowing,and theſe Vailes,
Since Veſſels onely are of worth that beare in ſtormes their ſailes.
The Seedſters of thine Eſſence had they beene as thou would'ſt be
Thou hadſt not beene,Then gratifie the ſame,thy ſelfe and me,
And leaue theſe ſuperſtitious walles: Thou profitſt not hereby,
Nor are we male and female borne that fruitleſſe we ſhould dy:
Then loue me,for,beleeue me,ſo will proue a Iubilie.

Her red,diſperſt in ſhadowed white,did adde to either more,
To her of beautie,and to him Loue greater than before.
She claimes the places priuiledge,and faintly cites a Tex:
She pleads her birth too bace,and playes the No-I of her Sex,
And fighteth as ſhe would be foyld: But,prized,*Dunſtone* makes
It Sacrilege,and for to wife the Recluſe *Edgar* takes,
In twelue yeeres would he not annoynt or crowne him King,and more,

Enioynes

Enioynes him ſeuen yeeres pennance, and to edifie and ſtore
Great Monaſteries forth ere Indulgence could be got:
Thus *Edgar* for his Cloyſter-cheere did pay this coſtly ſhot.

CHAP. XXVI.

Iohns murther bred ſuch murmure: But third *Henry*, *Iohn* his ſonne,
Aſſiſted chiefly by the Pope, his fathers Scepter wonne,
Who interdited *Lewis* till hee curſt him into *France*,
And left to *Henry* proſperous raigne, till hapned this miſchance.

A Parliament at *Oxenford* did derogate ſo much
From his prerogatiue as that the Quarrell grew to ſuch
That ciuill warres betwixt the King and Barronage began,
Not ending, but with tragicke ends of many a worthy man,
Brother to brother, ſire to ſonne, and friend to friend was foe,
All labouring (which they ſhould vphold) their Countries ouerthrow:
Now was the King a Captiue, and the Barrons by and by
His Conqueſt, and the ciuill ſtrife too faſt begot ſupply:
My heart vn-apts mine hand to write the troth of it too trew,
Euen warres *Idea*, more then tong or eie can ſay or view:
But to conclude (which ſtill concludes) the King he did ſubdue,
And ſhewes himſelfe a gentle foe thus hauing wonne his peace,
And after liu'd in honour, and did happily deceaſe:
Whoſe death (then warring with renowme in *Syria*) being knowne
To *Edward*, he reſailed and poſſeſt his fathers Throne.

The

THe hanſell of the Scepter was, the *Welchmen* did rebell:
Of whom to *Edward*, though with loſſe, the victorie befell.
Then on the *French* he warred, and a Winner did reſayle:
And for that *Balioll* (whom he made the King of *Scots*) did faile
His Homage, thence from *Albanacke* to *England* due and done,
Againſt the *Scots* he grieuous, but a glorious warre begun.
Not *Barwicke*, though for number bold vntill it flowed blood,
Nor any *Scottiſh* armes or hold, though infinite and good,
Might ſtay his awing proweſſe, till he had their King his thrall,
And in that Land, by Conqueſt, made himſelfe the Lord of all.
Then taking *Scottiſh* othes (which they did breake, and he reuenge)
With thoſe exploits he French attempts as glorioufly did menge.
Yea *Paganes*, *French*, *Cambries*, & *Scots*, remembring but his name,
Cannot forget their skares he made, though enuious of his Fame,
Matchles for Cheualrie, and yeat his iuſtice matcht the ſame:
Not partiall for the Prince his Sonne, a raſh vnbridled youth,
Whom he impriſon'd, hearing of his outrages the truth,
And vnto whom he, dying, ſpake words worth report and ruth.
My life (quoth he) a warfare right in body and in ſoule,
Reſignes my robed carkaſſe to be rotted in the moule:
If well I did, well ſhall I doe, if ill, as ill and worſe,
And therefore (*Ned*) worke as I will vpon my bleſſe or curſe.
When thou becom'ſt an earthly God mens liues to ouerſee,
Forget not that Eternall God that ouerlooketh thee.
The leaſt part of a King is his, allowing him, and none
Leſſe priuate then a Prince, the weale or woe of euery one:
He and his People make but one, a body weake or ſtrong,
As doth the head the lims or lims the head aſſiſt or wrong.
Deriue thy lawes from wiſeſt heads, to be vpholden ſtill,
Not adding or abſtracting as conceited Tier-braines will.
Be cheereſull, and in worke nor word be neither proud or hot:
No ſincere loue, but ſeruile feare, or neither, ſo is got.
Encourage good Men by thy loue: reforme the bad by lawe:

Reſerue

Reſerue an eare for either Plea: and borrow leaſt of awe.
Oppreſſe not rich men, ſeeking ſo to pleaſe the poore, for neither
Is to be doomed, but as right or wrong is found in either.
To loyter well deſerued gifts is not to giue but ſell,
When to requite ingratitude were to doe euill well:
And (which, ſaue for the ill-miſt ill, might elſe haue beene forgot)
Be choyſe, but chuſe, for wiueleſſe haue each ſtranger, place, & ſhot,
Their heire, their home, & coſt, which, ſaue the laſt, indeed are not.
Reforme thee euen to day, vnapt to day leſſe apt to morrow,
Youth aptly offers vertues ſuch as yeeres vnaptly borrow:
For he that plies the lappes and lippes of Ladies all his prime,
And falles to Armes, age failing Armes, then alſo looſeth time.
Well haue I driuen out my date, and well thy daies ſhall runne,
If thou prooue not my Glories graue, nor I plauge in my Sonne
The ouer-weening of thy wits doth make thy Foes to ſmile,
Thy Friends to weepe, & Clawbacks thee with Soothings to beguile:
Yea, thoſe thy Purſes Paraſites, vnworthie thine Eſtate,
Doe loue thee for themſelues, nor will they leaue thee but too late:
I bleſſe thee; if thou baniſh them, and curſe thee, if they bide,
My bliſſe and curſe be at thy choyce: And ſo he ſhortly dide.

FOrthwith as ſecond *Edward*, ſonne to *Edward*, wore the Crowne,
He to promote his Flatterers did put his Nobles downe:
So *Robert Bruze*, then King of *Scots*, found ingreſſe for his Armes,
Recouering *Scottiſh* forces, and did ſpoyle our men by ſwarmes:
Barwicke in fine and all erſt wonne and more then all was loſt,
Yeat of more multeous Armies we than *Scotland* were at coſt,
No Land deuided in itſelfe can ſtand, was found too true,
To worſer then the wars abroad the home-bred Quarrels grew:
Grange-gotten *Pierce* of *Gauelſtone*, and *Spenſers* two like ſort,
Meane Gentlemen, created Earles, of chiefe account and port,
Enuying all equalitie, contriue of many a Peere

The

The wreſted death, thoſe fewe that liue liu'd mal-contented heere.
Good *Thomas* Earle of *Lancaſter*, on whom the reſt relye,
The chiefe and graueſt of the Peeres, did, ouer-watred, flye
Into the woods, whereas himſelfe and ſtate he did bewray
Vnto an Hermite, vnto whom he, ſighing thus did ſay.
Happy are you ſequeſtred thus: for (ſo I may deuine)
Our common wracke of common weale, for how it doth decline
Through wilde and wanton Guydes in part I feele, in part I aime,
By Preſidents too like and fire too likely heere to flame,
Heare (if you haue not heard) what fire, our leiſure fits the ſame.

CHAP. XXVI.

THe *Spartanes* war for rapted Queene, to *Ilions* ouerthrow,
The Monarke of *Aſſyria* chang'd, and *Latine* Kings alſo
For *Tarquins* luſt, yea how with vs a double chaunge did groe,
When Britiſh *Vortiger* did doat vpon the *Saxons* daughter,
And *Buerne* for his forced wife fro *Denmarke* brought vs ſlaughter,
I ouerpaſſe: Who knoweth not *Ireland*, our neighbour Ile,
Where *Noe* his Neece, ere *Noe* his flood, inhabited a while?
The firſt manured Weſterne Ile, by *Cham* and *Iaphets* race,
Who ioyntly entring, ſundry times each other did diſplace,
Till *Greece*-bred *Gathelus* his brood from *Biſcay* did ariue,
Attempting *Irelands* Conqueſt, and a Conqueſt did atchiue:
Fiue kings at once did rule that Ile, in ciuill ſtrife that droopes,
When fierce *Turgeſius* landed with his misbeleeuing Troopes.

This

This proud *Norwegan* Rouer ſo by aides and armes did thriue,
As he became ſole Monarke of the Iriſh Kingdomes fiue,
Erecting Paganiſme, and did eiect the Chriſtian lawe,
And thirtie yeeres, tyrannizing, did keepe that Ile in awe,
Nor any hope of after-helpe the hartleſſe Iriſh ſawe.
Alone the wylie King of *Meth* (a *Prothew* plying fauor)
Stood in the Tyrants grace, that much affected his behauor:
For what he ſaid that other ſoothde, ſo ecco'ing his vaine,
As not an Iriſh els but he a pettie King did raigne,
Turgeſius friends that Vice-roy, for his daughters loue the rather,
And therefore for his Leiman askt the Damſell of her Father.
Ill wot I what they know that loue, well wot I that I know
That that browne Girle of mine lackes worth to be beloued ſo.
I haue a many Neeces farre more fairer then is ſhe,
Yeat thinke I faireſt of thoſe faires vnworthy you, quoth he,
But ſhe and they are yours, my Lord, ſuch Beauties as they be.
This Preface likte the Tyrant well that longed for the play,
Not well contented that ſo long the Actors were away,
Oft iterating his demaund, impatient of delay.
Now haue I, quoth the King of *Meth*, conuented to your bed
My Neeces, and my daughter, loath to looſe her Maidenhead:
But doubt not, Sir, coy Wenches cloſe their longings in their palmes,
And all their painted Stormes at length conuert to perfect Calmes:
Alonely, if their beauties like (as likelier haue we none)
You may conclude them women, and the Goale therefore your owne:
To morrow, ſeuered from your Traine, vnleſſe ſome ſpeciall few,
Expect them in your chamber, where I leaue the game to you:
Yeat when your eye hath ſerude your heart of her that likes you beſt,
Remember they are mine Alies, vntoucht diſmiſſe the reſt.
Swe ete alſo was this Scene, and now vnto an Act we groe:
The *Iriſh* Princeſſe, and with her a fifteene others moe,
With hāging Glybbes that hid their necks as tynſel ſhadowing ſnoe,

Whoſe

Whoſe faces very *Stoickes* would, *Narciſſus*-like, admire,
Such *Semeles* as might conſume *Ioues* ſelfe with glorious fire,
And from the Smith of heauens wife allure the amorous haunt,
And reintiſe the Club-God *Dys* and all his diuelles to daunt,
And make the Sunne-God ſwifter than himſelfe, ſuch *Daphnes* chaced,
And Loue to fall in loue with them, his *Pſichis* quite diſgraced,
Theſe rarer then the onely Fowle of Spice burnt Aſhes bread,
And ſweeter than the Flower that with *Phœbus* turneth head,
Reſembling her from gaze of whom transformde *Acteon* fled,
From *Meth* came to *Tergeſius* Court, as Preſents for his bed.
In ſecret was their comming, and their chambering the ſame,
And now the luſtfull Chuffe was come to ſingle out his game,
His Pages onely, and a youth or twaine attending him,
Wheare Banquet, Bed, Perfumes, and all were delicately trim.
He giues them curteous welcome, and did finde them merry talke:
Meane while (the Harbengers of luſt) his amorous eyes did walke,
More clogd with change of Beauties than King *Midas* once with gold:
Now This, now That, and one by one he did them all behold.
This ſeemed faire, and That as faire, and, letting either paſſe,
A Third he thought a proper Girle, a Fourth a pleaſant Laſſe,
Louely the Fift, liuely the Sixt, the Seuenth a goodly Wench,
The Eight of ſweete Complexion, to the Ninth he altreth thence,
Who mildly ſeem'd maieſticall, Tenth modeſt looke and tongue,
The Eleuenth could ſweetly entertain, the Twelfe was freſh & yong,
The Next a gay Brownetta, Next and Next admirde among:
And eury feature ſo intyſte his intricate affection,
As liking all alike he lou'd confounded in election.
Sweete harts, quoth he, or *Iupiter* fetcht hence full many a Theft,
Or hether brought his Thefts that here their Leiman Children left.
Here wandring *Cadmus* ſhould haue ſought his miſſed Siſter, wheare
Faire *Leda* hatcht her Cignets, whilſt nor Cocke, nor Henne did feare.
How many view I fairer than *Europa* or the reſt.

And

And Girle-boyes fauouring *Ganimæde*, heere with his Lord a Gueſt.
And *Ganimædes* we are, quoth one, and thou a Prophet trew:
And hidden Skeines from vnderneath their forged garments drew,
Wherewith the Tyrant and his Bawds, with ſafe eſcape, they ſlew:
Of which yong Irith Gentlemen and *Methean* Ladies act
The Iſle was filled in a triſe, nor any *Iriſh* ſlackt
To proſecute their freedome and th'amaſed *Norgaines* fall,
Which was performed, and the King of *Meth* extold of all.

THoſe Rouers (whoſe Originals, and others not a fewe,
As *Switzers, Normaines, Lumbardes, Danes*, from *Scandinauia*
A mighty Iſle, an other world, in *Scythian Pontus* Clyme) (grew,
Thus wrackt, left *Ireland* free vnto our ſecond *Henries* time:
When (farre vnlike the *Methes* that earſt their Countrie did reſtore)
An Amorous Queene thereof did cauſe new Conqueſts and vprore:
Dermot the King of *Leynſter*, whom all beſides did ſpight,
Did loue, belou'd, the Queene of *Meth* to whom he thus did wright.
Thy King, ſweete Queene, the hindrance of our harts-eaſe is away,
And I, in heart at home with thee, at hand in perſon ſtay:
Now is the time (Time is a God) to ſtrike our loue good lucke,
Long ſince I cheapned it, nor is my comming now to hucke:
But, ſince our fire is equall, let vs equally aſſiſt
To finiſh what we fancy, ſay Maligners what they liſt.
No like immortall ſhe-Egge Chucke of *Tyndarus* his wife,
(The wracke of *Dardane* walles) ſhall mooue to vs like coſtly ſtrife:
Thy husband no *Atrides* is, or were it he were ſuch,
The *Idane* ball-Iudge did not more, but I would doo as much:
For why? thy ſelfe, a richer cauſe of warre, art woorthy ſo,
Whom to continue euer frend, I careleſſe am of foe.
My Kingdome ſhall containe thee that containeſt me and it,
Yea, though we be condemned, Loue or armour ſhall vs quit,
Loues lawe at leaſt adiudgeth barres, cleere bookes, to pleade in breefe
Preſcription to obiections how his paſſions be not cheefe,

For none doth liue not paſſionate of loue,ire,mirth,or greefe.
I waite thee in the neereſt woods, and thether,watching watch,
Doe waite eſcape,of all things els my ſelfe doe care diſpatch:
Let onely Loue(ſweete Loue)perſwade,if more remaine to wowe,
I hope I wiſh not more be done than what you meane to doo.
This read,and red her cheekes,and to his reede alreadie bent,
Not caſting further doubts vnto her Paramour ſhe went,
Conueyed into *Leymſter*. Not many weekes enſewe,
When *Morice* King of *Meth* returnes,and what had hapned knew.
A whirle-winde in a whirle poole rooſt that paire of doues(quoth he)
The ſingle ſtate is double ſweet,at price too deere I ſee.
How wowe we woe? and won, how loth we fowle and doubt we faire?
And onely then lacke women faults when men their faultes forbeare.
The diuell goe with her,ſo that I with credite might forgoe her,
But ſuch doth ſinne with fauour, he is flouted that doth owe her.
I may not put it vp,vnleſſe I put vp many a mocke:
Fowle fall that Harrolde cauſing that my Geitrone is the ſmocke,
He worth,and wronged,and his wrong a common quarrel made,
Aſſiſted by the Iriſh Kings,did *Leymſter* inuade.
King *Dermote*,whom his ſubiects then and long ere then did hate,
Was left defenceleſſe,deſprate of his life,depriu'd his State,
And fled to *England*: wheare the Pope imbulled had of late
England for *Irelands* Conqueſt: So the Exile welcome was,
As apteſt Inſtrument to bring that Stratageme to paſſe.
For but to be reſeated was the Fugitiues requeſt,
And then to tribute part and leaue to Engliſh men the reſt.
King *Henry*,yeat in warre elſe-where,did freely licenſe any
To make aduenture for themſelues: ſo *Dermot* ſped of many:
Earle *Strangbowe*, and the *Geraldines*, *Fitz-Stephans*, *Reymonde*, and
Moe worthy Knights, of *Wales* for moſt, did take the taske in hand,
And to the Crowne of *Englands* vſe made Conqueſt of that Land.
But ſhould you aske how *Dermot* ſped(Father)he ſped too well:
And nothing elſe the Iriſh bookes doo of his Leiman tell:

Alone obſerue what changes heere through onely luſt befell,
And note our *England* ſurfetteth in greater ſinnes than it,
The onely cauſe that I am Earle and Exile heere doo ſit.
The County thus concluded, and the Hermite anſwerd this:]

CHAP. XXVII.

TO loſe an Earledome, and to liue an exile what it is
I cannot tell, but not to haue what may be loſt were blis.
I will not ſpeake of Coiture, nor of Conception, naither
It fits I ſhould, for neuer made I Grandſier of my Father:
But mine experience at our birth begins it birth, I ſpeake
How than doe we no creature worlds leſſe helpefull or more weake.
From birth our Infancy throughout we liue as not aliue,
To others diuerſly a care, we ſenceleſſe how we thriue.
No ſooner we vncradell, be we females be we boyes,
But we affect ſo many, and (God wot) ſuch fooliſh toyes,
And are ſo apt for dangers, and vnapt to ſhift the ſame,
As aptly vanities by terme of childiſhnes we blame.
Thence grow we to more ſtrength and ſence, ſtill ſenceles howbeit
Of vice or vertue, bettring by correction, nor by wit,
Gameſome, not caring who takes care, nor can we ſaue or git.
Next but demies, nor boyes, nor men, our daungerous times ſucceede,
For vanities, erſt aymed at, we ſhortly act in deede,
Wilde royſting, wanton loue, or elſe vnthriftie ſhots and game
Doe cuppell, ere we finde our fault, diſtreſſe vnto defame.

Perhaps,experience beating vs,doth bid vs lay to thriue,
The firſt degree to which ſay (ſome) is warely to wiue:
But,wiued,if our Sainct become(as not vnlike)a Shroe,
Then is that firſt degree to thrift the third degree in woe.
Or be it ſhe be conſtant,wiſe,well intertayning,faire,
Doe graunt her ſilence,patience,and what vertues els be rare,
Yeat by how much more ſhee deſerues ſo much more we deſire
To pleaſe and profit ſuch an one,for whom on hers we tire
Our ſelues and ſences,yea perchance,labour the moſt we may,
Much labour is too little that ſhould houſhold charge defray.
We,aged,carke to liue and leaue an ouerplus in ſtore:
Perhaps for Spendals: ſo amidſt abundance liue we poore:
Our heires waxe ſickiſhe of our health,too long our heere abod,
Meane while the neerer to our graues the further we from God:
Grippell in workes,teſty in words,lothſome for moſt at length,
And ſuch at foureſcore as at foure for manners,witte,and ſtrength.
Thus Infancie is feeble,and our luſtie youth vnſtayde,
Our manhood carking,and our age more lothed than obayde.
And thus from firſt to laſt our liues be fruiteles and vnqueate:
But you,perhaps,expect I ſhould of nouelties intreate.
I haue no tales of *Robin Hood*,though mal-content was he
In better daies,firſt *Richards* daies,and liu'd in woods as we
A *Tymon* of the world: but not deuoutly was he ſoe,
And therefore praiſe I not the man: But for from him did groe
Words worth the note,a word or twaine of him ere hence we goe,
Thoſe daies begot ſome mal-contents,the Principall of whome
A County was,that with a troope of Yomandry did rome,
Braue Archers and deliuer men,ſince nor before ſo good,
Thoſe tooke from rich to giue the poore,and manned *Robin Hood*.
He fed them well,and lodg'd them ſafe in pleaſant Caues and bowers,
Oft ſaying to his merry men,what iuſter life than ours?
Here vſe we Tallents that abroad the Churles abuſe or hide,

Their

Their Coffers excrements, and yeat for common wants denide.
We might haue ſterued for their ſtore, & they haue dyc'ſt our bones,
Whoſe tongues, driſtes, harts, intice, meane, melt, as *Syrens*, Foxes,
Yea euē the beſt that betterd thē heard but aloofe our mones. (ſtones,
And redily the Churles could prie and prate of our amis,
Forgetfull of their owne, when their reproofes had proofe as this:
* It was at midnight when a Nonne, in trauell of a childe,
Was checked of her fellow Nonnes for being ſo defilde:
The Lady Prioreſſe heard a ſtirre, and ſtarring out of bed,
Did taunt the Nouaſſe bitterly, Who, lifting vp her hed,
Sayd, Madame, mend your hood (for why ſo haſtely ſhe roſe,
That on her hed, miſtooke for hood, ſhe donde a Channons hoſe.)
* I did amis, not miſſing friends that wiſht me to amend:
I did amend, but miſſed friends when mine amis had end:
My friends therefore ſhall finde me true, but I will truſt no frend.
Not one I knewe that wiſht me ill, nor any workt me well,
To loſe, lacke, liue, time, frends, in yncke, an hell, an hell, an hell:
Then happie we (quoth *Robin Hood*) in merry *Sherwood* that dwell.
Thus ſayd the Out-lawe: But no more of him I liſt to tell.
Grammarian-like, in order wordes ſignificant to ſpeake,
Logitian-like, to reaſon *pro* and *contra* am I weake:
Rhetoricall I am not with a fluant tongue to ſter:
Arithmaticke in numbring hath ſubſtracted me from her:
Geometrie her Plattes, Bownes, and proportions paſſe my ſtrayne:
Not *Muſick* with her Concords or her Diſcords breakes my braine:
Nor yeat *Aſtronomie*, whoſe Globes doth Heauen and earth containe:
Let faire *Mnemoſine* her broode their thriſe-three-ſelues explaine.
Expect not here Anatomies of Lands, Seas, Hell, and Skyes,
Such length, bredth, depth, and height I balke: nor would I be ſo wiſe,
Leaſt, knowing all things els, I ſhould not knowe my ſelfe preciſe,
The Skyes containe the fierie Lights, Clowdes moyſture, & the Aire
Windes, Birds & Vapors, men & Beaſts the vpper Earth doth beare,
Her Bowels Wormes and Mettals, Sea .o Fiſhes proper are:

Whom this Aſtrologie, and this Coſmographie miſlike,
Beneath the Earth, beyond the Moone, further then farre muſt ſeeke.
Signes workings, Planets Iunctures, and the eleuated Poale,
With thouſand toyes and tearmes wherein our curious Artiſts roale,
Be ſtrangers to my Cell, yeat loe as ſound a minde and heart
As theirs that calculate their times, eate, ſleepe, and wake by arte.
What was the world before the world, or God ere he was God,
Why this he did, or doth not that, his bidden, or forbod,
I dare not thinke, or arrogate ſuch Myſteries deuine,
Faith with her Fruites ſignificant ſuffice theſe wits of mine,
To loue God, and our neighbour as our ſelfe is all in fine.
One Law and Goſpell was and is, and eithers drift is thus,
To ſhew vs how the law doth kill, and Goſpell quicken vs:
Which Corasiue and Lenatiue of Simples made compound
Do rather cure, he kindly heales that alſo feeles his wound.
This is my reſt: if more I knew I ſhould but know too much,
Or build in my conceited brayne too high aboue my touch,
Or elſe againſt the haire in all prooue toyous: euen ſuch
As be too many blockiſh Clerkes and bookiſh Clownes, extreeme
In all things, ſaue in honeſty, that haue no zeale but ſeeme.
As for the Court it is, you know, become a skittiſh Coult,
Of wiſe men hardlier mannaged than of the glorious doult,
Vice rides on horſe backe, vertue doth from out the ſaddell boult.
Theare all deformities in forme in ſome one man we ſee,
More garded than regarded, franke not to continue free,
When as the Marchants booke the Map of all his wealth ſhalbee.
The Muſes bacely begge, or bibbe, or both, and muſt, for why?
They finde as bad Beſtoe as is their Portage beggerly:
Yea now by melancholie walkes and thred-bare coates we geſſe
At Clyents and at Poetes: none worke more and profit leſſe,
None make to more, vnmade of more, the good of other men,
For thoſe inrich our Gowneſts, theſe eternize with their pen:
Yeat, ſoothly, nodds to Poets now weare largiſſe, and but loſt,

Since

Since for the Noddant they obſerue no pen-note worth the coſt,
For pallace. Hermites liue ſecure obſcure in roufes imboſt.
Some few there be much honored (well woorthie of ſo much,
Once wanting, wealthie, then and now in either fortune ſuch:
But many a bace-ſtoute blood there is more lordly than be Lords,
Who wheare himſelfe once coucht & bowde nor cap or beck affords:
But ſhould we ſinne (God ſhield we ſhould in ſmalleſt ſinnes offend)
What ſmaller ſinne then skoffe ſuch fooles ſo skornefull to no end?
The Souldiers haue nor pay nor pray, but (if I may be bolde)
Themſelues be prayed vpon by ſome that do it vncontroulde:
And whilſt the ſame on ſhore or ſeas be ouer ſet or pine,
Or Cuppes on Cuſhions full ſecure we victorie define:
We caſt what may be done, but keepe the helps meane time away,
And diet thriftily our friends to giue our foes a pray.
The Citizens, like ponned Pikes, the leſſers feed the greate:
The rich for meate ſeeke ſtomackes, & the poore for ſtomacks meate:
And euery wheare no Goſpell is more Goſpelled than this,
To him that hath is giuen, from him that hath not taken is.
Court, Citie, Counttie, Campe, and I at ods, thus euen bee,
I intermeddle not with them, they intercept not mee,
For ſtill I tether thence mine eyes, ſo heere my heart is free.
Beleeue mee, Sir, ſuch is this world, this croſſe-bliſſe world of ours
That Vertue hardly hides her ſelfe in poore and defart Bowres,
And ſuch be beſt that ſeeme not beſt: Content exceeds a Crowne:
They may be richer, but more ſweete my pennie than their powne:
For wreſt they, cark they, build they, ſport they, get they worlds toge-
At firſt or laſt they die frō al, & paſſe they wot not whether: ther,
Then comes their pelfe in plea, themſelues not prayſed at a feather:
And then (for ſo the Princes of great *Alexander* did,
Greedie of his, they ſtroue and let the dead-man ſtinke vnhid)
Then he that had a Countrie hath, perhaps, a Coffen now:
Perhaps leſſe Coſt, a Sheete and corſe: perhaps, his heires allow
The toombe himſelfe aliue had build, els toombles might he lye,

As, ſaue for faſhion, reareleſſe: And it matters not, for why?
Teſtators and Executors ſo giue and ſo receaue,
As doubtfull whethers ioy or griefe is more, to take or leaue:
For, as do hogges their troughes to hounds, ſo theſe giue and get place,
Death, not the Dier, giues bequeſtes, and therefore but Graue-grace.
Nor all die teſtate: if they doe, yet wieles may wills preuent,
Or what by rigor was miſgot, in ryote is miſpent.
Then Churles, why are they Churles vnto themſelues and others too,
The good that commeth of their goods is good themſelues ſhall doo.
But men doe walke in ſhadoes, and diſquiet themſelues in vaine
To gather Riches, ignorant to whom they ſhall remaine.
The world thus brooding Vanities, and I obſeruing it,
Here in the world, not of the world, ſuch as you ſee me ſit.
The Earle did well allow his words, and would haue liu'd his life,
Durſt he haue ſtayd, for whom purſute in euery place was rife:
He reconuenting armes therefore, and taken Priſnor ſo,
Died to his Countries friends a friend, and to her foes a foe.

NOr might that Queene & Kings owne Son eſcape the *Spencers* pride,
But, fearing, fled to *France*, & there as baniſhed abide:
Till thence ſupplanted, ſafetie at *Henaude* they prouide.
Iohn, brother to the Earle, a Knight of Chiualrie the chiefe,
With little, but a luckie band, was ſhipte for their reliefe.
No ſooner had the *Zealand* ſhips conuaide their men aſhore,
But Engliſh Succors daily did increaſe their Standerds more.
Yeat firſt the Queene, Prince *Edward*, and the Nobles humbly craue
Theirs and theirs Countries enemies, but no redreſſe might haue:
And then Sir *Iohn* of *Henaude* ſhewed himſelfe a warrior braue.
The King, his wicked Councellors, his big Vpſtarts, and all
Were ouercome: So *Spencers* both from heauen to hell did fall,
Put to a fowle and ſhamefull death: with others that miſled
The King in Out-rages more great than earſt in *England* bred.

Prolers,

Prolers, Blood-thirſtie, Paraſites, Make-ſhifts, & Bawdes did thriue,
Nor was an ancient Engliſh Peere vnbaniſht or aliue:
Yea forraine and domeſticke Swords, Plague, Famine, and Exile,
Did more than tythe, yea tythe of men within this Ile.
Of Baldricks, Hoodes, Tabrides, and Furres, from Knights diſgraded
Attaintures of Nobility, and Armes reuerſed ſtore,
So many Spurres hewen off the heeles, and Swords broke ouer head,
Were through a King ſo light and lewd a Councell neuer read.
The King in priſon and depos'd, tyranniſed, he dide
By Trecheries of *Mortimer* that ruld the Roſte that tide,
Whilſt *Edward*, in Minoritie, his Fathers throne ſupplide.

CHAP. XXVIII.

THIS third of that ſame Name, as yet in Nonage for a time,
Although a King was vnder-kept by ſome that ouer-clime:
Queene mother and proude *Mortimer*, familiar more than ſhould,
Did and vndid more than they might, not leſſe than as they would:
Till *Edward*, better counſelled, hong *Mortimer*, the death
Of many a Peere, who Earle of *March*, and haughtie for his birth,
Was Lord of nine skore dubbed Knights, his other traynes except,
For greater pompe than did his Prince this Lord of *Wigmore* kept.
But more he had beene happie though leſſe hautie in his Halls
More honour in humilitie than ſafetie in walls,
Proud Climers proue not monuments, ſaue onely in their falls.
Then ſenſeleſſe pride of Fooles therefore, whom reuerently we ride,

Should

Should leſſen, at the leaſt becauſe that earth their earth ſhall hide.
The Countrie purg'd of Fleecers, and of Flatterers the Court.
The King became a *Mars* for Armes, a *Iupiter* for Port:
Th' *Olympids*, the *Pythes*, and the prow eſſe of the Earth,
Did ſeeme euen now, and not but now, to haue in him the birth:
Eaſt, South, and North, gaue ayme farre off, admiring ſo the Weſt,
As if that *Mars*, diſcarding them, had ſet our Realme his Reſt:
Philip Valois, and *Dauid Bruz* (of power and courage more
Than any *French* or *Scottiſh* Kings ſince or of long before)
Confedrate with three other Kings and Princes farre and neere,
Warre all at once on *Edward*, but did buy their warring deere:
Dauid, rebelled, left his land, but laſtly did returne,
And whilſt our King did warre in *France*, much did he ſpoyle & burne,
And proud of mightie Troopes of men, of vnreſiſted prayes,
And *Edwards* abſence, proſperouſly he on aduantage playes,
Vntill not ſending hence for helpe, the Queene did muſter Knights,
And with the Foe, though tripled twiſe, victoriouſly ſhe fights:
The *Scots* for moſt did periſh, and their King was Priſner taine,
And *Scotland* wholy for a pray to *England* did remaine.
Meane while was *Paris* ſcarcely left, to reſcue *Philips* Goale,
Whom *Edward* ferrits ſo from hold to hold as Fox from hoale,
That Melancholy he deceaſt, and valiant *Iohn* his ſonne
Was crowned King of *France*: and then the wars afreſh begonne.
But after many fieldes, vnto the Foes continuall wracke,
The *French* King captiuated to the Engliſh Monarke, backe
His Victor ſayles, the Prince of *Wales*, *Edward* ſurnamed blacke:
The flower of Chiualrie, the feare of *France*, and ſcourge of *Spaine*,
Wheare *Peter*, diſpoſſeſt of Crowne, was crownde by him againe,
Fower yeres the *French*, eleuen yeres was the *Scotch* king priſners here:
Whoſe, rated ranſomes were as great as bountifull their cheere.

PRince *Edw. Iohn* of *Gaunt*, & all their Fathers ſonnes might boaſte
Of famous Sier, and he of ſonnes matcheleſſe in any Coaſte:

How-

Howbeit, King and Prince at laſt, miſled by counſell ill,
Through Taxes loſt a many hearts that bore them earſt good will:
Thence finding *Fortune* contrary to that ſhe was before,
Yeat either dying ſeaz'd of *French* and *Scottiſh* Conqueſts ſtore:
Yea *Callice* late, and *Barwick* yet of their exployts is left,
Though Sonne before the Sier and both of liues long ſince bereft.
When *Barwick* was beſieged, and ſtood brauely at defence,
Sir *Alexander Seiton*, theare chiefe Captaine, had pretence
To linger forth the Siege till *Scots* ſhould draw the *Engliſh* thence
In reſcue of *Northumberland*, and therefore ſent his ſonne
A Pledge of treated Truce, and when the guile-got Truce was done,
And *Barwick* not releeued nor reſigned, as it ought,
Two ſonnes of *Seiton* were before the walles beſieged brought:
They ready for the Iybbet and their Father for his Graue,
(For eyther he muſt yeeld the Towne or them he might not ſaue)
In griefe he then his Conntries cauſe and Childrens caſe reuolues,
But, partiall vnto either, he on neither Choyce reſolues,
To be a loyall Subiect and a louing Father too
Behooued him, but both to bee was not in him to doo:
Nature and honour wrought at once, but Nature ouer-wrought,
And, but his Ladie it preuents, to yeeld the Towne he thought.
O what pretend you Sir, quoth ſhe, is *Barwick* woorth no more
Than error of ſuch loue? I ioy that I ſuch Children bore
Whom cruell *Edward* honoureth with ſuch a cauſe of death,
For that eſpeciall cauſe for which we all receaue our breath,
Euen for their Countries cauſe they dye, whoſe liues for it be dewe.
Why ſee their faces, (conſtantly ſhe did their faces viewe)
The ſame, my *Seiton*, ſeeme ſo farre from dreading any woe,
As if they skornde that *Barwick* ſhould redeeme them from the Foe:
Full deere they were to me vnborne, at birth, and borne, and now,
And Mother-like I moane their death, and yet their death allow:
Moe Sonnes and ſuch you may beget, your honour if you ſtaine,
Defected honour neuermore is to be got againe:

Preuent

Preuent not then your ſelfe, your Sonnes, and me ſo great a blis:
Adiew, & dye (ſweet Sonnes) your ſoules in heauen ſhall liue for this.
With ſuch perſwaſions did ſhe win her husband from the wals,
And *Edward* executes their Sonnes, and to aſſault he fals
So long that *Barwicke* yeelds at length, and ſtill vs maſter cals.

THeſe were the daies when *Engliſh* armes had eu'ry where requeſt,
And *Edw.* knights throghout the world had prick & praiſe for beſt
Not Knights alone, but Prelates too, & Queenes, whereof were twain,
The *quondam* & *in eſſe* Queenes, by Armour honour gain,
By Warre the Queene that was did ceaſe her husbands tragicke Rayn,
And by the Queene then being was the *Scotch*-King Priſner tayne:
It followes then, that as the Pawnce doth circle with the Sonne,
So to the vice or vertue of the Prince are people wonne.
O that our Muſe might euermore on ſuch a Subiect ronne:
But *Vulcan* forgeth other Tooles, and ſharpneth deadlier ſwords,
For little els then ciuill warres our following Penne affords.
French Expeditions badly thriue, whereof we ceaſe to ſpeake,
Not forraine, but Domeſtick warres, grew ſtrong to make vs weake:
Melpomen here might racke her wits, *Sylla* and *Marius* hate,
Pharſalian Fields were gentle Fraies, regarding this debate:
The ſecond *Richard*, ſonne vnto the blacke Prince (*Edward* dead)
Was crownde an Infant, and from him the Stratagem was bread.
The bace attempts of *Ball*, of *Straw*, of *Lyſter*, tag, and rag,
Of Villains, Of-skoms, Clownes, and knaues that checkmate durſt to brag
With *Richards* ſelf, & to their deaths his chiefeſt Princes drag,
Till *Walworths* girdle-Armor made the Armes of *London* more,
Becauſe his courage chiefly gaue an end to that vprore,
And what-ſo-els Occurrants much may interrupt our Vayne,
Digeſting *Yorke* & *Lancaſter*, acquiring eithers Rayne,
Our Penne ſhall not endenizen: Now drops it ſacred blood
Of Men-Gods, *Engliſh* Potentates that in this Faction ſtood:
Richard begun that ciuill warre, that till the Seauenth from him

Did

Did laſt, though often fields with blood of Citizens did ſwim:
Againſt the Nobles he vphild innoble, and his Peeres
And Commons went alike to wracke, nor God nor man he feares:
In fewe, Ambition, Auarice, and Counſell lewd had wrought
In him a nature worſer than into the world he brought,
Whereby, and thus, himſelfe and houſe at length a down-fall cought.

Twixt *Mowbray* D. of *Norffolke*, and the Duke of *Hertford*, ſonne
To *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, cloſe Conference of better dayes begun.
The King (ſayd *Henry Hertford*) more remiſſe than doth beſeeme,
Leaues *France* to *French*, *Scotland* to *Scots*, and vs to woes extreeme:
His flatterers doe fleece the Crowne and Commons, not a State
Doth or dares counſel, ancient Coats that on the Crowne ſhould wate
Giue aime to baſtard Armorie: what reſteth then but this?
Plucke downe thoſe grating *Harpies* that ſeduce our King amis,
If worthles ſtill, ſet vp a King worthier than he that is.
The other, ſaying little then, immediately reueales
The ſecrete, and before the King his Foe-made frend appeales:
Whoſe Gauntlet rayſed by the Duke defendant, at the laſt
It grew to ſingle Combate, when the King his Warder caſt,
And to the Duke of *Norffolke* iudg'd for euermore exile,
And ſelfe ſame law Duke *Henry* had, ſaue for a leſſer while:
Thus That did This, but This and That their Iudge did thus begile,
And to his Coffers did eſcheate a world of wealth, a Pray
Vnto his Paraſites, which thriu'd by other mens decay.

Meane while (whoſe actious life had lawd) did *Iohn* of *Gaunt* deceaſe,
So to the baniſht Duke his ſonne fiue Cronets did increaſe.
But, with his kindly aire, the King withheld him all the ſame,
Till entring, ayded by his friends, he wonne beyond his clame:
For *Richard* was impriſon'd, and by Parlament put downe,
And *Henry* Duke of *Lancaſter* elected to the Crowne,
The Lyne *Lancaſtrian* frollicke, but the houſe of *Yorke* did frowne.
For to thoſe *Hydra*-kinded warres that after did enſue
Thoſe Families gaue name, though firſt the Diadem was due

Vnto the houſe of *Clarence*, till to *Yorke* that intereſt grew
By marriage, heere omitted: for we onely giue a viewe
How *Yorke* miſ-raigning *Lancaſter* did enter, then how This
Was diſpoſſeſt, That repoſſeſt, and how their Vnion is

THE SIXT BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. XXIX.

HEnry (the fourth ſo named) hild the King depoſed ſtrate
In *Pomfret* Caſtell, howbeit in honourable State:
And got an Act, that who ſo wrought the Priſner to reſtore,
That *Richards*-ſelfe, to void their hope, ſhoulde die the firſt therefore:
Whoſe birth-brought Nature, gentle Lord, returning whence it ſtraid,
Now altred him, erſt altring it, and *Richard* mildly ſaid.
I muſt not ſay I am, and would I might not ſay I was,
Of great the greateſt, leſſe they grieue from whom doth little paſſe:
Nor more it grieues to contrarie the ſame I haue been, then
To haue deſerued not to be vnmaliced of men.
Thus humbled and full penitent liues he, leſſe mal-content
Than was the Duke of *Exeter*, his brother, whoſe intent
Was at a Iuſts to haue deſtroyd King *Henry*, but deſcryed,

Himſelfe,

Himſelfe, fower ſuch, and many Knights the death of Traytors dyed:
And by theſe primer *Yorkeſts* thus King *Richards* date grew out:
But whether brayned, famiſht, or exiled reſts a doubt:
For often Vprores did enſue for him, as vndeceaſt,
Howbeit ſolemnely inter'd, himſelfe, or Signe at leaſt.
Twiſe by confederate Chiualrie the *Piercies* and their frends
Did fight and fall, for either warre to *Henries* honor ends.
He neuer had but warre, and was victorious euermore,
Aſwell at home, as alſo of his Foes on forraine Shore:
Till laſtly Armor ouercame all Enuie, and he liues
Of all beloued, and his death a common ſorrow giues.

HOt ſpur his Sonne, *Henry* the fifth, hung at his Fathers eyes,
To watch his Ghoſt, & catch his Crowne, & that or ere he dyes:
And where the Father doubted if he got it well or no,
The Sonne did ſweare, how ſo it came, he would it not forgo.
His bad did bliſſe the Bad, the Good diſpaire all good: But neither
Did aime aright, for ſodainly his chaunge deceiued either:
Of good becomming beſt, that was of ill the baddeſt, and
The true Idea of a King was not but in this Land.
He lead good fortune in a line, and did but warre and winne:
Fraunce was his Conqueſt: *Scots* but brag and he did beate them in:
A friend vnto weldoings, and an Enemie to ſinne.
Yeat of the *Yorkeſts* neuer lackt he Princes that rebell,
Nor other, than confuſion to their ſtill coniuring fell.
In fewe, if any *Homer* ſhould of this *Achilles* ſing,
As of that *Greeke* and *Myrmidon* the *Macedonian* King
Once noted would I note both Prince and Poet happieſt men,
That for deſeruing praiſe, and This for well imployed pen,
For well this Subiect might increaſe the Worthies vnto ten,

He, aged thirtie ſixe, deceaſt and left his infant Sonne,
His Kingdome, Conqueſts, and his Queene (whoſe Fathers Realme he wonne)
To graue protection, Regents, and ſo royall for the port,

As

As that his Orphants Cradle ſeem'd an *Alexanders* Court.
Queene *Katherine*, Daughter of the *French*, King *Henries* wife of late,
The fayreſt Lady in the Weſt, hild with her ſonne Eſtate:
She oft behild, and hild her peace, a braue Eſquire of *Wailes*,
That tyde her fancie to his forme, till fancied forme preuailes.
All liking was reuerſed Loue, ſaue *Owen Tuder*, all
Saue him (that durſt not dreame ſuch good) to her was leſſe than ſmall:
She formally by quaint degrees, attracting him to fauor,
Did nouriſh burnings in her ſelfe, by noting his behauor:
She pitched Tewe, he maſhed, She vncompaned, To flie
He bids her ſolitary moodes, She askes the remedie:
Diſcloſed pangues ſometimes, quoth he, in Phiſicke phiſicke is:
Which ſometimes to obſerue, quoth ſhe, doth Patients patience miſs:
Cureles to *AEſculapius* and *Apollos* ſelfe am I,
The latter felt my languor, and, immortall, wiſht to die:
And yeat, ſaue one, no one diſeaſe lay hidden to his Art,
For you were booteleſſe then to geſſe how to vn-greeue my ſmart.
Had *Daphne* to *Apollo* beene *Apollo*, *Tuder* ſaid,
His might haue beene, and ſo may be your Graces humor ſtaid:
He, other Gods and Goddeſſes, found more contented Loue
Beloe, in diffring boſomes, than in equall beddes aboue:
I aime at Loue (for thereto your *AEnigma* doth incline)
And aime to him a Deity for whom I ſo deuine.
But gladly doubt I of the Man, for if I doubted not,
I ſhould but maſſacer my lacke in enuy of his lot:
Yeat are vnworthie of the Moone *Endymions* lippes, I wot.
But (for I will diſperſe the miſtes of further Myſteries,
And toogh the Pinneſſe of my thoughts to kenning of your Eyes)
If Gentry, Madame, might conuay ſo great a good to mee,
From auncient King *Cadwallader* I haue my pettigree:
If wealth be ſaid my want, I ſay your Grace doth want no wealth,
And my ſuppliment ſhall be loue, imployed to your health.
It hath beene when as heartie Loue did treate and tie the knot,

Though

Though now, if gold but lacke in graines, the wedding fadgeth not.
The goodly Queene in bashfull signes blusht out a dumbe Replie,
Which he did constur as she meant, and kist her reuerently.
Tuder, quoth she, I greater am than would I were for thee,
But can as little maister Loue as Lessers in degree.
My Father was a King, a King my Husband was, my Brother
He is a King, a King my Sonne, and I thy Soueraignes mother,
Yeat Fathers, Husbands, Brothers, Sonnes, & all their Stiles together.
Are lesser valewed than to liue beloued of my *Tuder*:
Should *England*, *France*, and thou thy selfe gainesay thy selfe for mine,
Thy selfe, *France*, *England*, nor what els? should barre me to be thine:
Yea, let them take me wilfull, or mistake me wanton, so
My selfe in loue do please my selfe let all the world say no:
Let Pesants marte their marriages, and thriue at peraduenture,
I loue for loue: no gentle heart should fancy by Indenture.
But tell me, *Owen*, am I not more forward then behooues?
I am, sweet-Heart, but blame me not, the same that speaketh loues.
And long may liue, quoth he, to loue, nor longer liue may I,
Than while I loue your Grace, and when I leaue disgraced die,
But Ladie, if I doe deserue, I then desire dispatch:
For many are the iealous Eies that on your beautie watch.
Good hap is like to hit me well, to hit so well is rare,
And rareness doth commence my suite, let sute conclude my care:
Should *Cæsar* kisse (he kissed her) it were but such a kisse,
And he, and I, here, or elsewhere, in other sport or this,
Doe act alike, no bettring but as your belouing is.
You may experience, when you please, what difference in the men,
And if King *Henry* pleased more, blame *Owen Tuder* then.
But am I not (yes, Sweete, I am) more sawsie than behooues?
Yeat for my heart forgiue my tongue, This speaketh, and That loues.
How he impriſon'd did escape, and else what else-wheare reede:
The Queene and this braue Gentleman did marry, and their Seede

Began that royall Race that did,doth,and may ſtill ſucceed
In happie Empire of our Throne,a famous line in deed.
Once,when this Match was at a point,they merrily diſpoſed,
Did deſcant what from vulgar toongs thereof would be ſuppoſed.
They will beleeue me amorous,or thee ſo wiued as
Vulcan,the Smith of *Lemnos*,that to *Venus* maried was.
The Queene did ſay: And *Tuder* ſaid,I hope of hanſell better,
In *Venus* and in *Vulcans* names more lieth than the letter:
For he was as I would not be, She as you ſhould be neuer,
Either ſo apt to giue and take as pittie them to ſeuer.
I pray thee,*Owen*, quoth the Queene, how met they,canſt thou tell?
I can he ſaid,and more than ſo,then marke the proceſſe well:
When *Vulcan* was a Batcheler,and *Venus* was vnwed,
Thus wowde he her,thus wonne he her, thus wowde & wonne he ſped.

CHAP. XXX.

Venus, the faireſt Goddeſſe, and as amorous as faire,
Belou'd of *Mars*, and louing *Mars*, made oftentimes repaire
To *Vulcans* forge, as to ſee wrought for *Iupiter* his Fire
And thunders, *Mars* his Armors, and the Sunwaines curious tire,
When they, indeed,of merriments in Loue did theare conſpire,
And laſtly did conclude the Smith a Stale vnto their ſport,
Where in did *Venus* play her part,preuayling in this ſort.
Vulcan(quoth ſhe)no God there is,I thinke, but needeth thee:

For

For Thunders *Ioue*, *Ceres* for Siethes, for Armors *Mars* I ſee,
Bacchus for prewning Kniues, and *Pan* for Sheep-hookes, *Phœbus* he
For Cart-tiers, *Dis* for ſhakling chaines, *Neptune* for Ankers, and
No God but lackes thee, ſauing I, that aske not at thy hand.
My Swans do draw in ſilken Geeres, my wheeles be ſhod with downe,
No hardines is in beauties Coach: But thou, (by birth no Clowne,
But *Ioue* his Son, a God as we) art made a drudge too much,
When, if that *Venus* might be heard, thou ſhouldeſt not be ſuch.
How apt are all, in thoſe ſame toyles that tend to their behoofe,
To let thee beare till backe doth breake? but common is the proofe,
That cunning is not cunning if it ſtandeth not aloofe.
By this had *Vulcan* hammered his heate, and bad to ſtay
The Bellowes, and he, lymping from the Anfeeld, thus did ſay:
My buſines, *Venus*, is ydoe, now may I tend to play:
What wouldſt thou? for I member ſcarce thy arging by my fay,
Wodſt that I leaue the forge, and that I god it with the Gods?
If ſo thou meanſt, thy meaning and my meaning be at ods:
Sweeter my Bellowes blowing and my hammers beating is
To me, then trimmeſt fidling on the trickeſt kit ywis,
Aske whatſo-elſe I haue to giue, thous maunde it for a kis.
As if, quoth ſhe, my kiſſes were ſo currant vnto all?
No, not at all to *Vulcan*, if his kindneſſe be ſo ſmall.
I aske thy proper eaſe, then earne thy proper eaſe, and aske
More than a kiſſe, at leaſtwiſe do thy ſelfe from *Mars* vntaske.
He is my foe Friend thou not him, nor forge him Armes but let
Him luske at home vnhonored, no good by him we get:
What lets but that we may become Superlatiues? Of vs
All ſtand in need, we need not them: Then gaue ſhee him a Bus.
And ſaiſt me ſo, quoth *Vulcan*, and vnto the Trough he hies,
And skowres his coly fiſts and face, and with his apron dries
Them, badly mended, and vnto the Queene of Dalliance ſayes
That *Mars* ſhould luſk at home for him. Then guilefull *Venus* playes

Her part ſo well, that on her lappe his head the Dotard layes:
And whilſt vpon her preſſed thies (no Hauen for ſuch Hulke)
He lolls, and loades her with the weight of his vnwealdy bulke,
And whilſt ſhe coyes his ſooty Cheekes, or curles his ſweaty top,
The Groſhead now and then, as hapt, a thred-bare terme lets drop:
Then laughes he like a horſe, as who would ſay, trow, ſaid I well?
But ſoone his wits were *Non plus*, for his wooing could but ſpell.
This fitted her, for ſo before twixt *Mars* and her was ment,
Though not that ſhe ſo cunningly ſhould *Mars* of armes preuent,
But him to ſtawle in ſtore, not els employd, was her intent.

Her Lubber now was ſnorting ripe, and ſhe meane while was glad,
That for to ſerue her turne elſe-wheare ſo good a Staile ſhe had.
What paſſe I, thinketh *Venus*, on his forme or faſhions rude?
For, letting forme and faſhion paſſe, one faſhion is purſude
In getting Children: at the leaſt, who ſo the Childe ſhall git,
It ſhall ſuffice that *Vulcan* is the ſame ſhall father it.
Now *Mars* in heauen, *Anchiſes* and *Adonis* on the earth
May earne for Babes, for *Vulcan* ſhall be parent at their birth.
Nay be it that he ſhould eſpy falſe carding, what of it.
It ſhall be thought but ielouſie in him, or want of wit:
Him frownes ſhal threat, or ſmiles intreat, and few will iudge, I winne,
If it ſhall come in queſtion, that to Cockhole him were ſinne.
Whilſt thus ſhe thinketh in her ſelfe the *Cyclops* did awake,
And, to be ſhort, more doings paſſe and they a marriage make.
But wonder did the Deities, when bruted was the match,
That he ſo foule a thick-skinne ſhould ſo faire a Lady catch,
They flout him to his face, and held it almes to arme his head.
Well, *Venus* ſhortly bagged, and ere long was *Cupid* bread,
And *Vulcan* (in like hereſie of fathering as moe)
Did rack his Art to arme the Lad with wings, with ſhafts, with bowe,
Moſt forceable to loue or hate, as lifts him ſhootes beſtow.
When *Vulcans Venus* had obtaind her *Cupid* armed thus,

Then

Then (for we wiſh that all beſides be ſutable to vs)
She, of the Gods and Goddeſſes before the wanton noted,
Was of the Gods and Goddeſſes for wantonneſſe out-coted,
Not one but wexed amorous, yea euen *Diana* Doted.
Loues Mother had direction of his arrowes, and ſhe wilde
Him hit the Son-God, for becauſe he, blabbing, had behild
Her daliance with *Adonis*: ſo that vexed *Phœbus* loues (moues.
Faire *Daphne*, whom nor wooes, nor vowes, nor gifts, nor greatneſſe
Succeſſes therefore, and inrag'd, he baſtards *Cupid*, and
(For ſtoutly on their honeſties doe wylie Harlots ſtand)
Venus did chaiſe, and of the Gods their ſtrife came to be skand.
Diſperſing then her goodly haires, ſhe baer'd ſo ſweete a face,
As from the ſterneſt Godhood might extort ſuborned grace:
Faſt at her ſide clung naked *Loue*, a louely boy in deede,
And *Vulcan*, benched with the Gods, his wife did thus proceede,
(For *Phœbus* had already tould his tale with ſence and heede.)
He ſayes, quoth ſhe, for chaſtitie my hauiour was amis,
Which proued or diſproued, then in you to ſentence is.
Ah, liſten whence it is, ye Gods, that *Venus* is abuſed,
Becauſe that *Phœbus* making loue to *Daphne* was refuſed:
If that were wrong, the wrong muſt then by *Phœbe* be excuſed,
Who, reſcuing her Votariſſe, did ſo preuent her brother,
But be it that this Boy of mine, not ſeeing one from other,
Did hit him, for the Sonnes offence ſhould he maligne the mother?
And ſhall I tell the Childes offence? Why thus, forſooth, it was,
He fitted him to ſuch a Loue as did for Beautie pas:
But if he ſay it needles was, becauſe it booted not,
I ſay, that Beautie beggeth if by poſting it be got:
He wooing, like himſelfe, in poſt did kiſſe the poſt, and ſhee,
Too good to be his forced Trull, is now become his Tree.
His ſpeeches too, though ſpoke by one, concernes in credit three.
Mine Husband, and my ſelfe, and Sonne, Gods, and as good as he.

Now woe am I, we ſeuerally are, as it were, arayned
Of Cuckolrie, of Spouſ-breach, and of Baſtardy, though fayned,
Yeat too too forcible I feare to be forgot of ſome,
For ſlaunder ſet on foote, though falſe, is talkatiuely dome.
Malicious(for thy malice is thy matter all in all
Is it to harlotize, thinkſt thou, a Goddeſſe wrong too ſmall,
But thou muſt forge it from the Earth, euen from the Sheep-cote? Nay
That colour lacketh colour thou thy ſelfe I troe wilt ſay:
Ambitious, fayre, and amorous thou termeſt me, if ſo,
Vnlikely to diſparge my ſelfe or bacely ſtoope ſo loe,
But being ſuch, and knowing thee in very deede the ſame,
Might, leauing petite loues, haue found thy ſelfe my readieſt game,
For *Phœbus* is a Leacher, els are many tongues to blame.
Better no bad of mine(nor neede I feare that fault in thee)
Thy bad doth paſſe by probate, but a *Quere* is for mee.
Perhaps(ſuch as it is) my forme may forge to his pretence,
Since Beautie is a common marke, apt therefore to offence.
Well, be it Beautie doth atract, atracting is belou'd,
Beloued courted, courted wonne, and wonne to action mou'd,
Yeat from ſuch cauſes ſuch effects what Conſequence hath prou'd?
For *Daphne* was, I woe, full faire, and well can *Phœbus* court,
Yeat *Daphne* chaſtly did withſtand, and *Phœbus* miſt his ſport.
My husband(though by trade a Smith, for birth out-brau'd of none,
And louely vnto *Venus*, though miſlikt of many a one)
May for his plainnes alſo fit my foes inuectiue driſts:
As who would ſay, I wedded him to ſalue vp other ſhifts.
By *Styx* I vowe, although I ſhoulde xceede my ſelfe for fare,
Yet *Venus* would be *Vulcans*, and he knowes I truely ſware.
He is indeede no Gallant, yeat a God, and meerly free
From imperfections, ſuch at leaſt as pay not marriage fee.
And for his plainnes, to be plaine, the rather chooſe I him,
For ſuch as liue beſt, loue beſt, and keepe their wiues moſt trim:

When

Wen Royſters either roue at chaunge, be peeuiſh or preciſe,
Faire women therefore matching thus be not, ſay I, vnwiſe:
Iudge not by ſuch preſumptions then, they add but to his lies.
Thus haue you now a Medley of his malice and my mone,
His vice, my vow, and laſtly reſts your ſentence to be knowne.
If *Mercury* ſhould plead my cauſe, he could but ſet me cleare,
Good cauſes neede not curious termes, and equall Iudges heare
The Equity, not Eloquence, and ſo I hope will yee,
And ſo ſhall gratefull *Venus* ſayle vnder your gracious Lee.

So, putting the finger in the Eye, the Deities diſcent,
Some hild with *Phœbus*, ſome with her, Which ſtrife did *Vulcan* ſtent:
My wife, quoth he, more honeſt than her Cuſer is, I troe,
Shall not ywis be buſed by the ſquandring *Pollo* ſo,
She loues me, I durſt ſweare, and ſaue my ſelfe ſhe loues no moe,
And why ſhould you or I beleeue his yea before her noe?
Troth, ſayd the Gods, ſince *Vulcan* is contented we are pleas'd:
And ſo the variance was by him thus wittely appeas'd:
Phœbus his Plainte did quaſh, but ſo he after-times did watch,
As that Sir Hornsbie had by proofe he was a louing Patch,
When *Mars* and *Venus* playing falſe the wier Net did catch.

Now riddle, Madame, if thoſe tongues that make *Synonamies*
Of them and vs proue Oracles, what ſhould thereof ariſe?
That more, quoth ſhe, which you haue ſayd than in the letter lies:
But names infect not, nor receiues your Riddle Propheſie,
If ought fore-ſayd be ominous, ſhould any feare, tis I.
When ſo the Queene had ſayd, then to this more proceeded he,
Vulcan, *Venus*, *Cupid*, *Sol*, and *Daphne* turnd to Tree
Were tennis balles to euery tongue of euery Deitee.
Tuſh Tuſh, quoth *Pan*, gay *Venus* and the gentle youth her ſonne
Are blameles blamed: What think you, would *Phœbus* thē haue don
Had he in loue beene croſt as I? And then he thus begun.

CHAP. XXXI.



THe Goteheards of *Hyrcania* hild their Orgies vnto me,
And there was I, vnſeene of them, the Feſtifall to ſee.
Now had they cenſed, and with glee eate were the hallowed Kids,
When as the fell to Rowndelaies, and I the Rownd amids.
Not *Satires*, or the *Naiades*, were halfe ſo nimble as
This countrey Conſort (for each Lad was ſorted with a Laſſe.)
There was a trickſie Girle, I wot, albeit clad in gray,
As peart as bird, as ſtrait as boulr, as freſh as flower in May,
As faire as *Cupids* Mother, or through him it is I erre,
If ſo I erre (for why his ſhaft had fixed me to her.)
Shee daunſing dyed her lilly Cheekes, whil'ſt I for loue did die,
And as vnuiſible I ſtood (what bootes it me to lye)
And drew with breath her ſweet-ſtole breath, ſo acting ſpiritually,
The feaſt was done, and all vndone that I did wiſh to doe:
My Deity adiornde therefore, in humaine forme I wowe.
And firſt (becauſe that firſt they ſhould approch vs Gods) I faine
My ſelfe a Prieſt (for well I wot they ſildome wooe in vaine:)
I made me ſmug, and with a Tex did intermix a toye,
And tould how fine and faire a life our Clergie-Femes inioy,
And how our leiſure fitted Loue. And let it fit (quoth ſhe)
To ſuch as luſt for loue, Sir Clarke, you clergeſie not me.
Then came I curious in my ſilkes (But who would thinke that *Pan*
Could play the Courtier?) and did faine my ſelfe a iolly man:

I talkt of Caſtles,Mannors,Parkes,and all things more than mine:
Too courſe(quoth ſhe)am I for you,and you for me too fine.
Then Souldier-like I ſued,and did boaſt of Battels many,
And ſtanding on my Manhood would not be coriu'd of any:
And ſometimes proffered kindneſſe,ſuch as came not to the puſh,
But checked for my boyſtrouſnes was balked with a bluſh.
Then play I maſter Merchant,and did ply her by the booke:
I ſpake of great Accompts,Receites,nor little care I tooke
For rigging and returne of Ships(her lips meane while my Pex.)
Ply Sir(quoth ſhe)your buſie trade,you are beſides the Tex.
I ſeeme a countrie Yeoman,Then a Craftſman,both in vaine,
The former was too lumpiſh, and the latter worſe of twayne:
Doe what I could,I could not doe whereby her loue to gaine.
Then thought I,out of doubt,as I a God fayne Manhood,ſo
This is transform'd *Diana* for ſome practiſe meant beloe.
A yeere was paſt,and I paſt hope through coviſh chaſt denyall,
And yeat I could not but perſiſt in queſt of further tryall.
I met God *Pryapus*(for he,not *Venus* ſonne,it is
Abuſeth vs,This darteth Loue,That driues to luſt amis)
Seeſt yonder Clowne? quoth *Pryapus*(not far-off was a Loute
With neare a handſome rag,himſelfe leſſe handſome ſoole to ſnout,
Leſſe wel-form'd,or more il-fac'ſt,& like Clenchpoope looke & lim,
Leſſe mannerd, and worſe gated than this *Saturns*-Eeue-made Slim,
God neuer made ſince God made Man,if euer God made him.)
That Lob,quoth he,and yonder Laſſe that this way driues her Gotes
Do marke them, *Pan*, you may obſerue frō them vnthought-of notes.
I knew her for my Minion wench of whom I earſt did tell.
Firſt blend they heards,and forthwith lips,and after billing fell
To other ſport,ſuch ſport ywis as would haue lik't me weil.
Muſt I,thought I,giue ayme to ſuch a skrub and ſuch a Saint,
That Skowndrell,and this Counterfeit: confounded ſo I faint.
How cheere you *Pan*,quoth *Pryapus*,the ſhameles God of luſt,
Thus can I fit ſuch friends as you with ſuch a Trull of truſt:

We

(We were indeed ere then at odds,)So *Priapus* he left me,
When he had brought me to this ſight that neere of ſenſe bereft me.
But thus I loathed where I lou'd,and learned,not too late,
That coyeſt are not chaſteſt,that the gayeſt Females mate
With Loutes as ſoone as Lords, that Loue is luckenot ſhiftles fate,
That cowled,celled,he,or ſhe,whoſo,or whereſoeuer,
Or Votarie,or Secular,ſcarſe one pryaped neuer.
To *Pans* report did *Mercurie* replie and thus recite,
Of *Cupid* and of *Priapus* doth *Pan* diſtinguiſh right:
But let be Luſt,a word or two of Loue and of his might.

IEntring Gueſt-wiſe on a time the frolicke *Thæbane* Court,
Mine eye preſented to mine heart a Nymph of louely Port:
Her knew I not, nor knew ſhe me,vnknowne therefore vnkiſt
I loyter on the Earth,meane while in Heauen not vnmiſt.
My Senſes held a Synode,and vnacted Acts diſpute,
And nothing els I did affect but to effect my ſute:
For,whenſoeuer Loue proceedes,or whatſoere it be,
Or whoſoeuer loueth,Loue tormenteth in degree.
Mine Eye conuaid it to mine Heart,mine Heart controwld mine Eye,
Yeat Loue retriu'd it ſelfe,I lou'd not knowing whom or why.
Then did I ſeeke,and finde (who am no Milkſop as ye wot)
Acquaintance in the Court,the which the niceſt balked not:
Nor ſmally did my ſhape,my tongue,and tunes (no common geere)
Preferre their Maſter to a place about their Miſtreſſe neere.
When ſhe did ſigh then I did ſob,I laught if ſhe did ſmile,
And by officious Forgeries pretended to begile.
But her,not coy,I found ſo chaſt,as ſaue a kiſſe or twaine,
I nothing got,although in all I vained to her vaine.
From ill therefore I grew to worſe,from worſe to worſe,for why?
Through ouer-louing at the length I loued ielouſly.

My

My Stomacke left me, euery ſenſe had imperfection then,
My colour ceaſt and, ſicke, I forge contrary cauſe to men.
So many Quames came ore mine heart as newes to eare or eie
Of others commoning in ſport, or courting'ſeriouſlie,
No Corſiue to Coriuals, and no death vnto deſpaire:
I did not hope, yeat held I on with coſt to nouriſh care.
Sometime, attyred by the booke, I faind a merrie cheere:
Sometime I drouped, and did weare diſordredly my greere.
But how-ſoere I came to her, I found her ſtill the ſame,
Gameſome enough to intertaine, and yet for me no game:
And though enuiouſly I aym'd at others better ſpeede,
Yeat, too preciſely, did I ſift ſuch doubts were more than neede.
Then rowſing vp my ſelfe, I with my ſelfe did reaſon thus:
No folly were in Loue, if ſo no folly were in vs.
Wheare *Mercurie* is layd a ſleepe may others lay a ſtraw:
The Louer and Beloued are not tyed to one Law:
Becauſe I am the ſame I am ſhould ſhee not therefore bee
The ſame ſhe is: mine is too loue, but hers to diſagree.
Then *Mercurie* be to thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe theſe thoughts begile
With meeter thoughts, thou lingereſt in loſſe too long a while.
Thinke not thy greatneſſe, or thy gifts, or gracious eyes may get her:
A Foole more foule may ſeeme more faire, Loue may thinke bad the
If ſhe determine Chaſtitie, then falls thy ſute to ground: } (better.
Or if ſome other be preferd, then better loſt than found: }
Like, or miſliked, to thy Loue ſhould reaſon be the bound.
Or Women loue to be belou'd of chaunge of Clyents, or
Vncertaine wheare to find them, with the Eagle or the Dorr.
Albeit Beautie moues to loue, and Loue doth make thee ſue,
Better at firſt be Non-ſute, than at length not to ſubdue.
Such Reaſons ſeeming plauſible, Ifleeting whence I loued,
By abſence and new Exerciſe old Paſſions were remoued.
So did I loue, and ſo I left, ſo many a skorne, and skoffe,

Care

Care,coſt,diſgrace, and loſſe of time were and may be cut off,
And women ſo leſſe ſtand aloofe, when men can ſo be wiſe,
So leſſer ſute hath lucklier ſpeede, than to be too preciſe.
Our owne intemprature doth worke in vs our owne vnreſt,
And Beautie,Loue,and women fault but as fault beeings beſt.

SO helpe me *Iupiter*, (quoth *Mars*) in Loue ſo may I ſpeede,
As *Mercurie* and *Pan* doe erre in poynts of Loue indeede.
Preciſians and plaine Plodders (ſuch is This, and ſo is That)
In Loue doe ſwallow Cammels, whileſt they nicely ſtraine a Gnat.
Why what be Women? Women,geld the latter ſillabell,
Then are they nothing more then Woe,their names remaine doth tel.
Their yea,or no,euen when they ſweare they loue or loue vs not,
Beleeue who liſt,ſoone be they gone,as ſodainly are got.
What needs we creepe the Croſſe to giue vnto a begging Saint?
Tuſh tuſh,a Flye for booke-Loue, none be fortunate that faint.
Not paper,purſſe,or kerchiefe Plea lets Fancie ſooner loaſe
Then at the Shrine to watch the Saint, She is not coy,but cloaſe:
Pollitians know to cheapen, what to offer,when to ſkoaſe.
The Clowne,no doubt, that potted *Pan* lackt Art to gloſe and flatter,
And yeat nor *Pan* nor *Mercurie* went roundlier to the Matter:
He found right Methode (for theare is a Methode, time,and place,
Which fooles obſeruing, do cõmence ere Wiſemẽ haue their grace.)
Though daſtard Hawkes do ſore aloft and dare not ſeaze vpon,
Or Buſſardſ-like doe ſit aloofe vntill the game be gon,
Kinde killing Hawkes but wag the wing, and worke to ſowſe anon.
Once Loue,ſurreuerence,made my ſelfe vaile Bonnet,So ſubmis
My ceremoniall wooing was,as common wooing is:
With rufull lookes, ſighes, ſweete Pigſnye, and Fooleries more than
I courted her,ſo much more ſtout by how much more I ſew: (few
Till aptly ſingled,as it hapt,I ſay not what did hap,
But loue that late did load my Head, did load her willing Lap.
Nor this Lad *Loue* of that ſame Loue is guiltie any whit,

For

For why? nine Moones did wexe and waine betweene his birth and it.
Alas, poore Boy, before he was, Loue was a common game,
The first-made Man, the Rib-reft Man in *Eden*, ſhewd the ſame:
For when his ſudden eyes admir'd the boan-fleſht faire Conuart
Deriued from his Side, his tongue, directed by his hart,
Foorth with pronounced Women, but a moment earſt vnknoen,
So deare as fleſh of his owne fleſh, and bone of his owne boen:
Quit them, ye Gods, this Lad, and let your ſearch of Loue alone,
Who will in power be felt of all, in perſon found of none.
Or rather is not reall, but ſome Fanſie: if not, then
Fantaſticall in Women, but eſſentially in Men.
If Loue be ſuch in Women (But miſtake me not, for whie?
I note them but fantaſticall in fault of Deſtinie)
Deferre were then to erre: When all is done that doe we may,
Labor we ſorrowing all the night, and ſewing all the day,
The female-faultie Cuſtome yeelds leſſe merit greateſt pay,
And ventrous more then vertuous meanes doth beare the bell away.
But now to *Venus* (worthie ſuch a Pheere, not ſuch a Foe)
Vulcan, me thinkes, obſerueth well ſlight proofe in yea and noe,
The Court therefore is well aduis'd to Sentence not to groe.
The Gods, that did ere while but ayme at *Vulcans* wiues ſonnes Father,
Saw *Venus* bluſh, and held that aime autentical the rather.
*Ende Gods and Goddeſſes, quoth *Ione*, to argue to and fro,
Like good and bad is either Sex: Nay more, behold, than ſo,
I viewd erewhile the Deſtenies, and thence I thus did know.
Zimois, when *Troy* muſt periſh, ſhall ſend downe her Floods a Fleete,
And world it were our Father ruld when *Create* thought him vnmeete:
But long time hence, & farre Starres thence, that World ſhall world an (Ile
Enuyrond with the Ocean waues, then famous in ſhort while
Through often Triumphes ouer Foes, and Traffike euery wheare,
Howbeit thrice orerunne, and once a Conqueſt ſhall be theare.
*Thoſe Changes notwithſtanding they a People ſhall remaine
Vnchaſed thence, and of that Streene ſhall Fiue at length re-raigne.

Dread

Dread,terrene Gods,the Fift of thoſe,a terrene Goddeſſe,She
Euen at the firie Trigon ſhall your chiefe Aſcendant be:
Right *Phœbe*-like(*Phœbe* may like a Compeere like to her)
Retriue her Name,heere named,to time the tryall we refer.
This ſayd,he bids adiorne the Court,and willed *Mercurie*
Thencefoorth not to conuent the Gods for ſuch a Foolerie,
As Loue,the idle Bodies worke,and Surfet of the Eie.
Thus did the Queene and *Tuder* chat: But thought of nothing leſſe
Then that from them *Ioues* noted fiue, fated to ſuch ſucceſſe,
Should ſpring,as ſprong,and part ſprings yet. But ceaſe we to digreſſe
And ſhew we how her Sonne did long and luckleſſe Raigne poſſeſſe,

CHAP. XXXII.

IT reſts, fifth *Henries* Sonne, that made the *Henries* more by one,
Did in his Infancie poſſeſſe his conquering Fathers Throne,
And happely was rulde a Child, & rulde an happie man,
Till with his Parraſites his Peeres and hee with them began
A bloodie quarrell: offering ſo vnto the *Yorkeſt*, ſpright
For to reclaime,in bold attempts,their diſcontinued right.
Richard Plantagenet,the Duke of *Yorke*,by *Warwickes* ayde,
Did get the Goale,not long enioy'd,for he in Armes decayde,
Subdued by King *Henries* Queene,when as by friends and force
He had in Parlament obtaynde in euery clauſe his corſe.
For,mounted theat the Kingly Throne,that Yorkiſh *Heros* ſayd,
Here ſhould I ſpeake,and ſhall I hope: and ſo his Claime conuayd

From

From *Clarence* his Progenitor, with reaſons ſuch amoung,
As, he Protector of the Realme, King *Henries* heires were wrung
From all Reuerſion: hearts and eares did ſo applaud his toung.
Edward his Sonne, then Earle of *March* (the Duke his Father ſlaine)
Wonne, by the Earle of *Warwickes* ayde, in double battell Raigne.
King *Henry* fled to *Scotland*, and the Queene and Prince their Sonne,
From *France* ſollicet Succors, which vnto their loſſe they wonne.
Henry was taken, they and their Confederates were ſubdu'd:
Yeat ſtill the Queene eſcaped, and ſhe armour ſtill purſu'd.
But, *Warwicke* pleaſed, all attempts did faile to *Edwards* Foes,
Diſpleaſed, *Edward* fayled, and declined *Henry* roſe:
He crowned Either, and the ſame diſcrowned them againe.
Admyrd of all, belou'd of all, howbeit laſtly ſlaine
By *Edward*, whilſt he did vphold vnchauncie *Henries* Raigne.
So *Warwicke* periſht, *Henry* ſo refalne from kingly ſtate
Was reimpriſon'd, & his Queene did land her aydes too late:
But, landing, when of *Barnet* field ſhe heard the luckles fate,
(Albeit Knights *Lancanſtrians* ſtore did flocke in her defence)
She ſtoode a ſecond *Niobe*, bereft of ſpeech and ſence:
And whilſt the Duke of *Somerſet*, an ouer-hardie Knight.
Did brauely marſhall out her force to ouer-matched fight,
Hers and King *Henries* Sonne, the Prince of *Wales*, a proper Lad,
In comforting his mother did continue her more ſad.
Ah Sonne, quoth ſhe, through oft miſhhaps miſhaps I can diſgeſt,
I feare for thee, for thee the hope that to our Houſe doth reſt.
Now all are tryed we can truſt, if now we faile we fall:
Thy death is in the ſame requeſt as is thy Fathers thrall,
And (which I would it were the worſt) the Foe doth thirſt my life,
To end his Triumph in the deaths of Husband, Sonne, and Wife.
Though thy great-Grandfier, Grandfier, & thy Father wonne & wore
The King-ring, which thy Father hild yeares thirtie eight and more,
Though by the cappitall Remotes of *Lancaſter* withſtood,
Yeat fayle preſcription and diſcents, now lacke they but our blood.

Then

Then learne againſt thou proue a man (ah hardly hope I ſo)
The Line *Lancaſtrian* naturally doth labour of that Foe.
The Queene, concluding thus in teares, did then to Armor goe.
Fierce was the Field, and either part did valiantly offend:
But, *Edward* ouercomming, when the Battell was at end,
The Queene was carried Captiue thence, And *Edwards* men did bring
Her Sonne the Prince (ſole ſonne and heire vnto the captiue King)
Before the Victor, whoſe demaunds receiuing anſwers ſtout,
He thruſts the manly Boy from him, whom *Gloceſter*, about
The King (Churle that he was) did ſtab: (So tragicke was the ſpight
Betwixt thoſe Linages that oft each others ſo requite.)
His death was more than death vnto his Parents, but not long
His Father moned vndiſpatcht alike for death and wrong,
By foreſaid Duke of *Gloceſter*, of whom ſucceeds our ſong.

THus won the *Yorkeſtes* ancient Raigne: ſixe bloodie Fields did (ſeate
Edward the fourth in *Englands* Throne, poſſeſt in much vnqueate.
He wonne his Subiects loue, and loue was debt to his deſarts,
But, as muſt ours, ſo laſtly his vn-bodied Soule departs.
He left his Kingdome to his Sonne, his Sonne to be protected
By *Richard* Duke of *Gloceſter*: Who, pietie reiected,
Grew treble-wiſe, tyrannicall, malicious to the blood
Of his deceaſed brothers Queene, And what ſo *Yorkeſt* ſtood
Betwixt the Scepter and himſelfe, aliue, he pricked dead,
A Foe to all *Lancaſtrians*, as the ſame by nature bread.
This common Deaths-man of thoſe Kinnes, and euery Nobles fall,
Whom he but geſt Coriuall or might croſſe him near ſo ſmall,
This ſtoope-Frog *AEſops* Storke, alike tyrannous vnto all,
To giltie, giltleſſe, friend, or foe, was not ſecure one day,
But Either dyes as eithers death might fit him any way.
Yea, euen whilſt his Brother rulde, when all *Lancaſtrians*, and
His Brothers twaine, his Nephewes twaine, & Neeces three did ſtand
Betwixt himſelfe and home, euen then by blood he hunted Raine:

For

For when his owne and ruthles hands King *Henries* heire had slayne,
Then *Henries* selfe (*Henrie* the sixt a giltles King, in bands)
He stabde: his brother *Clarence* dide thorough him, by other hands.
But, now Protector, as doe Wolues the Lambes, protected he,
And fared as if fearing that one wickedder might be.
Queene mother and her kindred hild the Orphant King a while.
Her Kinne hee murthred, and from her he got the King by gile,
Whom (though vncrowned, tituled fift *Edward*) reft his mother,
He made be murthred, with the Duke of *Yorke*, the yonger brother,
When neither *Yorkeſt* his Allies, and of *Lancaſtrians* none
Were left to let it, who should let but he might leape the Throne?
He wore in deede the wrested Palme: But yeat, to better bad,
By murder of his wife, he sought new marriage to be had
With that *Elizabeth* that was the Eldest daughter to
Edward the fourth: But all in vaine the King his Neece did wowe,
For *Henrie* Earle of *Richmonds* friends such doings did vndoe.
Which *Henry* and *Elizabeth* by secrete Agents were
Contracted, he of *Lancaſter*, and she of *Yorke* the heire:
Of which letigious Famelies heer mapped be the Lines,
Euen till the Heire of these two Heires both Stockes in one combines.

CHAP. XXXIII.

HEenrie (as if by myracle preseru'd by Forraines long
From hence-ment Treasons) did arriue to right his Natiues wrong:
And chiefly to Lord *Stanlie*, and some other Succors as
Did wish and worke for better dayes, the Riuall welcome was,
Now *Richard* heard that *Richmond* was assisted and on shore,

And like vnkenneld *Cerberus* the crooked Tyrant ſwore,
And all complexions act at once confuſedly in him:
He ſtudieth, ſtriketh, threats, intreates, and looketh mildly grim,
Miſtruſtfully he truſteth, and he dreadingly did dare,
And ſortie paſſions in a trice in him conſort and ſquare.
But when, by his conuented force, his foes increaſed more,
He haſtned Battell, finding his Coriuall apt therefore.
When *Richmond* orderly in all had battelled his ayde,
Inringed by his Compliees, their chearefull Leader ſayde.
Now is the time and place (ſweete Friends) and we the Perſons be
That muſt giue *England* breath, or elſe vnbreath for her muſt we.
No Tyrannie is fabled, and no Tyrant was indeede
Worſe than our Foe, whoſe workes wil, act my words, if wel he ſpeede:
For ill to ills Superlatiue are eaſily intiſt,
But intertaine amendment as the *Gergeſites* did Chriſt.
Be valiant then, he biddeth ſo that would not be out-bid
For courage, yeat ſhall honor him, though bace, that better did.
I am right heire *Lancaſtrian*, he in *Yorkes* deſtroyed right
Vſurpeth: But, through Either ours, for neither claime I fight,
But for our Countries long-lackt weale, for *Englands peace* I warre:
Wherein he ſpeed vs vnto whom I all Euents refarre.
Meane while had furious *Richard* ſet his Armies in array,
And then, with lookes euen like himſelfe, this or the like did ſay.
Why, Lads, ſhall yonder Welchman with his Straglers ouer-match?
Diſdaine ye not ſuch Riualles, and deferre yee their diſpatch?
Shall *Tuder* from *Plantagenet* the Crowne by craking ſnatch?
Know *Richards* very thoughts (he toucht the Diademe he wore)
Be mettall of this mettall: Then beleeue I loue it more
Than that for other law than Life to Superſead my Clame,
And leſſer muſt not be his Plea that counter-pleads the ſame.
The weapons ouer-tooke his words, & blowes they brauely change,
When, like a Lion thirſting blood, did moody *Richard* range,

And

And made large ſlaughters where he went, till *Richmond* he eſpied,
Whom ſingling, after doubtfull Swords, the valerous Tyrant died.

THus ended *Englands* warre and woe, vſurping *Richard* dead,
When *Henry* and *Elizabeth*, vniting titles, wed:
Of which two Heires th'vndoubted Heire of either Line did cum,
The Epilogue vnto theſe wounds, digeſted in this ſum.
Fourth *Henry* firſt *Lancaſtrian* King put ſecond *Richard* downe:
Fourth *Edward* of the Houſe of *Yorke* re-ſeazd ſixt *Henries* Crowne:
Lad-Princes twaine were ſtabd in Field, of either Linage one:
Foure Kings did periſh: Sundry times now-Kings anon were none:
Sixe, three of either faction, held ſucceſſiuely the Throne:
But from the ſecond *Richard* to ſeuenth *Henry* we pretend
Eight Kings this Faction to begin, continue, and to end.
The Princes, Earles, Barons, and Knights this quarrell did deuoure
Exceede the tale of Gentry beſt and baceſt at this houre:
So plagueth ciuill Warre, & ſo from Robe to Ragge doth ſcoure.
Then luckieſt of the Planets weare Predominants, ſay we,
When by this Bed-match either Heire that Bloud-mart did agree:
When Seuenth begot the Eight, and Eight the firſt and laſt for like
Our now *Pandora*: nor till her our humbled ſailes we ſtrike,
For ſhould we at her Grandſier reare our Colome, yet too poore,
We could not write (as *Hercules* on his) Beyond no more:
For he lakct ſearch, our Muſe hath Kend an *Ocean* is in ſtore,
Euen matter that importeth worth coparing all before.

THE SEVENTH BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXXIIII.

NOw let vs freshly (Muse) to *Mars* and *Mercurie* repaer,
At least so farforth as we may without controwlment daer.
Richard the third, *Henry* the Seauenth (last subiects of our pen)
Was slaine, was crownde, with hate, with loue, as worste, as best of men:
So not with *Yorke* and *Lancaster* doth wonted enuie raigne,
Nor can *AEneas* Off springs now of Orphansie complaine.
But that *Cadwalladers* Fore-doomes in *Tuders* should effect
Was vnexpected, saue that God doth destinies direct.
Els *Owen Tuder* had not wiu'd Fift *Henries* noble Queene:
Nor had they of their bodies Earles *Penbrooke* and *Richmon* seene.
Nor *Margret*, *Sommersets* sole heire, to *Richmon* had beene weade:
Nor they the heire of *Lancaster*, *Henry* the Seuenth, had bread:
Nor he of *Yorkes* Inheritrix, *Elizabeth*, had sped:
Nor they vnited either house all other titles dead.
Yeat, eare this vnion, Either so ariued to their right,
As *Psiches* on an errant sent to Hell by *Venus* spight:
Worse Ferrymen than *Charon*, Floods contagious more than *Styx*,

Worse

Worſe Porters than fowle *Cerberus* were pleaſ'd, paſt, ſtood betwixt.
How therefore Either dangerouſly their Labyrinth did paſſe
Shall not be ouerpaſſed: Thus their ſeuerall fortune was.
Henries the fourth, the fifte, and ſixt ſucceſſiuely did raigne,
Vntill fourth *Edwards* ſword to him did lawfull Empire gaine:
Lancaſtrians droupe, the *Yorkeſts* had their long expected day:
Sixt *Henry* and the Prince his ſonne, by ſtabbes were made away:
The foreſaid *Margaret* (ſole heire of *Somerſet*, earſt wife
Of *Tuder*, Earle of *Richmond*) had by him a Sonne in life,
To whom, from her, the Crowne-right of *Lancaſtrians* did accrewe:
He from his Engliſh foes himſelfe by ſecrete ſtealth withdrewe
To little *Britaine*, wheare he found the Duke a frend full trewe.
This *Henry*, Earle of *Richmond*, now poore *Lancaſters* Remaine,
Was by fourth *Edward* practis'd home by many a ſubtell traine:
Whome once the gentle Duke (beguilde with promiſes vnment)
Deliuered to the *Engliſh-men*, with whome he homewards went.
Forſaken Ladd (for yet he was a Ladd) what did remaine
But certaine death, ſo to aſſure his foes vncertaine raine:
Which to eſtabliſh many a Prince of his Allies were ſlaine.
But him, eare brought a-boorde, the Duke (aduiſed better) ſtayd,
And him (as if by chaunce eſcapte) to Sanctuarie conuaid.
The Lambe ſo reſcued from the Wolfe, that priuiledged place
Aſſured him till *Edwards* death, and then he hoped grace.
But he that was Protector of his murthered Nephewes than
Vſurped England, and became a Monſture not a man:
Richard the third (omitting all his tyrannies beſide)
To be poſſeſſed of the Earle by many a meſſage tride.
Great wealth was ſent, greater aſſum'de, but nothing might preuaile:
The gratious Duke abhord to ſet his guiltles frend to ſayle:
But furnithed with money, men, and armor ſhipt him thence
To winne his right: yeat churliſh Seas did lett ſuch kind pretence.
Full hardly *Richmonds* threatned Ship eſcapt our armed Shore,
For *Richard* of the Riuall got intelligence before.

Return'de, the Duke did ſicken, and *Landeiſe* did beare the ſway,
And he for Maſſes great was brib'de Earle *Henry* to betray, (away.
Yeat, through wiſe Biſhop *Murtons* meanes, by ſtealth he ſcapte
In trauell then from Brutaine to his Grome himſelfe was Grome,
By interchaunged rayment, till to *Angers* they weare come.
The *French* King, pittying his diſtreſſe, pretended asked aide,
And ſecrete platformes for his weale his Engliſh friends had laide.
Henry in *France*, at home his Friends beſter them, and the Foe
Meane time with hope, with fraud, with feare imployde his witts alſo.
Now of the Earles conſpiracy the totall drift was this:
Elizabeth the daughter of fourth *Edward* vow'd he his,
And ſhe was vow'd to him, if God with victory him bliſſe:
Our wounded *Englands* healing balme, for thus thereof enſew'de:
The factious Families vnite, the Tyrant was ſubdew'de,
And thence the ſurname *Tuder* doth *Plantagenet* include.

AS hardly as her husband did *Elizabeth* eſcape:
For why? like Stratageme for both did bloody *Richard* ſhape.
Whilſte that her Father liued, now a King, and now exilde,
Her croſſes then did happen from ſuch victors as weare milde.
But now the ſame that murthered her Brothers to be King,
That did with fraud begin and then with bloud conclude ech thing,
That flattred friends to ſerue his turne, and then deſtroyde the ſame,
That was her Vncle, yeat did hate her Mothers very name,
That thought he liued not becauſe his Neeces weare vndead,
Theis now (and blame her not) in her a world of terror bread.
But of vnpriuiledged bloud yet had he ſtore to ſpill,
Yet ſanctuaries weare not forc'te, yet but expecting ill.
Theare ofte the Queene her Mother, Shee, and Siſters would reporte
Their happie and vnhappie daies, the fewer of firſt ſorte.
Happy was I (the olde Queene ſaid) when as a Maide vnweade,
Nor Husbands weale nor Childrens woe miſtempered my head.
Yeat I, beloued, loued and ſo left that free eſtate,

And

And thought me happyer than before, for louely was my Mate,
John Gray (a ſweet Eſquier for his prowyſſe dubbed Knight)
Was, as behoued, all my ioy: who, ſlaine in factious fight,
Your Father, Daughters, late my Lord and Husband now in earth,
From me had many a ſecret curſe, as motyue of his death:
Lancaſtrian was my husband, and that faction had the wourſte,
So, to releeue my Widdowhood, I kneel'd to whom I curſte.
Edward (for *Henry* was depoes'de, and *Edward* ſeaz'd the Crowne)
(I wot not for what forme of mine) did raiſe me kneeled downe,
And gaue me chearefull words, and tooke me curteouſly aſide,
And playd the ciuell Wanton, and me amorouſly he eide:
His plea was loue, my ſute was Land: I plie him, he plies me:
Too bace to be his Queene, too good his Concubine to be
I did conclude, and on that point a while we diſagree.
But when I was his Queene (ſweete King) not for I was his Queene,
But for himſelfe, and for the loue that paſſed vs betweene,
I held me happieſt vnder heauen: yea, when his aduerſe Line
Diſcrowned him, I had ynough that I was his, he mine.
Then, after fortunes often change, he died, and I ſuruiue
A life exceeding death for griefe and griefes Superlatiue.
My heart, ah Sonnes, my heart (deare Hearts) was dead ere he did die:
Too yong were yee to cenſure of your vncles tyranny.
Then wept ſhee, and her daughters wept: their onely talke alwaies
Was paſſed ioyes, or preſent woes: nor hope they better daies,
But in Earle *Richmonds* good ſucceſſe, that now a power did raiſe.
Too ſoone had *Richard* notice that Earle *Henry* would ariue,
By precontract his eldeſt Neece *Elizabeth* to wiue:
And well he knew in *Yorks* deſcent ſhe was immediate heire,
And *Henry* like in *Lancaſter*, a Match for him to feare.
Which to preuent he flattered his Neeces from their mother:
Who, fearefull Ladies, did expect like deaths as had their brother.
And as they feare did he effect, which for the troubles then
Was vneffected: now behou'd to winne him loue of men:

Yeat caſts he how he might conuay to him his Neeces right,
Soone compaſſing his Wifes diſpatch, whoſe life ſtood in his light.
Then plyes he his amazed Neece to his inceſtious bead,
Of her abhor'd, Shee in conceite by faith fore-plighted ſpead.
This marrage motion gawles her more than any former greefe:
Her ſelfe, Friends, Realme, Conſpiracie, & all it toucht in breefe,
And therefore death, late feared, now ſhe fantaſeth in cheefe.
Meane while did *Henry* land, incampe, fight, and ſubdewe his Foe,
And, marrying her, long ciuill warres in *England* ended ſo.

CHAP. XXXV.

Eauenth *Henries* forraine buſenes had ſucceſſull honor: heere
Three ſchol'd *Dædalien-Icariſts* (whoſe mounting coſt them deere)
Did interrupt the peace. The firſt a Prieſts bace Puple: he
By his Complottors was pretenſt'e Duke *Clarence* ſonne to be.
A many of our natiue Peeres, ſome forraine Princes too,
Submiſſiuely behight him aide in all that they might doo.
The Lad was lofty, for himſelfe he harrollized well,
At full he could his leſſons, and a formale lie would tell.
For him was fought a bloody field, the Victory the Kinges:
Lambert the forged *Yorkeſt*, and the Prieſt (that fram'd his wingas)
Weare taken: For minority the *Icarus* was quit,
The *Dedalus*, for cleargie rites, was but intowr'd for it. (Queene
Thus ſcapte the Prieſt. The mother Queene to her that now was
Found harder ſentence for a crime more venale, as I weene.

Shee

Shee that did forward *Henry* with her friends, her purſe, her wit,
That had conſpir'd, conceil'd, concur'd, for him the Crowne to git,
And had him now her ſonne in law, vnchanncy Queene, fore-went
Her whole reuenewes, and her age as if in durance ſpent:
Becauſe againſt her heart, good Soule (for bootles to withſtand)
See yeelded all her daughters to the late Vſurpers hand,
Whereby the Vnion might haue quaild, and for it might, ſhe muſt
Indure ſuch law, ſtrict law to her of malice not vniuſt.

THan good old Queene *Elizabeth* our next young *Phaeton*
Had gentlier Iudgement: He till then frō Realme to Realme had (gone,
And now in *Ireland* (hoping no ſuch honor) was at *Corke*
Saluted by ſome Rebels theare for *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*,
Fourth *Edwards* ſecond ſon. Thoſe Stiles to him were ſtrange, but thay
Did feofe them on the bace-borne *Muffe*, and him as King obay.
The *Yorkeſh* Faction (though they knew the error) let not ſlip
Occaſion, that they now might haue *Lancaſtrians* on the hip:
Margret, fourth *Edwards* ſiſters heart for ioy hereof did skip.
Shee had him ſoone to *Burgone*, and informes him euery thing
That might concerne *Yorks* pettegree, or apted for a King:
Malicioufly repining ſtill at *Lancaſters* ſucceſſe,
And often would thus or thus-like, her heart with tongue expreſſe.
'God hath forgot our houſe of *Yorke*, nay *Yorke* it ſelfe forgot:
To my late Brother *Richards* ſoule cleaue euermore this blot.
He made away our friends to make a way vnto our Foe,
To *Lancaſter*, proud *Lancaſter*, I, thence theſe teares doe floe.
Had he ſtock't vp that hated ſtocke, had he rac'ſt out that Race,
Python had ceaſt, and he had beene *Apollo* in that cace.
That *Henry* was *Lancaſtrian*, and that *Henry* was aliue,
And where he liu'd, and that he ſhould not liue, if we would thriue,
He knew ywis: yeat knew he not his death how to contriue.
The Duke of *Brutaine* is no God, then how the diuell y'ſte
That both my brothers, laboring him, of whom they labord myſte?'

Their

Their *Sinons* weare too ſimple, and their bribes but petite geere:
Whē, had they bought him with their ſouls, they had not bought him
The heire of *Lancaſter* (fie how it loathes to ſound that name) (deere.
Enioyes the Crowne: nay worſe, enioyes to wife a *Yorkeſh* Dame:
Worſer, the name *Plantagenet* is buryed in the ſame:
And, worſt of all, their Title ſuch as law bids vs diſclame.
Who would haue lookt ſuch change to chaunce? oh how I feed like
As *AEtas* daughter, *AEſons* houſe with tragedies to fill? (will,
Who can endure to ſee their friends decline, their Foes aſcend?
I ſee it, and for ſeeing ſo doe wiſh my life had end.

When that her darling had his looer ſhe left him to his wings:
Who ſtead not to worſe company or at leſſe game than Kings.
He lighteth in the *French Kings* Court, wheare (honord as the ſame
From whom he falſely would contriue a Crowne by forged name)
He had Supplies, and *Engliſh* ayds, and *Iriſh* troupes alſo,
With which he lands in England: where King *Henry* met the Foe.
On either part the Battell was right bloodie, but at length
The King ſubdues, and *Perken* ſtead the land, diſpoyld of ſtrength.
Then, as the *French*, the *Scotch* King did repute of him: whereby
He wyu'd a Lady paſſing fayre and of the Kings Allie,
The Earle of *Huntlies* daughter, of the ſcotch-blood-royall bread.
Shee both before, and after that her low-pris'd Mate was dead,
When well ſhe knew his parentage, and felt his ebbed ſtate,
In onely ſorrow did abound, in loue no whit abate:
Howbeit in the *Engliſh* Court prefer'd to high eſtate.

Theare (for ſhe was of comely parts and vncompeered face)
Shee, often brauely courted, yeelds no Courtier labor'd grace.
To one among'ſt the reſt, that moſt admired her anſwers chaſte,
She ſayd, beſides the ſinne and that I ſo might liue diſgrae'ſte,
A Preſedent of wrong and woe did make me long ſince vow
Chaſtly to liue the Loue of him whom Fates ſhould me allow.
I knew, quoth ſhe, a Knight (a Knight he was in each reſpect)
I knew a Ladie (fayre ſhe was but fouly to be check)

They

They loued long (if that to loue and leaue may loue be ſayd)
Till laſtly ſhe conceiued loue wheare loue ſhould be denayd.
Then he(whoſe Sowles-Soule goddiz'd her) perceiuing her vntruth,
Became vnlike himſelfe,and mou'd,ſaue her,each one to ruth.
At laſt he runs diſtraught about,and what his moods conceited
He did: confuſedly he wept,askt,anſwered,and intreated:
Ah many a time (for though his words lackt methode, yeat they moo-
He had theſe ſpeeches,arguments how earneſtly he loued. (ued)

CHAP. XXXVI.

MY Miſtreſſe is a Paragon, the fayreſt Fayre aliue:
Atrides and *AEacides* for faire leſſe faire did ſtriue:
Her colour freſh as damaske Roſe, her breath as Violet,
Her bodie white as Iuorie, as ſmooth as poliſht Iet,
As ſoft as Downe, & were the downe, *Ioue* might come downe & kiſſe
A Loue,ſo freſh,ſo ſweet,ſo white,ſo ſmooth,ſo ſoft as this.
The *Cleonæan* Lions ſpoyles for her I would redreſſe:
I would the *Lernan Hydras* heads with ſword and fire ſuppreſſe.
My force the *Erymanthean* Bore ſhould brauely ouer-match:
The ſwift-foote golden-horned Stag I,running,would ore-catch:
My bow the Birds of *Stymphalus* from waſtfull prayes ſhould chace:
Of her proud Baldricke would I ſpoyle the *Amazon* at *Thrace*:
Augeas waſhed Stables ſhould my ſeauenth Labour end:
I with the Bull of *Calidon*,victorious,would contend:
On horſe-deuoured *Diomede* like honour ſhould be wonne:

The

The *Spaniſh* Robber *Geron* ſhould by me to death be done:
In ſpight of Spight in *Heſpera* I golden fruit would pull:
Three-headed *Cerberus* in chaynes ſhould make the Iury full:
Beaſt, Snake, Bore, Stag, Birds, Bealt, Plankes, Bull, Theefe, Fruit, Dog, *Diomead*,
Chokt, ſear'd, paunch'd, cought, pearſt, priz'd, waſht, thrown, ſlaine, puld, chaned, horſ-fead,
Were labours leſſe than I would act, might I of her be ſpead.
Dull mal-contented *Saturne* rulde the houre when I was borne:
Had *Iupiter* then ſtarr'd I had not liued now forlorne:
Or *Mars* had ſteel'd my milky heart with manlier moodes than thees:
Or *Mercurie* had apted me to plead for Louers fees:
Or *Sol* infuſed ſenſe to ſearch what better me behou'd:
Or *Venus* made me louely, ſo for loue to be belou'd:
Or *Luna* (oppoſite to Loue) had bettered the beſt:
Ah, could ſeauen Planets and twelue Signes conſtell one ſuch vnreſt?
Then lou'd that Sier of Gods when he had vow'd his childrens death:
That Sonne of his made wanton ſcapes with Laſſes on the earth:
Dirus, aske *Vulcan* and his Arte if thou didſt loue or noe:
And *Hermes* that he *Herſe* lou'd will not diſclaime I troe:
Nor weart thou *Phœbus* chaſte, although thou wor'ſt a willow withe:
Thou, *Citherea*, hadſt a leaſh of Loues beſides the Smith:
Endimion gaynſt *Diana* could vouch farther than the eye:
Thus lou'd ye all, ye churliſh Starres, yeat let ye Louers dye.
This ſaid he, and for this he ſaid, I for the ruth of this
Did vow, that whoſo once were mine I would be onely his.
Why? theſe his words did ſauor wit, not one diſtraught (quoth he:)
Nay heare the reſt of his vnreſt, it followeth thus (quoth ſhe.)
Oft would he kiſſe a ſenceles Tree and ſay, ſweet Miſtreſſe mine,
I was, I am, and will be ſtill the ſame and euer thine:
Beleeue me, or if ſo you doubt, Anatomize my braine,
And ore my Senſes ſee your ſelfe the Soufrenteſſe to raigne:
Beleeue me, or if ſo you doubt, rip out my heart, and ſee
Your ſelfe in it, in it you are, and euermore will bee:
Beleeue me, or if ſo you doubt, commannd I forthwith dye,

And ſee your ſelfe the onely heauen whereto my ſoule doth flye:
If ſuch I ſeeme and be not ſuch, let nought betide me well:
If ſuch I ſeeme and be not ſuch, I with no heauen but hell:
If ſuch I ſeeme and be not ſuch, your Fauours let me mis.
With that he bleſt himſelfe and ſayd, ah, what a with was this?
Then ſteps he to ſome other Tree, and, as vnto a frend,
Bewayles himſelfe, with long diſcourſe of loue, to little end:
And (as it were a myſterie) thus many a time would tell
Of one *Erickmon*, as might ſeeme, with him acquainted well.
Who would (quoth he) haue thought that he had doted on a Laſſe?
Who rather would haue thought the Girle ſo gilefull as ſhe was?
Once brau'd he it and often found with ſilken Wenches grace,
Yeat (and I wonder) faults he not, though hauing time and place:
He neuer hild but gracious thoughts of women, yeat, I winne,
The fayreſt She he euer ſaw might quit his thoughts of ſinne.
When of the Court and Citie both he could ſufficient ſay,
From eithers buſie Vanities he getteth him away:
Amongſt the woods his happieſt dayes by-come or to be paſt
He found, had not *Gynetta's* face intrapped him at laſt.
Nor Court nor Citie had ſhe ſeene, yeat eithers prayſe ſhe had:
So much more worth by howe much leſſe ſhe was vn-nicely clad.
At ſixteene yeares ſuch was ſhe as at Twentie, and at both
Well worth the louing, for her loore, her face, and comely groth.
Thence, waxing amorous, he checkt his eyes that checkt him ſo,
Which checks as oft were countercheckt by Loue his mightier Foe.
He loath'd to liue that liu'd to loue, and lou'd to loſſe, for why?
He ſcorn'd that wontleſſe paſſion, or an amorous Foole to dye.
Full often therefore would he balke her ſight that pleas'd him moſt,
And, if perceau'd to be in loue, falſe freedome would he boſt.
But all for nought, not abſence or ſweete exerciſe of wit,
Or ought beſides might put aſide Loues ouer-maſtring fit.
Thus pyned ere he pleadeth loue (yeat pleaſing her ſo well,
As none had fitter time and place his hearts vnreſt to tell)

At length he flatly sayes he loues: when(words to sweet for trew)
Her answere was she liked him,and so attonement grew.
Then vncontroulled kisses and imbracings(often mixt (twixt
With lesse then loue too grosse, though more than should be such be-
Were currant: And if euer man did fish before the net,
If euer man might credit her did hy her credit set,
If euer man for heartie loue deserued honest meede,
Erickmon might beleeue himselfe to be belou'd indeede.
More arguments of earnest loue gaue neuer Mayde than she,
Lesse cause to falsifie that loue gaue neuer Man than he.
Howbeit,on aduantage play'd *Gynetta* all this while,
And by externall smoothnes did obscure internall guile.
Thus whilst he hopt he hild her least,so altereth the cace
With such as she,Ah such it is to build on such a face.
This sayd he,and for this he sayd,I for the ruth of this
Did vowe that who so once were mine I would be onely his.
Why?this concern'd not him,nor shewd a mā distraught,(quoth he.(
Nay heare the rest of his vnrest,it followeth thus(quoth shee.)
Then(sheading teares)he to the Tree so spoken to would say,
Was not *Gynetta* false that did *Erickmon* so betray?
But hath my Mistresse cause to change? what cause,thinke you,should
I fram'd me hers,she fayn'd her mine,my loue is euer loue. (moue
May ℘ faire face proue one foule botch,those shining eies proue bleard
That sweete breath stench,like proofe to all that faire or sweete appeard
In her that wrongs her true-loue: let her loathed euer lust,
Begge may she,and,vnpittied,pine,rot,perish on the dust,
And,dead,be damned,that vnto her true-loue is vniust.
Yee men say all Amen,or if amend your selues ye must,
Curse not(this Mad-man sayd)but sweare that women be vntrew,
Their loue is but a Mummerie,or as an Aprils dew,
Got with a toy,gon with a toy,gifts, flattrie,gawdes,or wine
Will make her checke & flie to game lesse faire, perhaps,than thine,
More amorous than men,and men conuay their loue lesse fine.

If

If ſuch they are (as ſuch they are) and will be whilſt they be,
Why am I then ſo true of loue? becauſe not borne a ſhe.
How ſhall I do? my Heart is loſt, and I am left in woe:
Met any man a poore tame Heart? the Heart, good Folke, Iowe:
Strucken, maimed, all of gore, and drouping doth it goe.
A Laſſe once fauour'd, or at leaſt did ſeeme to fauour it,
And foſterd vp my frollicke Heart with many a pleaſing bit:
She lodg'd him neere her Bower, whence he loued not to gad,
But waxed cranke, for why? no Heart aſweeter Layer had.
But whether that ſome other Deere eſtranged her, or not,
Or that of courſe her game is Change, my Heart lackt brouſe I wot.
Deſpyſd, diſpleaſde, and quite diſgrac'd, my Heart euen to this day
Diſlodged, wandring, woe-begon, I wot not wheare doth ſtray.
But ſee, ah ſee, I ſee how *Loue* caſts off *Deſire* his Hound,
A fell fleet Dogge, that hunts my Heart by parſee each-wheare found.
Sweet *Cynthea* rate the eger Curre, and ſo thy foe preuent,
For, loe, a farre my chaſed Heart imboſte and almoſt ſpent.
Thankes, gentle Goddeſſe, now the Lad purſues a bootles chace:
My Heart recouers Couert wheare the Hound cannot hold pace.
Now tappas cloſely, ſilly Heart, vnrowſe not and ſo liue:
The Huntſmans-ſelfe is blinde, the Hound at Loſſe doth ouer-giue.
But liſt, alas, *Loues* Beagles be vncoupeld, *Beautie* praites,
And driues my Heart from out the thicks, and at Receit awaites
Vaine-hope, and either now falls in, and now my Heart muſt dye,
Now haue they him at Bay, and now, in vayne, he fights to flye.
Auaunt *Deſire*, ha Curre, auaunt, the Bore ſo raſe thy hyde:
Vnto the fall of my poore Heart ſee ſee how *Loue* doth ryde:
Hearke how he blowes his death: ah ſee, he now the Say doth take
Of my poore Heart, that neuer more for *Loue* ſhall paſtime make.
Thus liu'd he till he left his life, and for the ruth of this
I vow'd, that who ſo once were mine I would be only his.
Yeat (ſayd her Sutor) ſhe eſcapt vnpuniſht, as may ſeeme.
Not ſo, quoth ſhe, a Conſcience prickt is deeply plagu'd I deeme.

Then

Then *Scotland* warr'd on *England*, and in that ſame warre did end
The Knight that had coryued, ſo the Ladie loſt each frend.
Oft ſaw I her in teares, and oft I heard her to complayne
For faith erſt loſt, for loſſe now found, deuiding ſighes in twayne.
There be that ſay (if truely ſayd) vn-bodied Soules haue walk't,
And of the Ghoſts of theſe two Knights the like abroad was talkt.
Her eares had this and ſhee the heart that dared not her eyes,
For thether whence the brute did grow ſhe (feareles faultie) hies.
Her Followers ſtood aloofe when ſhe, alone approching, ſayd:
Beloued both, what boods his fight? (they ſeem'd as if they frayd)
Ah, pardon me (ſweet Firſt-belou'd) my guile I graunt was great,
So is my griefe: My latter Loue, refraine, let me intreate.
But whilſt ſhe ſpoke of deadly wounds they both did ſeeme to fall,
And after vaniſht, leauing her perplext in feare not ſmall.
Who thenceforth fared as the Knight that died for her diſtraught,
Stil haunted of the Ghoſts, & haunts ꝑ place where they had faught,
Vntill of her deſpayring life her ſelfe the Period wraught.
Thus liu'd ſhe till ſhe left her life, and for the ruth of this
I vow'd, that who ſo once were mine I would be onely his.
Tuſh, this was but a Phantaſie, quoth he, of ſubtill Feends,
Deluding her ſimplicitie in figure of her frends:
I heare not that they ſaid or did aught taching her vntruth.
But fooliſh was her feare, the like I cenſure of your ruth.
And ſhall I tell what they did tell, and ſay what they did doe?
I will, for ſo, perhaps, you will ſurceaſe (quoth ſhe) to wowe.
The Ghoſt reſembling him to whom ſhe had diſloyall bin
Sayd: I, and This, and thou be thus and ſhalbe doom'd for ſin:
For dotage in my loue, for his deceitfull luſt, we twaine
Of freſh-fore wounds do hourely faint, hurt, heale, heale, hurt againe:
Nor can I vtter halfe we ſee, and feare, and ſuffer ſtill
Of endles Torments: onely thou art Auctreſſe of ſuch ill.
Who loue, belou'd, beleeue no life but wheare their loue doth liue,
To fault is then their murdrous fact that firſt deſect doth giue:

He

He had not faulted or I falne hadſt thou hild faith to mee:
Ah little feele we in regard of Plagues prepar'd for thee.
Thus ſaid he,and,for thus he ſaid, I for the ruth of this,
Did vow that who ſo once were mine I would be onely his.
Well,Madame(quoth the Gentleman)be this ſo,or a ſhift,
I ſee to fruſtrate my demaund is honeſtly your driſt:
Then ſo,or not ſo, or what ſo you ſhall inferre of this
It matters not, *Perkin* is yours,and be you onely his.
For,ſooth to ſay,weare all ſaid falſe,it were indeed a hell
To haue a Loues-Coryuall,and as none could brooke it well,
So none ſhould aske,and none ſhould yeeld to alter loue begone
Therefore,ſweete Lady,I conclude ſuch ill is well vndone.
Mine amorous ſute hath here an end: and would you might preuaile
With *Perken* too, that proudly ſtriues to beare too high a ſaile.
So may you,if perhaps you haue for him ſo apt a taile
As this you told to me for me,although as hardly trew
As this which I ſhall tell,that doth include a morall view
Of matter woorth the note for him,the rather tould by you:
Then heare it,for our leiſure and the order of my Q.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Vppoſe (for ſo muſt be ſuppos'd) that Birdes and Beaſtes did ſpeake:
The Cuckooe ſometimes lou'd the Owle, and ſo with her did breake,
Then flew the Owle by day, ſo did the Cuckooe all the yeere,
So did the Swallow and the Batte: but howe it hapned heare.

The Cuckooe by the Swallow(then the Swallow was his Page)
Did ſend the Owle a ſucking Mouſe,a tydie for the age:
The Bat(the Bat then ſeru'd the Owle)preferd the Bringer and
The Preſent to her Miſtres ſight,that in her Todd did ſtand.
My maiſter to your Owleſhip,quoth the ſwallow,ſends by me
This Modicum,deſiring you to take the ſame in gree.
The Owle,that neuer till that day had taſted fleſh of Mouſe,
Had quickly lopte a Limbe or two,and feaſteth in her houſe
The Swallow with a curſee of her then diſgorged wheat:
When,talking of the daintie fleſh,and elſwhat,as they eate,
The Bat(then waiting at the boorde)fetcht ſiges a two or three:
The Owle did aske the cauſe. And doe you aske the cauſe, quoth ſhe,
Why thus I ſigh when thus in ſight my kindred murthred be?
My ſelfe was ſometimes ſuch, and ſuch am ſtill,ſaue now I fly:
With that ſhe freſhly wept: and thus proceeded by and by.
A fteſh,quoth ſhe,now comes to minde mine Aunceſtors ill hap,
Whō pride made praies to Keſtrels,Kites,Cats,Weaſels,Baē,& trap:
My Grandſier (for wheare Nature failes in ſtrength ſhe adds in wit)
Was full of Science: But,inſooth,he miſapplied it.
The Weaſell,Prince of Vermen(though beſides a vertuous Beaſt)
By ſhrewdnes of my Grandſiers wit his Holes with hoords increaſte,
And ſeem'd to conn him thankes,whō none beſides had cauſe to thank
For Princes Fauours often make the fauored too cranke.
Not only Mice,but Lobſters,Cats,and noble Vermen paide
In comming *Coram Nobis* for ſome crime againſt them laide.
But,God,it is a world to ſee,when purpoſes be ſped,
How Princes,hauing fatted Such, are with their fatnes fed:
The Weaſel ſeru'd my Grandſier ſo,and euery Vermen laught
To ſee himſelfe in Snare that had in Snares ſo many caught.
Now alſo liue ſome wylie Beaſts,and fatly do they feede
Mongſt Beaſts of chace & birds of game,with leſſe then needfull heed.
My Graundſier dead,my Father was in fauour nertheleſſe,
Nor did his Father more than he for high Promotion preſſe:

And

And (though I ſay it) long time he deſerued fauors well,
For quayling Foe men, and at home ſuch Vermen as rebell:
And for the ſame the Weaſell did him mightily preferre:
But Honors made him haughtie, and his haughtines to erre.
I will be plaine, he waxt too prowd, and plotted higher drifts
Than fitted him, or fadged well, for who haue thriu'd by ſhifts?
Nor will I ſay (becauſe his ſonne) he wrong'd the Weaſell, but
The Weaſell died, and that that did ſucceede to ſhifts he put.
For which his Fathers Fortune did oretake him at the laſt:
Such fickelneſſe in earthly pompe, which, flowing ebs as faſt.
This double warning might haue iekt vnto my wit, but I
Did follow Kinde: Nay, more, I did importune *Dis* to fly,
And he did giue me theſe blacke wings, reſembling him that gaue thē,
A proper Gift, and hardly got, to ſhame me now I haue them.
But know yee *Dis*? ſome *Pluto* him or *Limbos* God doe call,
Or, aptlier ſaid, in Hell of diuels the Chiefe and Principall:
And ſomwhat now of him and how I changed ſay I ſhall.

I hapned on a Cranny, whilſt my Mouſe-daies laſted, which
I entring, wandred crooked Nookes and pathes as darke as pitch:
Theare, hauing loſt my ſelfe, I ſought the open aire in vaine,
Both wanting foode, & light, and life well neere through trauels paine.
The Moole by chaunce did croſſe my way, and (as ye know) her ſmell
Supplies her want of ſight and ſerues her purpoſe full as well:
I heard a tracting ſound, and, skar'd, my haire did ſtand vpright,
Nor could I ſee, or fly, but feare and bleſſe me from a Spright:
She had me, hild me, queſtions of my being theare the cauſe,
And in meane while peruſeth me with fauourable clawes.
I was about to plead for life, when ſhe preuents me thus:
Ha, Coſen Mouſe, what Fortune giues this meeting heere to vs?
Feare not my Sonne (I call thee Sonne becauſe I loue thee much)
Doe hold thy ſelfe as merry heere as in a Pantlers hutch.
What know'ſt not me? or ſee'ſt thou not? with that ſhe leadeth me

Into an higher roome, wheare her to be mine Eame I ſee.
I did my dutie, and my heart was lightned when mine eie
Encountered a friend whereas I made account to die.
Before me ſets Shee Viands, and my ſtomacke ſeru'd me well:
And, hauing fed, my Grandſiers and my Fathers ends I tell,
(For ſhe enquires for them, ere I acquaint her what befell.)
The reuerent Moole, then ſighing, ſaide: ah, let no vermine thinke
That Fortune euer fauors, or that friends will neuer ſhrinke:
I did fore-ſmell their loftie flight would coſt them once a fall,
And therefore, Coſen, ſee thou be forewarned therewithall.
Heere ſeeſt thou me (I tell thee, though I priſe not Gentry now,
Thine Eame and of the elder houſe) that long agoe did vow
My ſelfe a Recluſe from the world, and, celled vnder ground,
Leaſt that the gould, the precious ſtones and pleaſures here be found
Might happen to corrupt my minde, for blindnes did I pray,
And ſo contemplatiuely heere I with contentment ſtay.
Admitte the Weaſell graceth thee, the more he doth the more
The other Vermen will maligne, and enuy thee therefore:
Himſelfe, perhaps, will liſten to thy ruine for thy ſtore:
Or thou thy ſelfe, to mount thy ſelfe, maieſt runne thy ſelfe a ſhore.
That Vermen that hath reaſon, and his owne defects eſpies,
Doth ſeeme to haue a ſoule, at leaſt doth thriue by ſuch ſurmies,
For what is it but reaſon that humaine from brutiſh tries?
But man, or beaſt, neither hath troth that this for true denies,
He hath enough that hath wherewith pure Nature to ſuffies:
In ouerplus an ouercharge for ſoule and body lies,
For Souldiors, Lawyers, Carrions, Theeues, or Caſualties a Prize,
His comber-minde that liues with it and leaues it when he dies,
From whom to catch it ſcarce his heire ſtaies cloſing of his eies:
O wretched wealth, which who ſo wants no Fortune him enuies.
Here maieſt thou feaſt thee with a Mad, & here no Pickethanke pries.
Into thy life, nor words well ſpoke to ill vnmeant applies:

No

No Flatterer to vndermind: no tongue no eare for lies:
No gleaning from the Orphant: no oppreſſed widowes cries:
No bribes to giue, no hands to take: no quarrelling for flies:
No wrongs to right: no lawes to breake, becauſe no law that ties,
But what we luſt we doe, nor doe nor luſt badd enterprize,
And finde leſſe want in Nature, than wits-want in Arts diſguize:
Nor any heere in force, in friends, fraud, wealth, or wit aſſies:
O doe thou not ſo rich, ſo ſafe, and iuſt a life deſpies:
Theare lacketh not of noble Births to ſtar the courtly skies:
Nor want we Pollititians, thou maieſt for thy Soule be wiſe:
Then leaue thou matters of eſtate to States, I thee aduiſe:
And rather ſit thou ſafely ſtill, than for a fall to riſe.
Not for ſhee was my Elder or mine Eame, but for the place
I hild my peace, that would haue ſayd her Moolſhips minde was bace.
But ſhe perceiues me to diſſent, and ſaieth, Coſen Mouſe,
Doe as you like, you ſhall not finde a priſon of my houſe:
Stay while you will, goe when you will, come and returne at pleaſure,
And euer welcome: Vertue is an vncompelled Treaſure. (theare,
This paſt, and thence paſſe we through deepe darke waies, ſaue here &
The vaines of gould and pretious ſtones made light in darke appeare:
Vaſte Vaults as large as Iles we paſſe, great Riuers theare did flow,
Huge wormes & Mõſters theare I ſaw, which none on earth do know.
On goe we, till I ſaw a glimps, and ſhe heard noiſe of flame,
Then ſaid ſhee praiers, bidding me to bleſſe me from the ſame.
I, muſing, frain'd her meaning: She her meaning thus did tell.
That flaming Region, euer ſuch (quoth ſhe) is *Plutos* Hel:
All gould, all mettals, wealth, and pompe that nouriſh Mortals pride
Are hence and his, and hether they doe theare miſ-Guiders gide:
He them inchaunteth, and the ſame inchaunt the folke on Earth,
Vntill their dying dotage theare finds heere a liuing death.
Still nertheles I wiſht to ſee the helliſh Monarch *Dis*,
When he (more ready to be found then for our profite is)

Ore heard vs,and vnhid himſelfe,and ſhinde in rich array,
And ſeem'd a glorious Angell,and full gently thus did ſay. (much,
That ſlandrous blind base-minded Moole,friend Mouſe,deceiues thee
And prates of me, of Hell,and Earth more than is ſo or ſuch:
Beleeue him not,but rather do beleeue thine eyes,and ſee
If any earthly pleaſure is vntripl'd heere with mee.
Then ſhewde he ſights(which ſince I found illuſions to betray)
Of greater worth than Earth affords,or I haue Art to ſay:
Nay,more,he bids me aske what ſo I would,and I ſhould haue it:
Then did I pauſe,bethinking what was rareſt I might craue it.
My Holes were ſtor'd with corne and croomes,on Earth I walkt at will,
And in her Bowels now had ſeene indifferently my fill,
Vpon it,nor within it,not ſufficing to my pride,
I asked winges,ſcarce asked when they grew on either ſide.
Short leaue I tooke,& mounting left the Hell-God and the Moole,
And ſoared to the open Aire through many a ſory hoole.
It was at Twilight,and the Birds were gone to rouſt,but I
(Inchaunted with the noueltie of flight)vnweared flye,
And had the Sunne been vp,I ween(ſuch pride bewitcht my wit
To Egel-fie my ſelfe)I had aſſayd to ſoare to it:
Not ſeeing that my limber wings were Leather-like vnplum'de,
But at the Dawning alſo I of wing-worke ſtill preſum'de.
The ſwallow(and I weene it was this Sallowes father)he
Was earlieſt vp, with him I met,and he admired me.
I hild him wing,and wiſtly he ſuruaies me round about,
And laſtly,knowing who I was,did giue me many a flout,
And fled to tell the other birds,what vncouth Fowle was bred,
Who flockt to ſee me,till with gibes and girds I wiſht mee ded.
Then,ſhifting out of ſight,I hung till Twilight in a hoole,
Transformde,derided, hunger-ſpent,and(minding ſtill the Moole)
In vaine I wiſht reducement of my ſhape,and(which was worſte)
My hap was harder than to owne in that diſtreſſe a Cruſt.

Then

Then fled I to my wonted Holes, of hoorded food to get,
Too narrow by mine added wings that did mine entry let.
Now Miſe fled me, not to the Moole I would returne for ſhame,
To *Dis* I durſt not, mong'ſt the Birds I was a laughing game:
Then curſt I mine aſpiring minde, then knew I *Dis* a Diuell,
The Diuell the Prince of Pride, and Pride the roote of euery euill.
Hell, Earth, Aire, Heauen, and what not? then conſpiring mine vnreſt,
What might remaine but death for me that liued ſo vnbleſt?
But as I, fainting, flew that night your Ladiſhip, Dame Owle,
Did call me to your Todd, and glad to ſee a new night-fowle,
Did take me to your ſeruice, thence your Chamberlaine to be:
Ha *Iupiter* reward it you that ſo releeued mee.
It is a ſweete continuall feaſt to liue content I ſee:
No daunger but in high eſtate, none enuy meane degree.
Then all this proceſſe (quoth the Owle) doth tend, belike, to this,
That I ſhould eate no Mouſe-fleſh: Nay, Sir Bat, ſo ſweete it is
That thou, ſo neere of Kinne to them, ſhalt alſo ſerue my luſt:
And therewithall in rutheles clawes the hapleſſe Bat ſhe truſt.

HEre meant the Courtior to haue left, whom *Perkens* Lady prayes
To tell what end ſuch wowing had, And thus hereof he ſayes:
The Swallow ſaw that cruell pranke, and flyes aloofe and ſayde,
Vngratefull Glutton, what offence hath that thy Seruant made?
Choke mayſt thou with the murther: So he left her, and vnto
The Cnckooe telleth what the Owle vnto the Bat did doe.
Varlet (he waxed cholericke) and what of that, quoth he?
Was not the Bat her bond-Slaue, ſuch as thou art now to me?
What tel'ſt me then of other newes then what her anſwere is
Vnto mine amourous Meſſage, ſayes my Lady nay or yis?
The Swallow told him that through ſuch occurrant of the Bat,
He, interrupted, came away vnanſwered in that.
A miſchiefe, quoth he, both on that and thee ill-fauoured Elfe:

And in a ſtammering chafe he fled to wowe the Owle himſelfe.
The Swallow Mans him thether, whom the deu'liſh Owle did hate,
And all becauſe he had reprou'd her tyrannie of late.
The Cuckooe, offering to haue bilde, ſhe coyely turnd her face,
Tis more, quoth ſhe, than needeth that we kiſſe, as ſtands the cace:
Rid hence yonn ſame your knauiſh Page, you ſent him with a Mouſe
To ſpie my ſecrets, or belike to braue me in my houſe:
Gods pretious, would you knew I beare a mind leſſe bace than that
I can diſgeſt your Drudge with me ſo ſaucely ſhould chat:
Iacke Napes, forſooth, did chaſe becauſe I eate my Slaue the Bat.
O what a world is this that we can nothing priuate haue
Vncenſur'd of our Seruants, though the ſimpleſt Gill or Knaue?
Well, rid him of your ſeruice, Nay, it skils not if of life,
At leaſt if ſo you meane that we ſhall loue as man and wife,
For ſuch Colecarriers in an houſe are euer hatching ſtrife.
The Cuckooe, hearing this complaint, flew on his truſty Page,
And vndiſcreatly gaue him ſtrokes that kild him in that rage:
Yeat, ere he left his life, he thus vnto his Maiſter ſaid:
Thus many honeſt ſeruants in their Maiſters haſtie brayd
Are Dog-like handled, either yeat like deare in *Iones* iuſt eies:
Of Harlots and of haſtines beware, ſaid he, and dies.
When now her gluttony and ſpight had thus diſpatched twaine.
The Cuckooe, plying amorouſly her fauour to obtaine,
Euen then, and looking very bigge, in came the Buszard, who
Did ſweare that he would kill and ſlay, I mary would he doe,
If any Swad beſides himſelfe faire Madam Owle did wowe.
The Cuckooe, ſeeing him ſo bog, waxt alſo wondrous wroth:
But thus the Owle did ſtint the ſtrife: Shee cals them husbands both:
Now fie (quoth ſhe) if ſo you could betwixt your ſelues agree,
Yee both ſhould haue your bellies full, and it no hurt to me.
The Buszard faintly did conſent, the Cuckooe ſaid Amen:
And ſo was Hen inough for Cocke, not Cocke inough for Hen:

For

For ſhe deceiues them both, and had beſides them other game:
The Gentle Buszard dying ſoone for ſorrow of the ſame.
The Cuckooe wiſely ſawe it and did ſay but little to it,
As nooting ſhe was ſet on it, and knowing ſhe would do it.
But what the Swallow warned him of Harlots proued trew,
For, as was geſſed, alſo him by trecherie ſhe ſlew.
The Goddeſſe *Pallas*, to giue end vnto theſe tragicke deedes,
Deſcended, and (the dead reuiu'd) to Sentence thus proceedes.
The Bat, becauſe begild of *Dis*, Shee pittieth partly, and
Permits him Twy-light flight: to giue thereby to vnderſtand
That to aſpire is lawfull, if betwixt a Meane it ſtand.
The Swallow, for that he was trew and ſlayne for ſaying well,
Shee doomb'd a ioyfull Sommers Bird, in Winter time to dwel
Euen with *Minerua's* ſecret ſtore, as learned Clarkes do tell.
The Buszard, for he doted more and dared leſſe than reaſon,
Through blinde bace Loue induring wrong reuengeable in ſeaſon,
She eie-blur'd, and adiudged Praies the daſtard'ſt and leaſt geaſon.
Vnto the Cuckooe, ouerkinde to brooke Coriuals, ſhe
Adiudg'd a Spring times changeles note, & whilſt his yong ones be
By others hatcht, to name and ſhame himſelfe in euery Tree.
But liue, quoth ſhe, vnto the Owle aſhamed of the light,
Be wondred at of Birds by day, flie, filch, and howle all night,
Haue lazie wings, be euer leane, in ſullen corners rucke,
When thou art ſeene be thought of folke a ſigne of euill lucke:
Nor ſhall thine odious forme, vile Witch, be longer on my Shield:
Whence racing foorth her Figure, ſo the Goddeſſe left the field.

IVſt Guerdons for Ambition, for poore Soules oppreſt for well,
For daſtard Dotards, Wittolrie, and Harlots nice you tell,
Said *Perkens* Wife: But thus now of her husbands pride befell.
At laſt when ſundry Armes had end, *Henry* victorious ſtill,
And *Perkens* paſſage was fore-ſtald, he yeelds, of his owne will,

Himſelfe

Himſelfe from Churches Priuiledge to *Henries* Mercy, who
Did onely limitte his abode, and leſſe he could not doe.
But when he ſought eſcapes he then had petite puniſhment,
And after, for ſome new attempts, to Tower was he ſent:
Whence practiſing eſcape, t'was ſaid, he won to his intent
Young *Edward* Earle of Warwicke, that indeed was *Clarences* ſonne,
And euer had beene Priſner theare eare *Henries* raigne begonne,
And now, by law too ſtrickt me ſeemes, for this to death was donne.
Perken was hang'd, and hang may ſuch: but that the Earle ſhould die
Some thought hard law, ſaue that it ſtood with preſent pollicie.
Sir *William Stanley* dide for this (oft King-law is doe thus)
Deſeruing better of the King: but what is that to vs?
The laſt of our three *Phaetons* was tuter'd of a Fryer,
Who, being fitted now by Art and nature to aſpier,
(The foreſaid name of *Warwicke* fain'd) ſeduced folke thereby.
As I my ſelfe in *Eſſex* heard and ſaw a Traitor dye,
That fain'd himſelfe ſixt *Edward*: and to grace out ſuch his lye,
Lookes, bodie, words, and geſture ſeem'd heroyecall, to view
He had like age, like markes, and all that might inforce it trew,
Whereby to him aſſiſting minds of ſimple Folke he drew.
Our Cowle-mans foreſaid Actor ſo preuailed, that the Fryer
In Pulpets durſt affirme him King, and Aydes for him requier.
But laſtly both were taken, both did fault in one ſame ill,
Yeat rope-law had the Youth, the Fryer liu'd Clergie-knaued ſtill.

WHen Armour ended Auarice began (for then begins
The ſlye *Mercurileſt*, and more by wyles then valour wins.)
Beneuolences, Taxes and ſore Fines for penall lawes,
To *Henry* hoords, from *Henry* hearts of many a Subiects drawes.
Empſon and *Dudley* (fur'd Eſquiers, more harmefull being gown'd,
To *Englands* friends than *Englands* foe, through Auarice profound)
In ſuch exacting chiefly Act, applauſed of the King,

To

To whom their ciuill Thefts, not Thrifts, exceeding wealth did bring.
Yeat whē the gracious King found out their racking Rich and Poore,
He then did pardon much, and much did purpoſe to reſtore,
But, dying, thoſe two *Harpies* loſt their hated heads therefore.
So hardly fauoured of Kings themſelues in bownes containe,
That they, ſecurely ſtout, at length doe periſh through diſdaine.
So hardly to ſome Princes are from priuate Lucar wonne,
As, though their bags ore-flow, they thinke no harme abroad vndone,
Henry (acquite his latter daies of Auarice fore-named)
Deceaſt for Proweſſe, Policie, and Iuſtice highly famed.

THE

THE EIGHT BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

EIGHT *Henry* (heire indubitate of *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*)
Succeeded, and with Kingly rites his Father did interre.
His minde, his words, his lookes, his gaet, his lynaments, and Stature,
Weare ſuch for Maieſtie as ſhew'd a King compos'd by Nature.
All Subiects now of ciuill ſtrife, all counter-minds for Raigne,
All enuious of his Empier now weare rid, weare pleas'd, or ſlaine.
Rich weare his ſundrie Tryumphs, but his coſt had foyzen than
When *Terwin* and ſtrong *Turnay* in reſiſting *France* he wan:
When *Maximilian* Emperour did vnder *Henry* fight:
When *Engliſh* Ships did often put the *French* Sea-powre to flight:
And that the *French* King was inforc'ſt to craue and buy his peace,
Who, wiuing louely *Mary*, ſo the warres for then did ceaſe.
This ſiſter to our King, and then the *French* Kings goodly Queene,
Was welcommed with Tryumphes ſuch as erſt in *France* vnſeene.
Iuſtes, Barriers, Tylts, and Turneyes were proclaym'd each wheare for (All:
Wherefore to *Paris* at the time flockt Marſielists full tall,
With Princes braue, and Ladies faire of euery Realme about,

And

And hence, with moe, *Charles Brandon*, in fine Chiualrie moſt ſtout,
Whoſe bodie fitted to his mind, whoſe minde was pueſant, and
Whoſe pueſance yeelded not to *Mars*, this *Mars* in *France* did land:
With whō incoūtred valiāt knights, but none might him withſtand.
The *Engliſh-French* Queene ſtanding theare, admir'd for beautie rare,
Behild the Tryumphs, in the which high Feates performed ware.
But *Brandon* (yet no Duke) he was the Knight aboue the reſt
That in her eye (nor did ſhe erre) acquited him the beſt.
For whether that he trots, or turnes, or bounds, his barded Steede,
Did runne at Tylt, at Random, or did caſt a Speare with heede,
Or fight at Barriers, he in all did moſt her fancie feede.
Weake on a Couch her King lay theare, whom though ſhe loued well,
Yeat likte ſhe *Brandon*, and the ſame lou'd her ere this befell:
For chaſtly had they fancied long before ſhe came to *Fraunce*,
Or that from meane eſtate to Duke the king did him aduaunce.

The dayes of Triumph weare expir'd, & *Engliſh* Peeres, with praiſe
Come home, and *Lewes* King of *France* decea'ſt within few daies.
Charles Brandon, Duke of *Suffolke* then, with honour furniſht hence,
Was ſent to *France* for to returne the widow Queene from thence:
Who had been wed ſcarce thrice three weekes vnto a ſickly King,
To her, a fayre young Queene, therefore ſmal time might ſolace bring.
Yet leſſe did time than braue Duke *Charles* aſſwage fair *Maries* griefe:
He chats, ſhe cheers, he courts, ſhe coyes, he wowes, ſhe yeelds in brife.
No winds (thought ſhe) aſſiſt thoſe Sayles that ſeeke no certain Shore,
Nor find they conſtant liues that but they liue reſpect no more:
Let each ones life ayme ſome one end: as, if it be to marrie,
Then ſee, heare, loue, and ſoone conclude, it betters not to tarrie.
To caſt too many doubts (thought ſhe) weare oft to erre no leſſe
Than to be raſh: And thus, no doubt, the gentle Queene did geſſe,
That ſeeing This or That at firſt or laſt had likelyhood,
A man ſo much a manly Man weare peeuiſhly withſtood:
Then Kiſſes reuel'd on their Lips to eithers equall good.
And, leaſt King *Henry* ſhould diſſent, they ſecretly did wead,

And

And then ſollicet his good will, and of their wiſhes ſpead. (ter,
The periur'd valiant *Scotch*-king *Iames*, ſlaine at braue *Flodons* Slaugh-
Had alſo left in widowhood *Englands* faire elder Daughter.
She alſo weds a *Scottiſh* Earle, vnlicenc'ſt of her Brother: (mother.
And was to her Sons Daughters Sonne, now ſixt *Iames*, great-Grand-

A Scruple, after twentie yeeres, did enter *Henries* mind,
For wedding of Queene *Katherin*, a Lady faire and kind,
Spaynes Daughter, then the Emperours Aunt, & for her vertuous life,
Well worthie *Henry*: But for ſhe had beene his Brothers Wife,
And alſo of their coiture ſurmiſe directed Lawes,
He ſeem'd in conſcience toucht, and ſought to rid him of the Cauſe.
Then was the matter of Deuorſe through Chriſtendome diſputed,
The Match of all adiudged voyd, and ſo the Queene non-ſuted.
She, after teares to him from whom ſhe was to be deuorſte,
Did humbly ſay: and am I not, my Lord, to be remorſt,
That twentie yeeres haue beene your Wife, & borne your Childrē, and
Haue lou'd and liu'd obediently, and vnſuſpected ſtand:
I am (ah too too ſweetly err'd) I was, poore Soule, the ſame
Whom once you did preferre, nor now of me you need to ſhame.
The bloſſomes of my beautie weare your Bootie, nor my fauour
Now alters ſo to alter ſo from me your late behauiour.
But Conſcience is the colour of this quarrell: well I wot,
I alſo haue a conſcience that in this accuſeth not:
But as the ſame, perhaps, may ſay that me ſucceedes ſay I,
That for the pleaſure of a Prince goe many things awry.
Which her Fore-doomes ſeem'd to effect in her that her ſucceeded,
In Queene *Anne Bullyn*: who, for ſhe in *Lutheriſme* proceeded,
Was hated of the *Papiſts*, and enui'd becauſe preferr'd, (err'd)
And through the Kings too light beleefe (for Kinges haue ſometimes
She loſt her head, and might haue ſaid (ſome thought) ere ſhe did dye,
That for the pleaſure of a Prince goe many things awry.
So dyde the gracious Mother of our now moſt glorious Queene,

Whoſe

Whoſe zeale in reuerent *Fox* his works autenticall is ſeene.
The Kings foure other Queenes (for why? he dide a *Sexamus*)
Shall paſſe, though *Iane* did beare a Sonne to him, a King to vs,
Edward the Sixt: and of the ſame we ſhall deliuer thus.

CHAP. XXXIX.



Vch as was *Loue* in Figure of *Aſcanius*, when the ſame
In kiſſes ſlie did ſhead himſelfe into the *Tyrian* Dame,
Or ſuch as was ſweete *Hyacint*, *Apollos* louely Boy,
Or *Iupiters Ganymædes*, rapt vp to heauen from *Troy*,
Or rather like yoong *Salomon*, in ſentencing betwixt
Two mothers claiming one-ſame Child, was yoong *Edward* the Sixt.
Now *Rome* fell ſicke in *England*, but how long ſhe lay in traunce
We liſt not write, alonly death to her did neuer chaunce.
For old *Rome* neuer lackt that durſt their liues for her beſtoe,
Nor new *Rome* that to Hell for her dare ſoules and bodies goe.
Then true Religion might be ſaid with vs in Primatiue,
The Preachers and the people both then practiuely did thriue.
Our decent Church-Rites, ſtill in print, ſcarce practiſe (worthy thoſe
Whoſe reuerrent heads collected them frō whence true wiſedō groes:
Not mangled then of Noueſſes and curious Doults, which now
Would haue they know not what, & would reforme they know not how,
Omitting or admitting as their owne Conceits allow)

Did

Did then put forth her Braunches,and were fruitfull in the bood.
And,were our Church-Lords now for zeale,as Church-lawes now
Soone might like vnion be, now by indifferencie withſtood (for good,
For giue to vulgar Heads the head,and looke for all confuſed,
At once they publiſh and repeale,all elſe,ſaue Order,vſed:
And as *Kytts* Campe ill-form'd good forme at their reforming Tree,
Sonnes oft by aime conſorting voice their Fathers hang'd ſhould be,
So,wheare the Multitude preuaile,they cenſure ere they ſee.
But (might I be ſo bould to ſpeake to them ſhould ſpeake to mee)
A good example would doe good in Church-men,ſeeing thay
In ſaying troth are leſſe beleeu'd,not doing as the ſay. (works,
Iknow our Church men know that Faith is dead where lacke good
Yeat know I not what pollicie in Almes vnpreached lurks.
Some teach (& well)that theſe concurre,but few doe vrge the Theame
Of charitie,affeard,perhaps.our Mote ſhould vrge their Beame.
But feare not,Fathers,preach at full Loue,good workes,& Remorſe,
More will your bad Examples let than ſhall your words inforce.
To preach by halfes is to be worſe than thoſe tongue-holly Iauels,
That cite good words,but ſhift off works and Diſcipline By Cauells.
Oft haue ye handled pithily(not preached without neede)
What good to giue,what hurt to take,frō thoſe that Soules do feede,
But ſo obſcurely hath beene blancht of good workes elſe-wheare done,
As many,boaſting onely Faith,faiths fruits ſelfe-aptly ſhonne.
When ſuch a faith is but the faith of that faith-fruitles Deuill
That cited Scripture vnto Chriſt,applying good to euill.
Tell whether that the *Leuite* or *Samaritane* did better:
Tell wherein *Dines* liu'd and dide to *Lazarus* a Debter:
Vnknot ſententious *Salomon* his Parable which is,
Full Cloudes will raine vpon the Earth: How thus is meant by this.
Rich mē by Cloudes,poore men by Earth(els Clerks expoūd amis)
Tell,how ſome Cloudes but miſell Rayne: that is,if ſo they giue
A peny Almes or twaine a yeare they thinke they much releeue.
Some Clouds flaſh down their Shewres,that is,ſom ſet vp two or three,

And

And begger ſo themſelues and theirs: ſay ſuch are fooliſh free.
Some Clouds haile downe their Raine, beat flat, hurt, & helpe not the
That is, vpbraid whō they releeue, & hold thē ſeruile bound. (ground:
Some Clouds giue Snow, that lights and lies a moyſture moyſtles: ſo
Doe thoſe that ſay, alas, God helpe, and nothing elſe beſtoe.
Some Cloudes doe ſhewre into the Seas: ſay ſuch do giue to ſuch
Whom Almes make idle, or belike to recompence as much.
Some Clouds with lightning, thunder, & lowd winds drip downe their
That is, giue ſildom almes, & thoſe proclaim'd & ſeen, ere taine. (raine:
Some Clouds retayne but forme of clouds, with figure black as Coale:
That is, looke bigge, Examine long, but *Scriptum eſt* their doale.
Som gracious Clouds ſhed temprate Shewres on thirſtie earth indeed:
That is, the Orphant, Widdow, Thrall, ſuccour, protect and feed.
Say alſo whatſoere we giue to whoſoere it bee,
Though giuen in ſight of men, if not becauſe that men ſhould ſee,
But with Deuotion, as a worke from Faith that cannot ſeuer,
God for ſuch cheerefull Almes will be our bounteous Almner euer.
Say, make not as it weare a Queſt of quere ere Yee giue,
But giue yee Almes as men be poore, not as poore men doe liue.
Prouided common Beggers nor diſordered Loſſels, who
Men know prouided for, or can but labour none will doe,
Then whom doe ſay (for ſo is ſooth) no Creatures worſe deſarue,
Take you no Orators for them, but that they hang or ſtarue.
And thus for this. Our Ouerture to it reduceth mee:
The Vncles of this Orphant King, ſo long as they agree,
Vphild Religion, King, themſelues, and Realme in happie ſtate:
Which then began to ruinate when they begun debate.

CHAP. XL.

SOme say their falling out was through two haughtie womens strife,
The *Admirals* Queene *Bigama*, and Lord Protectors Wife.
These (for what glory enuies not one woman in an other?)
Began a brawle that ended with the bloods of either Brother.
Tis thought the Earle of *Warwick* threw close fewell to this fire,
And nourisht it to cut of them, that so he might aspire:
For when the one had lost his head, he foorthwith tooke in hand
To forge the Lord Protector false vnto the King and Land:
Who though he, tryed by his Peeres, of treason was acquited,
Yeat also of a Statute new he being then indighted,
Was hardly found a Felon, and too stricktly sentenc'st so:
For meanest fault is high offence vrg'd of a mightie Foe.
The King thus lost his Vncles both, to his no little woe.

NOw *Warwick* was become a Duke, feared of high and lowe,
Full little thinking that himselfe the next to Blocke should goe
The two Prince-loyall *Semers* erst made let vnto his lust,
But now remained none whose faith or force he did mistrust,
The Orphant King fell sicke (but here suspend what some suspect)
The new Duke of *Northumberland* meane while did all direct.
It was contriu'd King *Edward* from his Sisters gaue the Crowne,
Their Fathers Former Act and Will, by wrested law, put downe:
The Sisters Daughters Daughter of Eight *Henry*, Lady *Iane*,
Was publisht heire apparant, and that right from *Mary* taine,

And

And from *Elizabeth* (though both by Lawe and birth preceed her)
And when by full Confedracie the Crowne-right was decreed her,
And *Gylford Dudly*, fourth-borne Sonne vnto *Northumberland*,
Had married her, and nothing ſeem'd the Plot-forme to withſtand,
King *Edward* (entred ſeauenteene yeeres of age, & ſeauen of Raigne)
Departed to that endles reſt his vertuous life did gaine.
The Councell then conuent: But who will thinke, perhaps, that one
Should alter All, to alter true Diſcents vnto a Throne?
Iane, *Suffolks* Daughter, *Gylfords* Wife (One worthie ſuch eſtate
For righteous and religious life, who neretheleſſe ſhould wate
Her Intreſt after others two, The yoonger of which twaine
Did match, yea Mate her vertues) was proclamed Queene to raigne,
And in the tower of *London* hild Eſtate and princely Traine.
Meane while ſtead *Mary*, doubting leſſe her Scepters loſſe than life:
But ſildome fayles a rightfull cauſe that comes to open ſtrife:
The Commons knew our either Law prefer'd a Siſters Right
Before a Coſens, and for it did many fadge to fight.
Northumberland with Armes purſu'd the Lady *Mary*, and
Obſeru'd directions from the Peeres: who when they vnderſtand
Of *Maries* ſtrength of flocking Friends, on ſudden came to pas
That they proclamed *Mary* Queene, and *Iane* her Priſner was:
And well was he, that late did ſeeme a Foe, might firſt ſalute
The Queene, and all vnto the Duke did their Amiſſe impute.
For, ſoothly, more the Peeres did feare than fauour him alway:
Who, though he ſeem'd as forward now in *Maries* cauſe as thay,
Yeat was he taken and in-tow'rd, and loſt his head for this:
A Warrior braue: But than his Sier, himſelfe, one Sonne of his,
Like Polititians ſeldome liu'de: who in three ſeuerall Raignes
Succeſſiuely did ſhew them ſuch, though loſſe did proue their gaines.

THe Duke thus dead, *Suffolke*, Lord *Gray*, Lord *Gylford*, Lady *Iane*,
Weare executed: But we blanch the reſt, excepting twaine,

That is, Lord *Gylford* and his wife, yong and leſſe worthy blame,
Beçauſe the Dukes their Fathers, all the Councell, all of name,
Yea and King *Edwards* Pattents ſeald for them, not they, did frame
What ſo was done in this, yeat they muſt periſh for the ſame.
Who higher then this Couple late? and who more wretched now?
Of more then much remayned nought, nor law did life allow.
Vnhappie Youths, not for they die, but for the mutuall greeſe.
Of him for her, of her for him, which tortur'd them in cheeſe.
Come was the day, the tragicke day, wherein they both ſhould die,
When Either, paſſing to their end, ech other did eſpie,
Shee in her lodging waiting death, prepared her that day,
And he in being lead thereto, her Lodging in his way.
Aſſending and diſſending Signes then fly and fall apace,
And each bemones the other more than mindes their priuate cace.
Their Eies, that looked Loue ere wile, now looke their laſt adew,
And ſtaine their faces, faultles ere this diſmall enter-vew:
Their Eares, earſt liſtning ioies, are deafe, vnles to ſighes profound:
Their tongs, earſt talking ioies, thoſe looks & ſighes did now cõfound
What parts ſoere of them had felt or taſted ioyes ere this,
Weare ſenceles now of any ioy, ſaue hope of heauenly blis.
Whilſt Either thus for Earthly Pompe no longer time did looke,
He paſſeth to the fatall Blocke, ſhe praying on her booke:
Whence (hauing made a godly end) he was return'd, whilſt Shee
Prepard for like, and of her Lord the ſenceles Trõnke did ſee.
A ſight more deathful than her death that ſhould conſort him ſtraite,
And for the which her feareles eies did euery moment waite.
She vnabaſhed, mounting now the Skaffold, theare attends
The fatall Stroke, and vnto God her better parte commends,
And as ſhe liu'd a vertuous life ſo vertuouſly ſhe ends.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLI.

Mitting Knights, three Dukes, three Lords, alſo
a Queene elect
Then periſht thus, and ſomewhat ſome of *Edwards* death ſuſpect:
All which fell out a Stratagem, in God his ſecret Dome,
That ſhould induce a Tragedie to *England* meant from *Rome*:
For when theſe mightie Potentates, through Ones Ambition, fell,
Queene *Mary* ſeem'd to ſhut vp Heauen, and ſet wide open Hell.
Whence ſwarmed Papiſh Tyrants, that falſe doctrine did erect,
Whilſt that ſeduced *Mary* did Gods threatned cauſe neglect.
Blameleſſe ſhe was not, for a Crowne that could her Foes ore-goe:
Nor all too blame, for mightie States do and haue erred ſo,
To whom the Scriptures weare obſcured by Chriſts *Italian* Foe.
Her courage was not common, yeat abuſed ouer much
By Papiſts cheefly, She her ſelfe too naturally ſuch.
Heere hence ſhe is reprooued of a moſt tyrannous Raigne.
And of a thriftles Mariage with the truſtles King of *Spaine*.
But when rich *Brabants* ſupreame Faire, the Bakers daughter, ſtaide
The King in dalliance, and the Queene had newes that falſe he plaide,
Tis thought his tarriance greeu'd, & told that one ſhould counſell this:
Haue patience, Madam, ſo it was was and will be as it is:
Fourth, *Edward* did the like, yeat lou'd his Queene no whit the leſſe,
Nor did the like vnpatient her, that knew him to tranſgreſſe
As guiltie of a Leaſh of Loues, *Shores* wife and other twaine:
She knew as Streams, if ſtopt, ſurrownd ſo Kings will ſhew they raigne:

As did our ſecond *Henry*, whom his Queene oft croſt in vaine.
Which, and one other Story, if it pleaſe you that I tell,
I ſhall: Yea doe (quoth ſhe:) Then thus (qnoth he) it once befell.

NOt knowen of *Roſamund*, his eie had ſtoed her in his heart:
Faire Maide, quoth he, beleeue me faire and all ſo faire thou art
That, weare I *Henry Englands* King, thou ſhouldſt be *Engl*ãds Queene:
But ſo muſt faile, for *Elenour* already is betweene.
He bod me buy thy loue, if ſo it might be bought with Golde,
If not, he bod me ſweare he loues: in faith he loues, be bolde:
He bod me aske, if ſo he came, what ſhould his welcome be,
And if, perhaps, he lated weare it he ſhould lodge with thee,
Proteſting ſecreaſie thereof to all, vnleſſe to me:
With promiſe to performe at full each promiſe as I make it:
I promiſe Loue, Wealth, Secreſie, then promiſe thou to take it.
Content you Sir (quoth *Roſamund*) you aime your markes amis:
I am not for his Highnes, nor for me his Highnes is.
And ſhould he know (I ſhame he ſhould) of this your Brokage bace,
He would acquaint you what it weare your Soueraigne to diſgrace.
Whoſo you be, be ſtill the ſame, or better if you may,
Thinke not Lord *Cliffords* daughter will vnmaiden her for pay,
But know, if *Henries* ſelfe were heere, himſelfe ſhould haue a nay.
Then know (quoth he) which being knowen, well maiſt thou know I
I am the King, and for I am the rather let it moone thee. (loue thee,
In ſooth, ſweete Wench, thou ſaieſt nay thou knoweſt not whereto:
For, weare my wiſh at worke, leſſe good my wiſh than worke would do.
What, fearſt thou ſhame? no ſhame to be beloued of a King:
Or dread'ſt thou ſinne? The Pope for pay abſolueth euery thing:
Or doubt'ſt thou iealous *Elenour*? I will remoone that doubt:
At *Woodſtocke* ſhall ſhe finde thy bower, but neuer finde thee out.
Theare ſhalt thou paſſe a pleaſant life, commanding me and mine:
Then loue, beloued *Roſamund*, a King ſubiects him thine.
He kiſt, She bluſht, and long it was ere loue from her he wroung,

For,

For, whilſt it played in her heart, it pauſed on her toung.
Not *Sibils* Caue at *Cuma*, nor the *Labyrinth* in *Creat*,
Was like the Bower of *Roſamund*, for intricate and great.
The Pellicane theare neaſts his Bird, and ſporteth oft with her,
Conducted by a Clew of thread, els could he not but err.
Beſides her Maydes, a Knight of truſt attended on her theare,
Who ſuffred for her Beautie, long concealing it for feare.
At length at full and formally he courted her for grace,
But all in vaine, nought booted him to haue both time and place:
Henry, quoth ſhe, begonne and he ſhall end my thoughts vnchaſt.
Nor peach't ſhe him, nor he, diſmiſt, did hold himſelfe diſgrac'ſt.
The Kings three Sonnes had notice of their Fathers Leiman now,
So had the Queene, and they of ſuch coriuing diſallow.
Came I from *France Queene* Dowager, quoth ſhe, to pay ſo deere
For bringing him ſo great a wealth as to be Cuckqueand heere?
Am I ſo old a woman, he ſo young a wanton growen,
As that I may not pleaſe, that pleas'd, and ſtill might with his owen?
What is the Drab, or tempting Diuell? or wherefore doteth he?
The *French* King once, himſelfe euen now for faire preferred me.
And hath he toyled vp his Game? and ſettles he to loue her?
Nor Heauen nor hell ſhall croſſe my courſe but that I will remoue her.
Like *Phrogne*, ſeeking *Philomel*, ſhe ſeeketh for and found
The Bower that lodg'd her Husbands Loue, built partly vnder ground.
She entred, but ſo intricate weare Turnings to and fro,
That welneere ſhe had loſt herſelfe, but could not finde her Foe:
Yeat out ſhe got, and backe ſhe goes with her Attendants, who
Admire their furious Miſtreſſe; and miſlike what ſhe would doe.
With her Confederates oft ſhe went, preuented of her will,
Howbeit laſtly did preuaile: For-hap did hit ſo ill,
That whilſt the Knight did iſſue out, ſuſpecting no aſſaut,
He was aſſailed, and from him his giding Clew they caught:
So wonne they vnto *Roſamund*. Whom when the Queene did vew,
Moſt brauely clad in rich Attire (her ſelfe more rich of hew)

The beautie and the braueneſe of the Perſon and the place
Amazed her and hers, who ſtoode at gaze a certaine ſpace.
No maruell, quoth the Queene, that oft the Court did mis the King,
Soone ſuch an *Hebe* hither ſuch a *Iupiter* might bring.
Now, truſt me, weare ſhe not a Whoore, or anies Whoore but his,
She ſhould be pardon'd: But in faith I muſt not pardon this.
A Queane coriuall with a Queene? Nay kept at Racke & Manger?
A Husband to his honeſt bed through her become a Stranger?
A bide who liſt, abye ſhe ſhall, how ſo I buy the daunger.

Faire *Roſamund* ſurpriſed thus, eare thus ſhe did ſuſpect,
Fell on her humble knees, and did her fearefull hands erect.
She bluſh't out beauty, whilſt the teares did waſh her pleaſing face,
And begged Pardon, meriting no leſſe of common grace.
So farſoorth as it lay in me I did, quoth ſhe, withſtand,
But what may not ſo great a King by meanes or force command?
And daerſt thou Minion, quoth the Queene, thus article to me,
That then wert *Non-plus* when the King commenced Luſt to thee.
Nay, beſt he take thee to the Court, Be thou his Queene, do call
Me to attendance, if his Luſt may ſtand for Law in all.
I know it Strumpet, ſo harps he, and thou doeſt hope the ſame:
But lo I liue, and liue I will, at leaſt to marre that game.
With that ſhe daſht her on the Lippes, ſo dyed double red:
Hard was the heart that gaue the blow, ſoft were thoſe lips that bled.
Then forc't ſhe her to ſwallow downe (prepar'd for that intent)
A poiſned Potion: which diſpatch, to whence they came they went.

The wronged Wench, the Quinteſſence of Beautie, and the ſame
(Saue that intiſed of a King) ſtood free from all defame,
Did forthwith ſicken, ſo that helpe for her might none be found,
When to the Knight that garded her, then greeued of a wound,
She ſaid: Weare it that *Henry* knew his *Roſamund* weare thus,
No waightie buſines might withhold but he would viſit vs.
Full well I lou'd and loue him ſtill, that ſhould not loue him ſo,
And for I ſhould not worthely I labour of this woe.

Ah, Beauty thou betraies thy ſelfe to euery amorous Eie,
To trap thy proud Poſſeſſors what is it but Wantons trie?
Wheare-through it ſeldome haps the Faire from meant deciets to flie
At leaſt the niceſt Faire aliue ſhall vaniſh once as I.
Vaine Beauty ſtoupe to Vertue, for this latter is for euer,
Whereas that former altereth with euery Ayre and Feuer.
I pray the Queene of Pardon, whom I pardon from my hart:
Fare well my preſent Friends: But thou, ſweet King, wheare ſo thou art,
Ten Thouſand times farewell to thee: My God, whome I offended,
Vouch ſafe me Mercy: Saying which, her life ſhe ſweetly ended.
So died faire *Roſe* (no longer Roſe, nor faire, in ſent, or ſight)
Whome penſiue *Henry* did inter, and ſoone her wrong did right.
The Queene impriſon'd, and his Sonnes, rebelling, put to flight.
Thus wrought they ſorrowes to thēſelues in wreaking of their ſpight,
Nor lou'd the King thenceforth the Queene, or left to err anew.
Now reſts our other promis'd Tale, a common Tale (if true)
Like leſſe had harmed *Elenour*, and more may profite you:
Be bitter and it betters not, be patient and ſubdue.
King *Phillip* is not gone but to returne, which when he ſhall
Your Maieſtie muſt not exclaime if ſo you would recall.
Impatience chaungeth ſmoke to flame, but Ielouſie is Hell:
Some wiues, by Patience, haue reduc't ill husbands to liue well,
As did this Lady of an Earle, of whome I now ſhall tell.

CHAP. XLII.

AN Earle (quoth he) had wedded, lou'd, was lou'd, and liued long
Full true to his fayre Counteſſe, yeat at laſt he did her wrong.
Once hunted he, vntill the Chace, long faſting, and the heate
Did houſe him in a peakiſh Graunge within a Forreſt greate.

Wheare,

Wheare, Knowne, & welcom'd(as the place & perſons might afforde)
Browne bread,whig,bacon, curds, & milke were ſet him on the Borde,
A Cuſhion made of Liſts, a Stoole halfe backed with a houpe
Weare brought him, & he ſitteth down beſides a ſorry Coupe (Perry,
The poore old Couple wiſh't their bread were wheat, their whig were
Their bacō beefe,their milke & curds were creame to make him merry.
Meane while(in Ruſſet neatly clad,with linnen white as Swanne,
Her ſelfe more white,ſaue roſie wheare the rudy colour ranne,
Whom naked Nature,not the Aydes of Arte,made to excell)
The Good mans Daughter ſterres to ſee that all weare feat and well.
The Earle did marke her,and admire ſuch Beautie there to dwell.
Yeat fals he to their homely fare,and hild him at a feaſt:
But as his hunger ſlacked ſo an amorous heat increaſt,
When this repaſt was paſt,and thanks,and welcome too,he ſayd
Vnto his Oſte and Oſteſſe,in the hearing of the Mayd,
Yee know(quoth he)that I am Lord of this and many Townes,
I alſo know that you be poore,and I can ſpare you pownes,
So will I,ſo yee will conſent that yonder Laſſe and I
May bargaine for her Loue,at leaſt doe giue me leaue to try:
Who needs to know it?Nay who dares into my doings pry?
Firſt they miſlike,yeat at the length for lucar were miſſead,
And then the gameſome Earle did wowe the Damſell for his bead.
He tooke her in his armes,as yet ſo coyiſh to be kiſt
As Mayds that know themſelues belou'd and yeeldingly reſiſt.
In fewe,his offers were ſo large ſhe laſtly did conſent,
With whom he lodged all that night,and early home he went.
He tooke occaſion oftentimes in ſuch a ſort to hunt,
Whom when his Lady often myſt,contrary to his wont,
And laſtly was informed of his amorous haunt elſewheare,
It greeu'd her not a little,though ſhe ſeem'd it well to beare.
And thus ſhe reaſons with her ſelfe: Some fault perhaps in me,
Some what is done that ſo he doth, Alas,what may it be?
How may I winne him to my ſelfe? He is a Man, and men

Haue

Haue imperfections: It behooues me pardon Nature then.
To checke him weare to make him checke, although hee now weare
A man controuled of his Wife to her makes leſſer haſte. (cha'ſte:
If dutie then or daliance may preuayle to alter him,
I will be dutifull, and make my ſelfe for daliance trim.
So was ſhe, and ſo louingly did entertaine her Lord,
As fairer or more faultles none could be for Bed or Bord.
Yeat ſtill he Loues his Leiman, and did ſtill purſue that game,
Suſpecting nothing leſſe then that his Lady knew the ſame:
Wherefore, to make him know ſhe knew, ſhe this deuiſe did frame.

When long ſhe had been wrong'd, & ſought the foreſaid meanes in
She rideth to the ſimple Graunge but with a ſlender traine: (vaine,
She lighteth, entreth, greets them well, and then did looke about her:
The guiltie houſhold, knowing her, did wiſh themſelues without her,
Yeat, for ſhe looked merily, the leſſe they did miſdoubt her.
When ſhe had ſeen the beautious Wench (thē bluſhing fairnes fairer)
Such Beauty made the Counteſſe hold them both excuſ'd the rather.
Who would not bite at ſuch a Bait? (thought ſhe) & who (though loth)
So poore a Wench, but gold might tempt? ſweet errors lead thē both:
Scarſe one of twentie that hath brag'd of proffer'd Gold denied:
Or of ſuch yeelding Beautie baulkt but (tenne to one) hath lied.
Thus thought ſhe. And ſhe thus declares her cauſe of cōming thether:
My Lord, oft hunting in theſe Parres, through trauell, night, or wether,
Hath often lodged in your Houſe, I thanke you for the ſame,
For why? it doth him iolly eaſe to lie ſo neere his Game:
But for you haue not furniture, beſeeming ſuch a Gueſt,
I bring his owne, and come my ſelfe to ſee his lodging dreſt. (braue,
With that two Sumpters were diſcharg'd, in which were Hangings
Silke Couerings, Curtens, Carpets, Plate, & al ſuch turn ſhould haue.
When all was hanſomly diſpos'd, She prayes them to haue caer
That nothing hap in their default that might his health impaer:
And, Damſell, quoth ſhe, (for it ſeemes this houſhold is but three,
And for thy Parents age that this ſhall chiefely reſt on thee)

Doe

Doe me that good,elſe would to God he hither come no more.
So tooke ſhe horſe,and ere ſhe went beſtowed gould good ſtore.
Full little thought the Countie that his Counteſſe had done ſo,
Who,now return'd from farre affaires,did to his ſweet-Heart go.
No ſooner ſet he foote within the late deformed Cote,
But that the formall change of things his wondring Eies did Note.
But when he knew thoſe goods to be his proper goods (though late,
Scarce taking leaue) he home returnes the Matter to debate.
The Counteſſe was a bed,and he with her his lodging tooke:
Sir,welcome home (quoth ſhe) this Night for you I did not looke.
Then did he queſtion her of ſuch his Stuffe beſtowed ſo.
Forſooth (quoth ſhe)becauſe I did your Loue and Lodging knoe,
Your Loue to be a proper Wench,your Lodging nothing leſſe,
I hild it for your health the houſe more decently to dreſſe.
Well wot I,notwithſtanding her,your Lordſhip loueth me,
And greater hope to hold you ſuch by queat then brawles I ſee:
Then for my duetie,your delight,and to retaine your fauour,
All done I did, and patiently expect your wonted Hauour.
Her Patience,Witte,& Aunſwere wrought his gentle teares to fall,
When (kiſſing her a ſcore of times) Amend,ſweete wife,I ſhall
He ſaid,and did it: And your Grace may *Phillip* ſo recall.
But he (whoſo he was) that thus had dubled Tales to ceaſe
Queene *Maries* griefe,for *Phillips* guile,as well had hild his peace.
Her no perſwading might diſſwade from penſiuenes of hart,
Vntill that his Vnkindneſſe in her Deaths-Scene acts it part.
But howſoere or whatſoere her cauſe of death might ſeeme,
Her death did many a good mans life ſtom Tyrannie redeeme,
For,as in Paſſion,ſo was ſhe in Papiſtrie extreeme.
Ill might it therefore boode at her to make our Holly-day.
Of ſomewhat ſaid and ſomewhat ſcapt then thus much by the way.

CHAP. XLIIII.

BEfore we toucht (and little els) what Courſes
hapt at home,
But now, in few, at forren Acts of Natiue Kings
we rome:
Of *Britiſh* and of *Engliſh* Kings, more famous
than the reſt,
This ſparing Catalogue enſewes, whoſe deedes
we thus digeſt.

ÆNeas Off-ſpring, famous *Brute*, did ſet from *Greekiſh* thrall
Sixe thouſand *Phrygian* Knights: by him did *Guyan Guffer* fall:
He conqering this Ile, his Name vnto his Conqueſt gaue,
And of his *Corniſh Cambries* men couragious yet we haue.
**Yorkes* Builder, *Ebranke*, that ſubdu'd the *Cimbrians* and the *Gawles*,
And built the beſt of *Scottiſh* Townes, and next in our number fals.
*When *Brennus* and *Belynus* had Eight ſpacious Kingdomes wonne,
Had ſlaine two Conſuls, ſacked *Rome*, and matchles Armes had done,
And built ten Cities, better feird in *Italy* this day,
Thoſe Kingly Brothers, as muſt all, their debt to Nature pay.
**Gurguintus* ſlew the *Dacian* King, wonne Tribute, and the ſame
Gaue *Spaniſh* Exiles *Ireland*, whence our *Scottiſh* Nation came.
**Caſſibelane* did twice beate backe from *Britiſh* Seas and Shore
The worthie *Cæſar*, that but then was victor euermore:
And thirdly had preuailed but for *Luds* reuolted Sonne,
When as braue *Nennius* hand to hand of *Cæſar* honor wonne.
**Guydar* and *Aruiragus* wonne of *Claudius Cæſar* ſpoyle:
The former in a ſecond Field did ſtout *Vaſpaſian* foyle.
*When as the wandring *Scots* and *Picths* King *Marius* had ſubdude,

He

He gaue the Liuers dwellings, leſſe than where they ſince intru'de.
* *Conſtantius*, wedding *Coyls* heyre, was Monarke of the Weſt,
Who, with this Ilands Scepter, of *Romes* Empire was poſſeſt.
* Great *Conſtantine*, that worthely a Worthie might be ſaid,
The *Brittiſh Romaine* Emperour, throughout the worl'd obayd,
He made his Siege *Bizantium*, that retaines his name ere ſince,
And made (but ſo vnwitting marde) the Prieſt of Rome a Prince.
* *Maximian* as Emperiall and as valerous as any,
With *Brittiſh* armour did ſubdue both Kings and Kingdomes many.
* What ſpeake we of great *Arthur*, of his Chiualrie or Court?
Precelling all, ſole Preſident of vertue prow's and port,
A King of many Kings, his Knights in all Exploits were ſeene,
He was in deede a Worthie, and the Worthieſt of the Neene.
* Fiue Crownes King *Malgo* prized. * And in Battells fiftie fiue
Againſt the *Miſcreants* valiantly did King *Alured* thriue:
Rollo (whoſe Seede ſhould conquer vs) he hence did brauely beate:
That, mauger *Fraunce*, in *Normandie* his *Scythian* Troopes did ſeate.
* He that re-monarchiz'd our Ile King *Athelſtone* did ſlay
Sixe Kings, twelue Dukes, and countleſſe tale of Heathen in one day:
The one of Nyne, his Knight Sir *Guy*, we toucht but by the way.
Omitting other Kings and Knights, too long in few to ſay,
Of *Brittiſh* race and many, and of *Saxon* Princes ſome,
Whoſe blood by *Normaine* Mixture now is tripartite become.
Or (For, perhaps, from ſuch Conſort the *Brutes* ſeruice will be)
Three blended bloods of Nations three hath giuen vs Natures three,
The *Saxon* proweſſe, *Daniſh* pompe, and *Normaine* Pollicee:
And of the *Romanes* and the *Picths* we are no portion ſmall:
Foure of which Nations *Scythia* bred, we thriuing in them all.

* KIng *William*, *Englands* Conquerour, from *Rolla* ſixt, with pray
Of twice fiue hundred Townes in *Fraunce* vn-ſo-met ſayld away.
* *Henry* the ſecond, vpon whom the *Scotch*-King tendant was,
(Which *Scots* their often ouerthrowes we henceforth ouerpaſſe,

Who

Who to our Kings, Lords Parramounts, not warres but vprores bring)
Spoylde *France*, wonne *Ireland*, and deceaſt of *Iuda* choſen King.
*Next Lyon-harted *Richard* he wonne *Cyprus*, *Syria*, and
Ieruſalem, debelling quite the Sowldan from his Land:
He skalde the ſtrong *AEgyptian* Oſte, and king'd his Siſters ſonne,
And plagued *Fraunce* and *Auſtrich* for the wrongs they had him don.
*Firſt *Edward* made the *Turkes*, *Sauoies* the *French*, & *Flemings* trēble.
*The third ſo nam'd to them and moe did *Mars* himſelfe reſemble:
Whoſe Knights, in 2. *Richards* dayes, ſo tickeld *France*, and *Spaine*,
And parts *Lugdinian*, that no King but *Richard* ſeem'd to raine:
Ten thouſand were his houſhold: *Scotch* digeſts we here diſdayne.
*The fourth and *fifth of *Henries* were as actious as the reſt:
Eſpecially the latter was the formoſt with the beſt.
*Nor yeat Fourth *Edwards* honor from his Anceſtors digreſt.
On theſe doo vulgar Eares and Eyes ſo brimly waite and gaze,
As they diſtaske our priuate Penne notorious Laudes to blaze.
Our Catalogue omitteth ſome for Artes and Iuſtice good,
Some natur'de well, aduiſed ill, ſome worthie *Læthe* flood.
Not one fore-cited but deſerues at leaſt an *Homers* Muſe,
Although with *Agamemnons* Vaile *Apelles* ſhift I vſe:
But colours to that Painter, Art vnto that Poet none
So good, to paint and prayſe at ful our following Crowns, ſaue one,
Since *Tuders* Seede, *Henry* the Seauenth, ariued *Englands* Throne.

NOr ſuperſtitiouſly I ſpeake, but *H.* the letter ſtill
Might be obſerued ominous to *Englands* good or ill.
Firſt, *Hercules*, *Heſione*, and *Hellen* were the cauſe
Of warre to *Troy*, *AEneas* Seede becomming ſo Out-lawes.
Humbar the *Hunn* with forren Armes did firſt the *Brutes* inuaide.
Hellen to *Romes* Emperiall Throne the *Britiſh* Crowne conuaide.
Hengeſt and *Horſus* firſt did plant the *Saxons* in this Ile.
Hungar and *Hubba* firſt brought *Danes* that ſwayed heere long while.

At *Harold* had the *Saxon* ende: at *Hardiknought*, the *Dane*,
Henries the first and second did restore the *English* Raine.
Fourth *Henrie* first to *Lancaster* did *Englands* Crowne obtaine.
Seauenth *Henrie* iarring *Lancaster* and *Yorke* vnites in peace.
Henrie the Eight did happely *Romes* Irreligion cease:
The Father of our Mother Nurse, our common Ioyes increase.
Which double *H.* and *H. H.* here our homely Poemes Lee,
He saue that salueth all our sinnes: And, God, voutsafe thou me
A prosperous Course in sayling through the *Ocean* deepe and large
Of her now-Highnes Scepter, for I heere assume that Charge.

THE

THE NINTH BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XLIIII.

AVert your eies and eares, all yee, that enuy her the fame
Of more renowmed Regment, than our fluent Thoughts can name.
Yea that conceit ſuch Poemes as more learned not conceaue,
Reade not the reſt, but ſilently euen at this line doe leaue.
Ridled Poeſies, and thoſe ſignificantly flowe,
Differ in eares as doe in mouths the Apricock and Slowe.
Phiſitians bylles not Patients but Apothecaries know:
Some moderne Poets with themſelues be hardly inward ſo,
Not intellectiuely to write is learnedly they troe:
Whereby they hit Capacities, as blind-man hits the Croe.
Nor Thoſe, nor Theſe, feare thou, my Muſe, but mildly ſing the prayes
Of theſe our preſent times, leſſe groſſe than thoſe of elder daies.
Our world hath made it courſe, that as the Moone doth wax & waine,
From gold to ſiluer, then to iron, and now to golde againe.
Of whoſe faire-cured Leaproſie from former twaine to golde,
(For in a Quinteſſence was all eare Gods worlds-curſe of olde)
The vndeluding Alcumiſt is that *Elizabeth*,
Whom *Engliſh*, yea and *Alenes*, hold a Goddeſſe on the Earth.
Elizabeth by Peace, by warre, for Maieſtie, for Milde,

Inriched,feared,honor'd,Lou'd,at wel-meant Toyes that ſmilde.
Let then *Mnemoſines* controule(as well they may)our Muſe,
We ſhall her grace wheare we tranſgreſſe for Superſedias vſe.
Phœbus thine humbled *Phaeton* this ſecond boone doth aske,
That thou wouldſt giue,and ioyntly guide,to,& with me,thy Taske:
Infuſe *Apollo* too into thy ſelfe,thy ſelfe in me,
Yeat then our mightie Subiect threats will much omiſſion be,
But what implore I Fictions,that I well imploye my penne,
Eternall God,ſay thou (which thou all-only canſt) Amen,

When *Iupiter* and *Arcas* yong (the Sier,and Sonne) had cloſ'de *Saturnus* in *Italian* Hell,not to be baylde ſuppoſ'de,
Then *Proſerpin*, blacke *Dis* his wife,inlargd the Wrangler thence,
To vex her Siſter,croſſe her Siers and Brothers fownd pretence.
Then ſhe, euen ſhe whom *Cynthia* ſome,and ſome doe *Pallas* call,
(Yt skils not whether,Eithers lawdes doe aptly her befall)
By *Saturne*,*Dis*,and *Proſerpin*,giltles moleſted longe,
Vnto the God yclip't,*I-Am*,thus motioneth her wronge.
O Mightieſt Mightie,that of nought createdſt all that is,
And gauſte to Man (thy nobleſt Worke) himſelfe and all for his,
And,ſaue Obedience,didſt impoſe on him no other Fine,
And,diſobaying,didſt redeeme his Loſſe with deereſt Thyne,
Which ſelfeſame Thyne,and ſtill ſame-Oures,I alſo interceſſe,
For thee profeſſing being wrong'd,at length to haue redreſſe.
Scarce this was ſaid when thus enſewed,the Three were rapted hence:
Saturne and *Dis* confinde their Hells: *Proſerpin* her offence
(Growen through Miſ-Guides,Venial perhaps)we cēſure in ſuſpence,
And faire,lou'd,feard,*Elizabeth* here Goddiz'd euer ſence.

FOr me to wreſt from *Hercules* his Club as eaſie weare,
As in the *Ocean* of her fame,with choyſeſt ſayles,to beare
That fraight that with the *Indiã* wealth may more then much cōpare.
Yeat how th'*Italian* Feends did freat and hetherto inuaye
Againſt thy glory,gracious Sainct,were ouerlong to ſaye.

But

But he that of a Priſnor thee ſo great a Prince did frame,
Thy louing, and beloued God, to thee is ſtill the ſame.
King *Phillips*-ſelfe (ſo doting on his Pope-created Crewe,
That, he it ſuffring, his owne Sonne and heire thoſe Locuſts ſlewe,
Becauſe they feared he would proue vnto the Goſpell trewe,)
Euen *Phillip*, once that raked hell for raſcall brybed Skomes
To ridde thee hence (indignities that badly ſuch becomes)
Once had thee, then not hauing power to doe thee any harme:
It is the worke of God (let *Rome* vncurſſe, let *Spaine* vn-arme)
That thou art Queene, to plant his word, when we could hope it leaſt,
When Ours & all the Kings had caſt their Crownes before the beaſt,
When greedely the Prieſts of *Baal* did for thy ruine gape,
Thou didſt, vnharmde, the Lyons denne and firie Ouen eſcape:
Euen then when Tryumphs were in hand, bels ronge, & bonfires made,
Becauſe Queene *Mary* of a ſonne deliuered was ſaid,
Euen then, I ſay, God mortifide that womb, to bring to paſſe
That vnto thee, his Queene-elect, no Iſſue letting was:
That ſoone Religion and our Realme might welcome wiſhed peace:
Maieſt thon, the Cauſe thereof, ſuruiue long after my deceaſe.
But if it be his will, to whom are all Euents fore-knowne,
That Papiſtrie ſhall in our Land againe erect her Throne,
Let *Spaniards*, or what Tyrants els, be Maſters here, ſo thay
Take alſo with our Land our Liues, and rid vs out the way.
For not they onely die, but die in lingring Torments, who
Fault to their Inquiſition, or their falſed Rytes muſt doe:
Then better Bodies periſh than ſhould ſoules miſcarrie too.
Of neither which hath *Rome* or *Spaine* remorſe, but thruſting Sway,
Regard not whom, by whom, or how, they treacherouſly betray:
How oft haue they, the reſt ore-paſt, ſuborn'd our Queenes decay:
By wars, wiles, witchcrafts, daggers, dags, Pope, poyſon, & what not?
To her haue they attempted death, for liewe the Traytors lot:
Vouchſafe, O God, thoſe loues of thine be neuermore forgot,
Was neuer any thryued yet that threatned her amis:

For of anoynted Princes God ſole Iudge and Rector is.
And if Examples might preuaile, then Traytors might perceaue,
They periſh in their purpoſe, or but Spyders webbes do weaue.
And here occaſion apteth that we catalogue awhile,
And vnto *Engliſh* Dukes, from firſt to laſt, addreſſe our Style.
Though numbers greater, and as great of power, did pride begyle,
Yeat in this one degree obſerue what headding and exile:
If then ſuch Mighties felt Gods frowne, ſhal Meaners hope his ſmile?

CHAP. XLV.

EDward, ſurnam'd the blacke Prince, and third *Edwards* eldeſt ſonne,
Third *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolke*, This did ende, and that begonne,
From *Normaine Williams* Conqueſt heere of Dukes the Title hie:
Of fortie ſeuen, but twentie two a naturall death did die.

Edward the Duke of *Yorke*, that lead fifth *Henries* Vaward Knightly,
Then ſlaine at *Agencourt* with fame, we ouerpaſſe him lightly:
Nor *Humfrey* Duke of *Gloceſter* heere catalogue we rightly:
Nor *William* Duke of *Suffolke*, who, exilde, on ſeas was met,
And, hated, headded, howbeit ſixt *Henries* Fauoret:
Nor *Edmund* Duke of *Somerſet*, that *Henries* loued Peere:
Nor *Humfrey* Duke of *Buckingham*, to that ſame King as deere:
Nor ſweet yong *Richard*, Duke of *Yorke*, of *Gloſters* kyn too neere:
We alſo two *Plantagenets*, both Dukes of *Clarence* cleere,
Of which was *Thomas* ſlaine in *France*, *George* drownd in Malmſie heere:
For though theſe Eight remembred Dukes deceaſt not in their beads,
Yeat none of theſe had traytrous hearts that forfeited their heads,
Howbeit, otherwiſe, of theſe weare ſome that erred ſo,

That

That, ſtomack't for ſuch Errors, ends to them vntimely groe.
Nor was the Duke of *Ireland*, *Vere*, in ſecond *Richards* time
A Traytor, but a Paraſite, which proude no leſſe a crime:
He as ambitious, as he was enuious, and enuied,
Was baniſht by the Nobles, and in baniſhment he died.
Mowbreie of *Norffolke* (right or wrong) by foreſaid *Richard* was
Exiled, and in *Italy* did hence to nature pas.
When ſecond *Richard* was depoſde, and *Henry* wore the Crowne,
Two *Hollands*, to reſtore the one and put the other downe,
Conſpiring, weare detected, and at *Cerceſter* they both,
Of *Exceſter* and *Surrey* Dukes, found death in Vulgar wroth.
Richard Plantagenet, the Duke of *Yorke*, fourth *Edwards* father,
Sought to depoſe ſixt *Henrie*, and was heard therein the rather,
For that to him by law-Deſcent the Scepter did acrew,
But they compound, howbeit warres were reard, and him they ſlew.
John Holland, Duke of *Exceſter*, fourth *Edwards* ſentence ſtead,
And was long after in the ſea ſuſpitiouſly found dead.
Then *Henry*, Duke of *Somerſet*, rebelling loſt his head.
Of *Edmund*, Duke of *Somerſes*, the like is alſo reade.
So *Henrie*, Duke of *Buckingham*, third *Richards* friend-foe ſpeade.
And that tyrannous *Richard*, Duke of *Gloceſter*, his Raigne
Vſurped was ſuppreſſed, he for blood, payd blood againe.
John, Duke of *Norffolke*, fought, and fell at *Boſworth* field. His ſonne
Duke *Thomas*, in Eight *Henries* daies, did heading hardly ſhonne,
Adiudg'd perpetuall Durance, in Queene *Maries* raigne vndonne.
Wolſey, that ſlye, officious, and too Lordly Cardnall, wrought
(Who could & would effect his wil) that to the blocke was brought,
Eight *Henrie* raigning, *Edward* Duke of *Buckingham*, whoſe end
That Prelate ioyde, the people moend, becauſe his foe, their friend.
Seimer, the Duke of *Somerſet*, enuied more than reaſon,
By one that came the next to Blocke, though mightie at that ſeaſon,
Sixt *Edward* in Minoritie, dide, quit although of treaſon.
No ſooner *Marie* got the crowne, more likly to be gon,

But *Iohn*, Duke of *Northumberland*, beheaded was anone,
Who wrought to set the Diademe *Iane Dudlies* head vpon.
Her Father *Henry Gray*, the Duke of *Suffolke* was also
A friend vnto that Faction, and the *Spanish* Woers foe,
But by that act he lost his head, as did a many moe.
In blessed Queene *Elizabeth* her happy Raigne of peace,
The Tragedies and Tytles too of *English* Dukes did cease,
Which *Thomas*, Duke of *Norffolke*, last Tragedian did increase.
All these weare mightie in their times, yeat being Mal-contents,
Both they, and hundreds powerfull Peeres for like found like Euents.
Howbeit of the common-wealth none worser did deserue,
Than such as flattred Princes faults, who faulting, all did swarue.
Which, in their Pollicie, the States of Hell did then fore-see,
When as they ioyned others Aydes vnto the *Furies* three,
Narcissus Shadowe, and the Voice of *Eccho*: than which twaine,
How fabulous so-ere it seeme, nought hath or more doth baine:
Wherefore to such as know them not we either thus explaine.

CHAP. XLVI.

WHeare *Cadmus*, old *Agenors* sonne, did rest and plant his Raigne,
Narcissus (of his Of-spring) theare for beautie fame did gaine.
His Mother was *Lyriope*, faire *Theses* fairer Daughter,
Whome cheefest as the choisest wowde, and braue *Cephisus* caught her.
Bœotia was the fertile Realme, *Parnassus* Plaine the place
Whear this admired Youth was borne, this Lasse-Lad forme and face.

No

No Nymph ſo faire but wiſht him hers, howbeit all in vaine:
His ſelfe-loue wrought his ſelfe-loſſe, & his beauty prou'd his baine,
Who, proud of Natures plentie, hild all others in diſdaine:
Till God, who had created Man the faireſt Creature,
(Howbeit but a ſhadow of his proper Feature,
More differing far than Sun-ſhine frō the Suns ſelfe-ſubſtance pure)
Narciſſus ouer-ſcornfull pride not longer would indure,
But frō his forme, that pleas'd him moſt, his plague did thus procure.
As this ſame fond ſelfe-pleaſing Youth ſtood at a Fountaynes brym,
And proudly ſees his ſhadow theare, admiring euery lym,
Eccho, an amiable Nymph (long amorous of hym,
But louing vnbeloued) now, at leaſt to pleaſe her Eye,
Conuaies her ſelfe, vnſeene, into a Thicket ioyning by,
And thear, as much ore-gone with loue as he ore-gone with pride,
She hears, and ſees, and would haue pleas'd three Senſes more beſide.
And nothing more than euery part-thus ſtealth-ſeene, liked her,
And nothing leſſe than hidden with vnhidden to conferre,
For well it had contented then in more then ſight to erre,
Although not meanely did his ſcorne gainſt it her ſtomacke ſterre.
Meane while the Lad (ſuch power hath pride mens Senſes to ſubdue)
Doats on his ſhadow, now ſuppos'd to be a Subſtance true:
And laſtly wowes ſo formally in words and geſtures ſweete,
That *Eccho* found his error: and, he ſaying, Let vs meete,
Let's meete, quoth *Eccho*, mockingly: which, hearing, he with ſpeed
(Beleeuing that his ſhadow was a Nymph, and ſpake in deed,)
Did leape into the Fountaine, whear that Gallant, drowning thus,
Hath left example how like pride may cauſe like plague to vs.
How ſmooth-tongu'd *Eccho*, that for him in al, ſaue voice, did pine,
To quit his ſcorne, baind other Fooles alike vain-glorious fine,
By ſmoothing them, is *Naſoes* tale, no purpoſe here of mine.
But how *Narciſſus* ſhadow and this *Eccheos* voyce (though they
Haue long bene dead) haunt now the World, is it we meane to ſay.

PLuto, *Minos*, *Radamant*, and all th'infernall States,
Did pytch a Seſſion, to correct Remiſnes in debates,
Deuiſing Orders that on Earth might more Diſorders be.
Tiſiphone, *Alecto*, and *Megæra*, theſe ſame three
Weare ſhrewdly checkt, becauſe it was obiected, though vntruely,
That they weare ydle, Hell lackt Gueſts, and men on Earth waxt ruly.
The helliſh Potentates therefore a new Commiſſion framed,
Narciſſus ghoſt and *Ecchos* voice therein of *Quorum* named.
Theſe twayne and thoſe three *Furies* thus, Copattentees, leaue Hell,
And diuerſly throughout the Earth to Soule-infecting fell.
Leaue we thoſe others, labouring their Miſchiefes farre and neere,
Whil'ſt *Eccho* and *Narciſſus* are more badly buſie heere.
Crab'd *Saturne* & too-boyſtrous *Mars* direct thoſe Formers matter,
Soft *Venus* and ſmooth *Mercurie*, giue Method to theſe latter:
Thoſe *Furies* roughly doe effect their tragicke Taskes, theſe Twoe
So ſlyely worke, that ſweetely men their proper ſorrowes wowe.
Heer-hence our gold-imbaſed World in view and valew fayld,
For *Eccho* and *Narciſſus* much in many things preuayld.
Hence is it ſome of high eſtate themſelues doe ouer-like, (ſtrike.
Whilſt deadlier wound then ecchoing toongs then ſhould a foe them
Hence (whence diſhonorde) ſome of them beleeue of men belyed
Their glozing Groomes, as Tyrants ſo by them they wrong enuied.
Hence oftentimes Authoritie lookes biglier than a Bull,
With Suters poore too ſternely quicke, in helping them too dull.
Hence both in preaching, harboring, and humilitie, it is
Some Prelates ſooth, be ſoothed, leade, and they be lead amis.
Hence Lawe, ſometimes, as formde of waxe, through new refined wit
Of Iudge or Pleador, altereth ſans certaintie in it.
Hence Martialiſts in Diſcipline and ordering their war,
Leſſe happely, the auncient vſe, conceitedly, doe bar.
Hence is it that the Lawyers more affect their fluent Tayle,
Then what is right, or whom they wrong, or how they ſpeed, or fayle:
That Lawyer though who more-by Art than right doth ouerthroe,

Conſents

Conſents to ſinne,deceiues the Iudge,wrongs Right,is Iuſtice foe.
Hence flattred Gentrie proudly doth degenerat at laſt:
And ſome would be beleeued ſuch,that of no Gentrie taſte.
Hence Cittizens with Courtiours ſo do vaine-it for the time,
That with their paper Ladders they euen ſtately Caſtels clyme:
Then proudly pricke the mounted Sers,the Harrolds (all to blame)
Will they,nyll they,vrging fees to gentellize their name. ſame.
Hence countrie Loutes land lurch their Lords,& Courtiers prize the
Hence worldlings ſo much ſtudie wealth that they forget the vſe,
And,drudges-like,preſſe out the Grapes,not drinking of the iuſe.
Hence arrant Preachers,humming out a common-place or two,
With bad,ill,naught,Pope,pots,play,mack,keeping a fowle adoe,
Cogging and cog'd-with of a ſorte of lazie knaues and queanes,
That they be Dolts and preach to Dolts will heare it by no meanes.
With thoſe do theſe (who could they ſteale the Gooſe would ſticke the
The *Browniſt* & the *Barrowiſt* goe hand in hand together. (Fether)
Hence is the faſhion-Founder of new lockes,lookes,baſ-le-maine,
And *Iohn* Deuiſor in Attire one Foole in perſons twaine.
Hence more than with our ſelues our ſelues doe Flatterers preuaile,
They make vs proude of Virtues,knowne of vs in vs to fayle:
But leſſe Man-ſlaughter hurts,than when Men-ſoothers ſay al-hayle.

Though *Echo* and *Narciſſus* haunt,and hurt,each Sex and State,
(Our States Superlatiue except,ſtill one for right and rate)
Yeat-cheefely they with women-kinde preuailed haue of late:
And thus of this two Goſſips olde,together met,debate.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVII.



THE Younger of theſe widdowes (for they both had thriſe been ſo)
Trots to the Elders Cottage, hers but little diſtance fro,
Theare, cowring ore two ſticks a-croſſe, burnt at a ſmoakie Stocke,
They chat how Young-men them in youth,& they did young-men mocke,
And how ſince three-ſcore yeeres a-goe(they aged foure-ſcore now)
Men,women,and the world,weare chang,d in all,they knew not how.
When we were Maids (quoth th'one of them) was no ſuch new-found pride,
Yeat ſeru'd I Gentles,ſeeing ſtore of daintie Girles beſide.
Then wore they Shooes of eaſe,now of an inch-broad,corked hye:
Blacke karſie ſtockings,worſted now,yea ſilke of youthful'ſt dye:
Garters of Lyſtes,but now of ſilke,ſome edged deepe with gold:
With coſtlier toyes,for courſer turnes than vs'd,perhaps,of old.
Fring'd and ymbroidred Petticoats now begge: But heard you nam'd,
Till now of late,Busks,Perrewigs,Maskes,Plumes of feathers fram'd,
Supporters,Pooters,Fardingales aboue the Loynes to waire,
That be ſhe near ſo bombe-thin,yet ſhe croſſe-like ſeem's four-ſquaire:
Some Wiues, grayheaded, ſhame not lockes of youthfull borrowed haire:
Some,tyring Arte,attier their heads with onely Treſſes baire:
Some(groſſer pride than which,thinke I,no paſſed Age might ſhame)
By Arte,abuſing Nature,heads of antick't hayre do fram.
Once lack't each foreſaid Tearme, becauſe was lacking once the toy,
And lack't we all thoſe Toyes and Tearmes it were no griefe but ioy:
But lawfull weare it ſome be ſuch,ſhould all alike be coy?

Now

Now dwels ech Droſſell in her Glas: when I was yong, I wot,
On Holly-dayes (for ſildome els ſuch ydell times we got)
A Tubb or Paile of water cleere ſtood vs in ſteede of Glas:
And yeat (which ſtill I beare in mind) for it I ſchooled was,
Euen by an holy Fryer: Thus, quoth he, it comes to pas,
Yong Damſels, and too oftentimes old Dotards, vnawaer,
Doe thus offend, whilſt thus they ſeeme vpon themſelues to ſtaer:
But what they ſee is not themſelues. A tayle then did he tell
How *Eccho* and *Narciſſus* weare auᵭhoriſed from Hell,
That egging & This acting pride in Worldlings hearts to dwell:
And either oft in Mirrors and in Waters beautious ſeeme,
To curious Gazers inn, who thoſe to be themſelues do deeme:
Flye glas and water-tooting, Girle, *Narciſſus* fall extreeme,
Feare flattrie too, for Men to Maides be *Eccheos* to ſubdewe,
The Fryer ſayd, and all to ſoone I found his ſayings trewe.
My Parents they weare wealthy, and my ſelfe in wanton youth
Was fayre enough, but proude enough, ſo Foole-enough in truth.
I might haue had good Husbands, which my deſteny withſtood:
Of three now dead (ah, griefe is drye, Goſſyp, this Ale is good)
In faith not one of them was ſo: for by this drinke I ſweare,
(Requarrelling the Cup) we and her lippes vnparted weare,
When th'other Beldamme, great with chat (for talkatiue be Cups)
The formers Prate, nor worth the while, thus fondly interrups.
When I (quoth ſhe) the Countrie left to be a *London* Las,
I was not fayrer than my ſelfe beleeued faire I was.
Good God, how formall, prankt, and peart became I in a trice,
As if vnto the Place it weare a Nature to be Nice.
Scarce entred I the Teenes, but that to Wed my will was hot:
Yee that be married, and intend to marrie, well I wot,
The Prieſt no ſooner ſayde, but I vpon my tip-toes ſtand,
As if that Leſſon had concernd my ſelfe, euen out of hand.
The ſame proportion with my heart my groeth nor age did hold:

Dayes

Dayes ſeeming yeares, when I, Vn-wead, was ſixteene winters olde.
And growing was the greene Diſeaſe, which men in Maides doe cure,
When came a Louer, I (for-ſooth) becomming full demure.
For earſt I had obſeru'd this Arte, Delay giues men Deſier:
Yeat lothe to hurt my haſte, and leaſt the Hanſel ſhould retyer,
I was not ouer coye, nor he to warme him at my Fier.
I'le blab (for why? for it and more that I in youth did doe,
Long ſince I paſſed ghoſtly ſhriftes, pennance, and pardons too)
Such match we made, that Maide, nor Wife, nor Widowe left he me,
But with my Maiden-head he croſt the Seas, and farewell he,
For from my fault could not, as chan'ſt, the Somner prole a fee:
My belly did not blab, ſo I was ſtill a Mayde, and free.
It comfort ſhould in loſſe to thinke we had not once to loſe,
And what we haue as euer to be hild ſhould none ſuppoſe:
But not in me this ſentence hild, more eagerly than earſt
I on the brydell byte, as loath to faſt that late did feaſte.
Swift gallops tier both man and horſe, ſoone-hot is ſoone-cold loue,
No Man (I meane, Loue hot as mine) loues as the Turtell Doue,
Then, in good ſoothe, a Sott is ſhe that cog'd-with cannot cogge,
As readily my Loue did gad, as did my Louer iogge.
Tuſh, in thoſe times weare no ſuch toyes as Gagate ſtones to trie,
By foyſting them in Potions, if a Maide had trode awrie:
But this was rather currant, yea each holy Fathers lore,
That therefore Nature ſweetneth Loue that it the world might ſtore.
Which made me thinke it then a ſinne (ſo tender hearted I,)
Beloued not to Loue againe, indangring men to die,
For ſo they ſwore they would, nor then beleeu'd I men would lye,
Whom now I know Camelions whil'ſt to pray on vs they plye.
Yeat better times were thoſe than theſe for our auayle, for why?
Euen for good-fellowſhip at leaſt then went they roundly to it,
Now eare they loue (if euer loue) ſententiouſly they doe it:

Who

Who loues not for the Perſon but the Portion loues no whit,
But he that loues for onely Loue doth reaſon quite forgit,
Say men, and article the Matchleſſe by trew Loue than Wit.
Vngratefull men, what would yee more than Loue for Loue, than we
Be cloſe, neate, bountious, buckſome, and our bodies Maſters yee?
Too curious, pettiſh, ielous, too imperious, too vnſtable
Are Men, ſay Women: but to beat ſuch fooles with their own bable,
As when that I was yoong, our Sex is now, troe I, as able.
Old doting Foole, one foote in graue, what prattle I of youth,
Contrition, not Shrift-penitance cure, if preach our Vicar truth?
Heere, after little pauſe, they prate confuſedly, I wot,
Whoſe talke had often ended, had the Period been the Pot.
They tould how forward Maidens weare, how proude if in requeſt,
How brybed, prayſed, promiſd fayre, men baddeſt out the beſt:
They talked of a widowes teares, her haſte againe to weade,
He gone forgot, his Orphant wrong'd, ſhe ſpoyld, an Vnthrift ſpeade:
They talk't of times when Beaſtes could ſpeake, of Foxes, and of Apes,
Much needles prattel, what through Drinke and Dotage, them eſcapes.
Yeat *Ecchos* and *Narciſſus* Voice and Shadowe (now as then,
Working againſt humilitie, of wants the worſt in men)
Caus'd them as thus to vſe their prate, and me of this my pen:
To theſe next haughtie Follies too thoſe Furies ſay Amen.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVIII.

THE Monarch of that Continent that doth, in one, contayne
Fiue ancient Scepters (for he wrought that al the world weare *Spayne*)
As *Caſtile*, *Aragon*, *Nauarr*, *Granado*, *Portugaile*
Be newly nam'd, yea *India* wheare *Caſtillian* Powres preuaile:
Theſe, States in *Affricke*, *Lumbardie*, *Peru*, *Aſſores*, *and*
Both *Cicells*, *Auſtra*, *Barbarie*, *Naples*, with *Netherland*,
And many other Prouinces, by ſuch ambition got,
As giueth his *Impreſſa* life to verefie the Mot,
Him not ſufficing (for it ſaith, *the World ſufficeth not*)
Euen he, I ſay, affecting Raygne in *England*, *Almaine*, *Fraunce*,
And all *Europa*, lately did an holy League aduaunce:
The Pope, Him-ſelfe, *Sauoy*, and *Guiſe*, therein Confedrates cheefe.
Rome wroght by Bulls, *Sauoy* by Sword, *Spayne* yeilded *Guiſe* releefe,
Guiſe did religious Treaſon act: but all did fayle, in briefe.
Geneua is vnſacked, *Fraunce* yeilds *Rome* ſmall profit, *Spayne*
By coſte hath loſte, *England*, through God, tryumphant doth remayne,
Nauar hath meanes to haue *Nauar*: and, when ſhall God ſo pleaſe,
The rightfull heire of *Portugale* his Empyre ſhall re-ſeaze.
Ye Chriſtian Princes, pittie him, in puniſhing his Fo,
That now afflicteth him, and would on you tyrannize ſo:
If one ſelfe-ſame Religion (ſuch as Spaniſh *Romiſtes* haue)
If Natures Line, or Natiue Lawes, the Pope that ſo did craue,
If to haue had poſſeſt the Crowne, with *Portugales* applauſe,

Might

Might haue preuailed, theſe and more had helpt *Antonios* cauſe.
But brybed Traytors, fraude, and force, haue made the *Spanyard* ſuch,
That *Caſtile*, from a Cronet leapt, thinks many Crownes not much.
The great *Nauarrois*, Sampſon, ſtauld the firſt *Caſtilian* King:
But badly *Caſtile* quits his loue whence did that honor ſpring,
And from his Line by trecherie the Diademe doth wring.
So, by what right or wrong ſo-eare, *Spayne* clouteth Crownes together
And aimeth, euen from *Portugale*, as is ſuppoſed, hether,
Not wanting *Engliſh*, willing to be holped in that Teither.
But Traytors, Fooles, & Fugitiues, Whom prouendor doth pricke,
Enſew your proper ſorow, leane vpon that rotten ſticke,
Your kindnes ſhall not mis, at leaſt, this kindly *Spaniſh* Tricke.

WHen *Spaniards* & their Partizens eare-while ſhould vs inuaide,
In plotting of that Stratageme in Councell much was ſaid:
Some of our Queene to be deſtroyde, of murthring vs ſome ſpake,
Some this, ſome that, but all of all an altred World to make:
Leaſt *Engliſh* Papiſtes, then ſhut vp in *Else* and elſ-wheare,
Meane time by vs might loſe their liues, ſome One, by chãce did feare.
Which ſcruple was remoued ſoone by one, that well did know,
Not for religion, but a Realme, did *Spayne* that coſt beſtow.
Our drift (quoth he) a Conqueſt is, the Profit meant to *Spaine*,
Not that the *Engliſh* Papiſts ſhould be Sharers of the gaine.
So hope they, but (ſo helpe me God) our pollicie wear ſmall
That they ſhould flouriſh, nay, ſhould liue, could we procure their fall.
Theare be they great alreadie, wheare we only great muſt be,
Whom, ſhould they equall, woe to vs when we ſhall diſagree:
Now that therefore which we cannot with honeſtie contriue,
Our Foes ſhall finiſh, if of them they leaue not one aliue.
Thus ſaid he, not gaine-ſaide, for hang who ſhall, ſo they may thriue.
This *Maxime* hath hild, and good, wheare they haue ouerthrone
By trecherous Agents, of the ſame they haue not truſted one:
Adde, than the *Spaniard*, prouder and more cruell People none.

Euen

Euen *Cortes* that,with coſt and payne,rich *India* did ſubdew,
And gaue to *Spayne* his Conqueſt, found falſe Meede for Seruice trew.
So they that wonne them *Portugale* and *Naples* ſpead,in few:
And too imperiouſly doe they,oppreſſe their Conqueſts new:
Yeat boaſt not perpetuitie,but(*Spayne*)this Patterne vew.
Caldea priz'd *Aſſiria*, and *Aſſiria* priz'd the ſame,
The *Medes* and *Perſians* both,and them the *Macedons* orecame,
The *Romaines* then,that Empier next had *France*,the *Germaines* now,
Which onely Title hardly doe the *Spanyards* them alowe,
Spayne hath *Nauarre*, that once had *Spayne*, wheare once crown'd wee (their King,
And once did *Spaniſh-Iriſh-Scots* vs to ſubiection bring,
We *Scots*,*French*,*Iriſh*: too and fro thus often Scepters flye,
Yea to Poſteries old names of Lands and Peoples dye:
Sicambries,*Gawles*,*Picts*,*Vandels*,*Gothes*,and *Aſtrogothes*,known late
In *Europ* by thoſe names,haue chang'd thoſe names and *Europs* Sate,
And with the *Spanyards*,part of thoſe,may alter in like rate.
Each Birde ſhal then remaunde her Plumes,and naked leaue your Iaye,
At leaſt when *Phillip* ſhall deceaſe: and why not eare that daye?
For power and prowſe lackt *Turnus* Peere, yeat when his Fates with-ſtoode,
Iuturna,no not *Iunos*-ſelfe,could doe him any good.
But Godhoode none in *Indian* Golde,& pope-buld hopes ſhall mis,
Nor *Macedonian Phillips* Sonne *Caſtilian Phillip* is,
But one who, whil'ſt he warres for ours, hath loſt euen part of his.
Not onely *Spayne* thinke deſtinate in Pompe not to impaier,
Or liued long,that breathes,enuied,not els but odious Ayer:
And(which is monſtrouſly too trew)Religion is pretext, (vext:
Where through the *Spanyard* and the Pope all Chriſtendome haue
Witnes their Powers,by Land and Seas,that threatned vs er'while:
Of it a word,and note how God did patronize our Ile.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIX.

THe *Spanyards* long time Care and Coſte, inuincible ſurnam'd,
Was now a flote, whilſt *Parma* too from *Flanders* hether aim'd,
Like Fleete, of eightſcore Ships, and old, the *Ocean* neuer bore,
So huge, ſo ſtrong, and ſo compleate, in euery Strength and Store:
Carikes, Gallions, Argoſies, and Galliaſſes, ſuch
That ſeem'd ſo many Caſtels, and their tops the cloudes to tuch.
Theſe on the *Lizardes* ſhewe themſelues, and threaten *Englands* fall:
But theare with Fiftie Shippes of ours that Fleete was fought withall.
Howbeit of a greater ſorte our Nauie did conſiſt,
But parte kept Dyet in the Porte, that might of health haue miſte,
Had *Spayns* Armada of our wants in *Plimmouths* Hauen wiſte.
The reſt had eye on *Parma*, that from *Flanders* armour threates:
Meane while Lord *Charles* our Admiral, and *Drake*, did worthy Feats:
Whoſe feareles fiftie Moole-hils bod their trypeld Mountaines bace,
And euen at firſt (ſo pleas'd it God) purſewde as if in chace.
By this (for ouer-idle ſeemd to *Engliſh* hearts the Shore)
Our Gallants did imbarke each-wheare, and made our Forces more.
But in ſuch warlike Order then their Shippes at Anker laye,
That we, vples we them diſperſe, on bootles labor ſtaye:
Not lacked Pollicie that to that purpoſe made vs waye.
Ours fyred diuers Shippes, that downe the Currant ſent, ſo skaerd,
That Cables cut, and Ankers loſt, the *Spanyards* badly faerd.
Diſperſed thus, we ſpare not ſhot, and part of them we ſinke,
And part we boord, the reſt did flye, not faſt enough they thinke.
Well guided little Axes ſo force talleſt Okes to fall,
So noumbrous Heards of ſtately Hearts, flye Beagles few and ſmal.
Nine dayes together cha'ſte we them, not actious, ſaue in flight:

About Eight thowſands periſhed by famine,ſea,and fight.
For Treaſure,Shippes,and Carrages,loſt Honor,Priſners tayne,
The *Spaniards*, hardly ſcaping hence, ſcapt not rebukes in *Spaine*.
Well might thus much(as much it did) cheere *England*, but much
Concurrancie from one to all to ſtop that common Sore. (more
Euen Catholiques(that erred name doth pleaſe the Papiſts)waer
As forward in this Quarrell as the formoſt Armes to bear:
Recuſants and Suſpects of note: Of others was no caer.
And had not our God-guided Fight on Seas preuailed,yet
The *Spaniards*,land whereſo they could,had with our Armies met.
Our common courage wiſht no leſſe,ſo lightly feard we Foes,
Such hope in God,ſuch hate of them,ſuch hearts to barter bloes.
Heere flam'd the *Cyclops* Forges,*Mars* his Armorie was heere,
Himſelfe he ſheads in vs,and with our Cauſe our ſelues we cheere.
But(which had ſcarrefide our wounds,if wounded,with the Balme
Of her ſweete Preſence,ſo applaus'd as in Sea-ſtormes a calme)
Her royall-ſelfe,*Elizabeth* our Soueraigne gracious Queene,
In magnanimious Maieſtie amidſt her Troupes was ſeene.
Which made vs weepe for ioy: nor was her kindnes leſſe to vs.
Thinke nothing letting then that might the common cauſe diſcus,
Wheare Prince and People haue in Loue a *Sympathie* as thus.
Howbeit Force,nor Policie,but Gods ſole prouidence,
Did cleare fore-boſted Conqueſt and behighted Thraldome hence.
He in *Saneherib* his noſe did put his hooke,and brought
Him backe againe the way he came,without performing ought:
He fought for vs,Alonely we did ſhout and Trumpets ſound,
When as the walles of *Iericho* fell flat vnto the ground.
Yea leaſt(for earſt did neuer heere like ſtrong Supplies befall,
Like loyall hearts in euerie one,like warlike mindes in all,
Leſſe ſpaer of Purſes,more Fore-ſight,and valiant Guides to act,
As ſhewde our hardie little Fleete that battell neuer ſlackt)
Leaſt theſe,I ſay,might haue been ſaid the cauſe that we ſubdew'de,
Euen God,to Glorifie himſelfe,our gayned cauſe purſew'de,

With

Without our losse of Man, or Mast, or Foe once touching Shore,
Saue such as wrackt, weare Prisnors, or but landing, liu'd not more.
And as in publique Praiers we did his defence implore,
So being Victors, publiquely, we yeelded thanks therefore.
Her Highnes-selfe (good cause she had) in viewe of euerie Eie,
On humbled Knees did giue him thanks that gaue her Victorie.
Remaineth, what she wonne, what *Spaine* & *Rome* did lose in fame:
Remaineth, Popes vse Potentates but to retriue their Game.

CHAP. L.

IF not with minds preiudicate, but holding in suspence
A while the Papacie, that takes and giues so much Offence,
With single harts, and Eies, and Eares, al christian Princes would
Peruse the sacred Scriptures (as in verie deede they should)
Then might they iustly censure, how in Lowlines, or Pryde,
In Charitie, or Crueltie, how straite to God, or wide,
In Doctrine, and in Discipline, *Rome* hath, and now doth guide,
With still Prouisoes from the Laie the Scriptures light to hide,
Least should (as would, and cleerely doth) their Cosning be espide:
Whereby, euen *ipso facto*, is their Cause against them tride.
The sinne of Pride made *Lucifer* gainst God him selfe rebell,
And through that sinne, he so seduc't, that *Adam* also fell.
Then plaid he *Rex* ore all the Earth, except a faithfull Fewe:
Till Christ, incarnate, on the Crosse *Synns* Kingdome did subdewe.
Then Christ, was powrefull in the world, for Faith had practice right:

And what could more our Ghostly Foe then Faith & Practice spight?
His anncient Stratageme therefore to plant he casts anew,
And by the pride of only Workes from Faith a many drew. (time)
Then were such Honours heapt on Popes, (Worlds-Abiects ere that
That *Lucifer* himselfe than they presum'd not more to clyme.
Their golden Legend, though not it autentike be in aught,
To vs doth teach a Storie that to them might now be taught.

THeare was a Man of stature bigge, and bigge withall in minde,
For serue he would, yet One thã whõ he greater none might find.
He, hearing that the Emperor was in the world most great,
Came to his Court, was intertaynd, and, serving him at meate,
It chanc't the Diuell was nam'd, whereat the Emperor him blest:
When as, vntill he knew the cause, the Pagane would not rest.
But when he heard his Lord to feare the Diuell his ghostly Foe,
He left his Seruice, and to seeke and serue the Diuell did goe:
Of heauen, or hell, God, or the Diuell, he earst nor heard nor carde,
Alone he sought to serue the same that would by none be darde.
He met (Who soone is met) the Diuell, was intertayn'd, they walke,
Till, comming to a Crosse, the Diuell did fearfully it balke:
The Seruant, musing, questioned his Master of his feare:
One Christ, quoth he, with dread, I mind when doth a crosse appeare:
Then serue thy selfe, the Gyant said, that Christ to serue I'le seeke.
For him he askt an Hermit, who aduisde him to be meeke, (found,
By which, by Faith, and workes of Almes, would sought-for Christ be
And how and where to practice these he gaue Directions sound.
Then he, that skornd his Seruice late to greatest Potentates,
Euen at a common Ferry now to cartie all awaites.
Thus doing long, as with a Child he ouer once did waide,
Vnder his Loode midway he faints, from sinking hardly staide,
Admiring how, and asking who, was answered of the Childe,
As on his Shoulders Christ he bore, by being humbly milde,
So through Humilitie his Soule to Christ was reconcilde,

And,

And,of his Carrage,*Chriſto-fer* ſhould thenceforth be his name.
Then lett this popiſh Scripture,Popes,at leaſt you Conuerts frame:
Of which Conuerting,*Chriſto-fers* yee thenceforth ſhalbe ſaid:
If not,apply and periſh in your *Luciferring* Traid.
Ye know, I know,that but in Chriſt may no Redemption be:
So your great friend, our *Gardner*,on his death-bed could agree:
But to the Vulgars open not, gainſt *Rome*,that gap,quoth he.
So miſerable is your ſtate who,ſeeing,will not ſee,
That *Chriſtofer*,eare *Chriſto-fer*,was Atheiſt leſſe than yee.
Well anſwered once a King of ours the Pope,that bod him free
Two Prelates,terming them his Sonnes: The King ſeem'd to agree,
But ſent their compleat Armor: looke are theſe thy Sonnes,quoth he.
Falſe *Hesket* too not falſely ſpake,reporting lately this,
That ſuch as Papiſts would ſeduce,and of ſeducing mis,
Are marked dead :For he to whom he ſo did ſay,feare I,
Earle *Ferdinando Stanley*,ſo diſſenting,ſo did trie,
As other Peeres,heere,and elſ-where,haue found the like no lye.
Nor preached he the Pope amis,that did to him applie
This Tex,to witt: *This is the Heire,come on and let him die,*
Th' Inheritance let vs inioye: Nought ſeeke they els,for why?
Thoſe bad be good that giue,thoſe good be bad that Giftes deny,
From *Annanias* literall fault they Conſciences would tye:
Theſe death-eide Baſiliſques therefore in euerie Senſe doe flie.
Be of Religion iumpe with them,in all their Toyes affie,
A *Peter*-Penny,if with hild, knocks all the reſt awrye.
Hell, Heauen,Bulls,Pardons,Pope,and to be Pope, doth mony buy:
Yea,too blaſphemous,they incroch vpon the Deitie,
Though of theſe *Lucifers* haue been that periſh through a Flie.
Each ſinne gainſt God,how vile ſo-eare,will Popes,with Pardons fit:
Croſſe but the Pope,pardon thou him,he will not pardon it.
For Faith his common Plea is ſword and fire againſt his foes:
But who,but fooles,beleeue that Faith exacted is by bloes?
Than thoſe three Mightie Emperors, Fift *Charles*,with *Ferdinand*,

And *Maximilian*, with the Pope did none more partiall ſtand:
Yeat ſuffred they the Conſciences of Proteſtants in peace.
But *Philip*, nor the Pope will now their *Inquiſition* ceaſe:
Though Either ſuffer *Iewes*, and Stewes, becauſe of Gaines increaſe.

CHAP. LI.

THis *Spaniſh Inquiſition* is a Trappe, ſo ſlyelie ſett,
As into it Wiſe, Godly, Rich, by Blanchers bace as ſett.
Direct or indirectly then to anſweare all is one,
From thoſe *Inquiſitors* eſcape but verie fewe or none.
Euen ſo by racking out the ioynts, or chopping off the heade,
Procuſtes fitted all his Gueſts vnto his iron beade.
Aue Maria, *Credo*, and the *Pater noſter* ſay
In Latin, els they pennance thee, and take thy goods away.
Nay, theſe though ſaid, both ſay and doe as they, yeat all for nought,
They will exact by Torture what thou thinkeſt, and haſt thought
Of Maſſe, the Pope, and Popiſh points, til in the Lapſe thou fall:
Then, Mercie God, amongſt thoſe men no mercie is at all:
A bloodier Law vſde bloodierly was neuer heard or ſhall:
Tormenting men vntill they geſſe by whom they are acus'de,
Which geſſed, it againſt themſelues for Euidence is vs'de:
As who would ſay, ſo be it muſt, becauſe it ſo is mus'de.
Phillip, abuſiuely ſeduc't, and World-deceiuing Pope,
Peruſe all Lawes, euen *Paganizme*, paſt vnder heauens coope,
And rightly pondring thoſe with this, thē ſpeak your thoughts indeed,
Was

Was not your *Draco* Sathan that himſelfe could thus exceed?
Here adde for badde we might your League, if That of This had neede.
O happie and thriſe happie Realme of ours, and other Lands,
Wheare, touching death by Clergie doomes, the Pollicy withſtands.

THen freated *Paule*, Pope *Paule* the Third, whē *Peter* came in Plea:
No Maruell, *Luther* preached gold and glorie from his Sea.
But, ſee an helpe: *Ignatius* then conceited had his Sect,
And crau'd Confirmance of the Pope, which *Paule* did then reiect.
But when he heard that Orders vowe might cheefly him anayle,
Them *Ieſuiſtes* he incorporates, nor they his Pope-ſhip fayle:
But for his onely Doctrine are Apoſtles, and as trew
As to the Diuell the deadly-Sinnes to Popes this Order new.
Yeat theſe be thoſe are vnder-hand deceiu'd whilſt they deceaue:
Witnes the Gallowes, wheare for moſt they end thoſe webbes they weaue.
For vnaduiſe I are, me thinks, our *Ieſuiſtes* in this,
In Cell-life ſince ſo ſtrict, and here they hanging ſeldome mis,
That, for applauſe at leaſt (although euen ſo weare bacely badde)
They change not teachers vnto them to whom from vs they gadde.
But better courſe then either weare ſecure at home to ſtaye,
And theare with loyall hearts attend what Subiects ſhould obaye,
Wheare no tyrannizing is ore the Conſcience, though it ſtraye:
And Men of ciuill carriage, though in bodies not imployde,
Win good report, they ſhiftles ſhame that wiſh their Home deſtroyd.
Yoong Engliſh Fooles, for cauſe too trew, we pittie you indeed:
Firſt for ye are our Countriemen, then for that ye proceede
Gainſt Scripture, Lawe, and Nature, and Fooles palpable, in that
Ye note not how your follies make our Engliſh Foxes fat:
Allen at *Rome*, Others elſe-wheare, that liue hand-ouer heade,
By tasking you to broach thoſe faults for which themſelues be feade.
Whilſt theſe lie burrowed, ſafe frō skath, mongſt you adoptiue Cubs,
They doe obſerue the pregnanſt wit, whom Diſcontentment rubs,
Of Atheiſt, factious, deſprate, or vaine-glorious, him they ſchoole,

And then transport to *England*, thear to play the dangerous Foole:
Seducingly insisting on performance of their vow,
That doth Rebellion, Regecide, and breach of Othes allow.
Though *Dauid* knew his Soueraigne *Saul* disfauored of God,
And might haue kild, and then bin crownd, such sin his soule for-bod.
Which of the Patriarks, Prophets, or Gods People, whilst they saru'd
Euen *Ethnicks* traytrously vnto their owne Affections caru'd.
But thus do ye, nay worser, for your Darnell giddieth so,
As Gods Annoynted and Belou'd ye censure for his Foe:
But woorst of all, by murthring her to merite Heauen ye troe.

Put case the diuilish Act were done, to scape yeat lacks your Charter,
And ye with Torments dead, the cause not paine doth make the Matter
Say that the Pope lacks Malice, Say your selues doe loue the State,
Too grosly yeat your Doctrine faults in things of greatest wate.
Which your Absurdities do our Diuines confute, I wot:
Ye say his Popeship cannot erre, We proue ye erre in, Not.
Nor in the Sacrament that Christ is really we hold.
Your Transubstantiation we iustly haue controld.
Yours for the Liuing and Deceast Propitiatorie Masses,
And Purgatorie, should we graunt, ye might conclude vs Asses.
Your Worshipping of Images, and Inuocating Saints,
And Supererogation, vs with your Defects acquaints.
Besides the Supper of our Lord, and Baptisme, we reiect
Moe Sacraments: Howbeit ye Fiue other doe erect:
As Confirmation, Penance, with Priest-Order, Marrage too,
And extreame Vnction. Ouer more too much applause yee doe
Workes Meritorious. Of the Cup the Laye ye do bereaue:
And of translated Scriptures, so, vnspied, to deceaue.
Dirges, Vowes, Indulgences, Confession in the eare,
Dissoluing Subiects from the Faith they should their Princes beare,
Dispensing with the Scriptures, for Reuenge, to please, or gaine,
Your Pardons, Pilgrimages, and your halowed Paltries vaine,
Pope, and what-so is, Papistrie, well may we call profaine.

Ambitious

Ambitious *Rome*, that for thy Pompe not ſpareſt Soules to baine,
Once weart thou truly Catholique, corrupted fouly now,
Not outed quite the Church, A ſparke in her we thee allow:
And wiſh thou weart, as then thou weart, when as the Fathers good,
As touching Anti-chriſt, and whence, in both miſ-vnderſtood.
No Maruell, euen to *Daniels*-ſelfe in Myſterie it was:
And dye did thoſe good Fathers ere that Scripture came to pas.
But now, who-ſo can Anti-chriſt but etymologize,
And knowes the Pope and *Rome*, the Place and Man of ſinne deſcries.
Sheep-clothed Wolues, Chriſts *Pro contra*, the Popes haue bin and bee
No place but *Rome* for Anti-chriſt, none but the Pope is he.

CHAP. LII.

BVt humaine Purenes none is ſuch, but it to erre is knowne:
Thinke not we labour here your Faults, and ouer-leape our Owne.
For in the beſt of men the Fleſh and Spirit combat ſtill:
One thing the Spirit, and the Feſh the contrarie doth will:
We Vertue praiſe, but practiſe Vice: poſſeſſed weale we flye,
And tract of woe: At Heauen we ayme, but with a worldly Eye:
Our ſelues we loue, yeat than our ſelues we haue no croſſer Foe:
For peace we warre, a peruerſe warre that doth our ſelues ore-throe:
At once we burne, and are key-cold: We ſeeme to ſtand that fall:
To heale that hurt: We brag of bad: We dye ere death doth call:
We triumph while we are ſubdude: We bliſſe our proper baine:
We gladly doe ſubiect our ſelues vnto each giddie Vaine:

Our

Our gadding Thoughts conceite the Cloudes, our ſelues meane while
Our Nay is Yea, our Yea is Nay: we will and then will not: (forgot:
Our Soules like this, our Fleſh luſts that: As *Proteus* changeth, ſo
Doe our Affections: and our Thoughts be ſhifting too and fro:
Euen *Hydra*-like we fleſh our Faults: our Mindes doe wauer ſtill:
Our ſelfe-Conceits be winged: and we flie from good to ill:
Our peace with Diſcord breedes our woe: the Contrarie our Eaſe:
We neuer doe but plague our ſelues, whilſt that our ſelues we pleaſe:
We would be we, as if not we: Vs plentie maketh poore:
We partiall, blame, inable, and diſable vs eremore.
All theſe, and wilfull Sinnes beſides, to vs with you and all
Too common we confeſſe. But of our Doctrine ſpeake we ſhall.
Propitious be to vs, O God, that Faith haue practiſe too:
Which we omit as Publicanes, as Phariſies ye doe.
Our Doctrine though is Goſpell, yours Traditions but of Men:
Enough of Yours: Examine Ours by Touch of Scripture then.

VPon the onely Scriptures doth our Church Foundation lay:
Let Patriarchs, Prophets, Goſpell, and th'Apoſtles for vs ſay:
For Soule and Body we affirme are all ſufficient thay:
Yeat ye adde Canons, part corrupt, ſome Bookes ye quite denay.
We by the Hebrew, and the Greeke (their primer Pennes) expound
Each Scripture, by the eldeſt Clarks, when doubtful Textes be found:
Not by the Latin onely, as ye would that all weare bound:
So farforth yeat the Fathers and the Councels we approue,
As doe their Expoſitions tende to ſincere Faith and Loue.
Els fully Scriptures, in themſelues, explaine themſelues, ſay we,
If ſearched with that humble Spirit by which they written be:
Through which is ofte from literall ſpeech a ſpirituall ſenſe ſet free,
Vpon which ſenſe the Catholike Church did, doth, and muſt agree.
Nor doth our Church admit, at leaſt allow, of thoſe in her,
That teach not Faith ſincerely, winne to Heauen, from Hell deter,
That with new Glozes tainte the Text, or ſuch as be vnreade

In

In that ſweete Promiſe of the Seede ſhould brooſe the Serpents head,
The *Alpha* and *Omega* of all Scriptures, and whereby
Of grace, through faith in Chriſt, our Soules reuiue, and Sin doth die:
Our Church affects, how ſo effects, ſuch pure Theologie,
And Guides, and to our Naturall Prince, graunts ſole Supremacie.
Gods Cou'nant with the Patriarchs, and extending to their Seede,
Vs Gentiles to coequall is a Primate in our Creede:
And Chriſt we know the end of it: In Circumciſions place
Is Baptiſme: And intirely we the Tables Two imbrace
Which God himſelfe in *Synai* wrote, and gaue to *Moſes* then,
To publiſh to the people, Two Commandements in Ten:
Scriptures *Idea* couched in our Loue to God and men.
Th'Apoſtles, *Athanaſian*, *Nice*, and *Bizain* Creeds we hold
Autentick, by the holy Spirit in ſacred Writ inrold.
One Godhead of three Perſons, in coequall Maieſtie,
Doe we beleeue: of whom the Sonne did for Beleeuers die,
The onely ranſome that redeemes from *Sathans* Tyrannie:
Euen Chriſt, the Way, the Truth, the Life, not crooked, glozed, fraile:
But right for Rule, in Promiſe firme, in Guerdon near to faile:
Who to reprooue the bad, approoue the good, and to aſſure
The Wau'ring, and againſt the Diuell our ſafetie to procure,
Did gilde, die, that we, loſt Soules, might liue: naught els did make
That he, his Deitie adiorn'd, did humaine Nature take:
Nor, glorifide, diſclaimes he vs, vnles we him forſake.
And what is fruitles Faith, but ſuch *Apoſtaſie*? and what
Enſues *Apoſtaſie*, but to be doomed Dam'd for that?
No Doctrine, or Traditions we hold currant, ſaue the ſame
The Goſpell, or th'Apoſtles Acts, or Pennes include or name.
Baptiſme, incorporating vs in Chriſt, and vs in one,
Chriſts miſticall laſt Supper, wheare in Signe his death is knowne,
Be Sacraments, except which twaine, do we accept of none.

By

By only Chriſt our Aduocate we to the Father pray,
Nor thinke we Saints deceaſed can our Sutes to him conuay:
Howbeit ſtill moſt reuerently of Saints we think and ſay.
Vnneceſſarie Burthens, on our Chriſtian Freedome laide,
Contrarie theſe, that but beleefe, and vertuous life perſwaide:
Yea only Faith doth iuſtifie, ſay we, of Gods free grace,
By Chriſt: nor Faithe is idle, but doth Charitie imbrace.
Who may, but will not helpe doth hurt, we know: and curious thay
That, dribling Almes by Arte, disband wel-Meant frō wel-Dons pay:
And he that queſtions Ones diſtreſſe, and doth not helpe indeuour,
Than he that ſees, and nothing ſayes, or cares, is leſſe Deceiuour.
Then hope we health when ſinne is felt repentantly in heart:
Adde then new life, and we to God, God doth to vs conuart:
Thus *Peter* vſde his Keyes, not thus play Popes S. *Peters* part.
For Cleargie-men, and Laye our Church hath godly Diſcipline,
Lawes worthie better than ſometimes are thoſe the Lawes define.
Our Princes in their Policies and Lawes doe we obay:
Though God his cauſe they ſeek to croſſe, yeat we for them do pray,
In patience, not peruerſe Attempts, for better times we ſtay.
Not as denide, but as deuout, we doe and ſhould abſtaine
From Meates euen meet, the prouded Fleſh frō ſins exceſſe to waine,
Which, ſhuld we skant, and yet be dronk with luſt or like were vaine,
Saue alſo publique Policie doth publique Sparing craue,
In Faſts or diffrences of Meates no other keepe wee haue.
Almes deedes, and workes of Charitie we practiuely profeſſe,
And follow Saints as they did Chriſt, & leaue whear they trāſgreſſe:
Such, and ſo much, as ſayd, are we: forgiue vs, God, if leſſe.
For godly though Religion, Prince, and Policie they are,
Yeat things, that of themſelues be good, abuſe brings out of ſquare,
And ſundrie Faults in ſundrie Folks we ſometimes muſt forbare:
How beit with beſt gouernd States our State may now compare.

CHAP.

CHAP. LIII.

A Wiſe man liuing like a Drone, an old-man not deuout,
Youth diſobedient, Rich-men that are Charitie without,
A ſhameles Woman, vitious Lords, a Poore man proudly ſtout,
Contentious Chriſtians, Paſtors that their Functions doe neglect,
A wicked King, no Diſcipline, no Lawes men to direct,
Are Twelue the fouleſt Faults that do all Common-wealths infect.
In moſt of all which twelue erres not, or much in any one,
Our State, reſpecting this, of ſome, Lawes not abuſed none.
Our God-bleſt Queene, *Palladium* of our happie publique Weale,
For worth ſo farre beyond all words, we onely touch in zeale.
No Realme than ours hath wiſer Lawes, for euery Right & Wrong:
Nor is through Meed, or Meanes, the weake betraied to the ſtrong,
At leaſt god ſheeld they ſing more ſooth that ſing another ſong.
For who the Perſon, not the Cauſe reſpecteth, hath forgot
The Creator of Perſons, who and Iuſtice differ not.
A Councell watchfull for the State: Our Benches euery wheare
Supplide with Iudges learned, iuſt, and ſuch as God doe feare.
Winke here and there at Auarice, Incharitie, and Pride,
And better Cleargie than is ours not *Europe* hath beſide.
Say me, who can, whether Extreame hath harm'd Religion more,
That old of theirs too prodigall, or This of ours too poore?
Then Giuing gaue to ſlacke a Raine, now-Gleaning curbs too ſore.
By Slauerie and by Symonie now Church-Preferment comes:
Like *Nabal* and to *Helies* Sonnes get Church-men vp their crommes:

Too

Too much, too little, or a meane, ſort out alike, we ſee,
Houſe keeping, nor Humilitie, in any of the three.
Be hoſpitalious, Churchmen: Laye, ceaſe ſacrilegious ſin, (win,
Your Soules-ſore, but their Stores-ſalue, whence euen whiningly, they
By pinching from the Pulpet, and their Purſes, with this note,
Scarſe will their Studies ſtipend them, their wiues, and Children cote.
And verely it is a fault, and maimed Learnings Foe,
That Church-Poſſeſſions ſhould amongſt the Laye be ſhared ſo:
And verely it is a fault, if ſo the Cleargie liue,
As theirs to take be thought no ſinne, nor Meede to them giue.
Almightie euerlaſting God, which only work'ſt great wonders,
Amend ſuch Paſtors, and vnite thy Flocke that *Sathan* ſunders.
No one thing quailes Religion more than foundring Presbytrie:
Each Sot, impugning Order, ſaieth, and doth his Fantaſie.
Our Booke of Common prayer, though moſt ſound Diuinitie,
They will not reade, nor can they preach, yeat vp the Pulpet towre,
Theare making teadious Preachments, of no edifying powre,
O learned Seers, whoſe good liues and Doctrine do agree,
(Not barren is our Land of ſuch) heer-hence vn-meant are yee:
To you, in Reuerence and Reward, may nothing wanting be. (free:
T'is onely wiſht your work from Dolts, your Hiues from Drones were
T'is wiſht in Theſe, in Fugitiues, in Papiſts, and (more bad,
Whom to perſwade to reaſon, were with reaſon to be mad)
In *Calophantick* Puritaines, amiſſe amendment had.

THeſe Hypocrites, for theſe three Gifts to their *Lauerna* pray,
Iuſt to be thought, all to beguile, That none their Guiles bewray:
Their Arte is fayning good they want, and hiding bad they haue:
Their Practiſe is ſelfe-praiſe, of praiſe all others to depraue.
On Loue, ſay ſome, waites Ieloſie, but Ieloſie wants loue,
When curiouſly it ouer-plus doth idle Quarrels moue:
Beſt Puritaines are ſo ore-zeal'd. But ſhould I terme the reſt:
Inhoſpitalious, Mutinous, and Hypocrites the beſt,

Inſociable,

Inſociable, Maleparte, foxing their priuate good,
Exiling hence wel-neere al Troth, meete Sports, & Neighbourhood,
Learnings Foes, contemptuouſly by them be Lawes withſtood,
Selfe-pleaſers, Skorners, Harlots, Drones, againſt the Haire in all:
Of their extreame, whence Atheiſme breeds, be warning *Hackets* fall.
If euer *England* will in ought preuent her owne Miſhap,
Againſt theſe Skommes (no terme too groſſe) let *England* ſhut the gap.
Their giddie heds gaue colour firſt that *Spaine* gainſt *Flanders* arm'd,
And thē their Coūtries Foes they helpt, & moſt their Coūtry harm'd.
If Hypocrites why Puritaines we terme be ask't, in breefe,
T'is but an *Ironized* Tearme, good-Fellow ſo ſpels Theefe.
Well-working ſingle-hearted Men in ſilence (ſuch be ſome)
Will not apply, but faintiſh, not in Deede, but by the Dromme.
To Vnion that our ſtabliſht Lawes for publike Prayer ties
Not all, is wondred, and offends obedient Eares and Eyes:
The rather, for knowne Humoriſts, Sots, noted Mal-Contents,
Here innouate, and each one to a diuers Sect conuents,
Too much irreu'rent, in, and to the Church and Sacraments.
But leauing theſe, retier we to ill-drifting *Rome* and *Spaine*,
Whom doth our Queene, next vnder God, frō *Europs* Spoile detayne.

THE

THE TENTH BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. LIIII.

IN *Scotland*, *France*, and *Netherland* whilſt *Philip* and the Pope
Did Swordes and ciuill Tumults broach, of prizing them in hope,
Her Highnes, through the higheſt Power, inabled was to ayde
Thoſe Countries, to defend her owne, and *Phillips* to inuayde.
Of *Scotland* firſt, and then of *France*, and *Belgike* ſhall be ſaide:
When firſt of other things ſhall be this ſhort Remembrance made.
It is a ſaying auncient (not autenticall, I win)
That who-ſo *England* will ſubdew, with *Ireland* muſt begin.
Imagine *Stukelies* onely name includeth all that's ill:
He forging worth, and to our State Maleuolent in will,
Of bounteous Penſions was therefore poſſeſt in *Spayne* long while,
Vntill (for it a Nature was in *Stukelie* to begile)
The King, whom he had cozen'd long, him purpos'd to exile.
Then for the Pope the Fugitiue a welcome Agent was:
(For nothing ill, might worke vs ill, hath *Spaine* and *Rome* let pas)

Of

Of him he had an Armie, that for *Irelands* Conqueſt ſayles:
When through a fight in *Barbarie* that expedition fayles.
But how had guiltles *England* then deſeru'd ſuch hoſtile Spight?
Her Rebell why relieued they? why arm'd they him to fight?
Why did? (why doe I aske that know the *Spaniard* ſo ambitious,
The *Romaine* Prelate pompious, and, which more is, auaricious?)
Why did, I ſay, Pope *Pius* Bull, and *Gregories* Calfe diſqueate
Our Sou'raigne, and her Subiects, that did neuer them miſ-treate?
Vnles for Princes to giue Lawes to theirs be to offend
Proud *Spayne*, and *Rome*: if ſo, as ſo, let God the Quarrell end.
What elſe had *England* done, when they did foſter there, with more,
Our Traytor *Mooreton*, ſent from them to ſtirre an here-Vprore,
Which coſt the North, two northerne Earles, and their Conſorts full ſore?
He whiſpring, how that Bull had made *Anathema* our Queene,
Depriu'd her all Authoritie, diſcharg'd her Subiects cleene,
Bleſt all her Foes, curſt all her Friends, left *England* Anies praye,
And all for damned that did ayde or her in ought obaye.
So arrogant, malitious, and miſchieuous is that Bull,
That *Belzebub*, the Prince of hell, appeares in it at full.
Why ſent they it by *Felton* to be biſhoped at *Paules*?
Why fee'd they *Fitz-Morice*, that in *Ireland* marſhal'd Brawles?
Saunders, that falſe ſeditious Prieſt that fortified theare, (beare?
Why march't he with their Enſignes? Why did they thoſe charges
They ſhooke our Hiue, & forſt vs forth to ſting thē when they fee'd
Falſe *Deſmond*, and the Rebell now, that as the reſt ſhall ſpeed,
For God againſt all Traytors hath aſſured wrath decreed.
Theſe Sturres, and more in *Ireland* and a many Treaſons heere,
Haue they abetted, to the King of Catholikes full deere.
More than his paper Pellets to the Pope hath beene at coſt:
His Alchumie, a dram to win, a pound of Gold hath loſt.
Was it for loue they did erect Receptacles for Ours?
Or ſo by ſchooled Treacheries to adde vnto their Powrs?

Their *Ieſuiſtes*, our *Iudaſſes*, act ſo remote from Loue,
As Faiths Relaps, Rebellion, and to Regecide they moue.
Story, inſatiate of the blood of Martyrs, and a many
Blood-thirſtie Prieſts, bloodier than whom nor hath nor might be any,
Tutring their Naturall Princes death, and Ruine of our State
Doe they, and then did nouriſh when twixt vs ſeem'd no debate.
That *Spaniſh-Iewiſh*, *Atheiſt*, and Lop-heauie-headed Leach,
(Vnworthy a Phyſitions name) fowle *Lopas*, we impeach,
And *Parret* that aſpiring Knight, hence bryb'd for duties breach.
Hence haue beene poyſned of our Peeres, whom Bribes could not ore-reach.
But what are theſe, and more than theſe, to it the *Guizian Scot*,
Fatall to Seas of blood, and to her owne by earned lot,
Did with our Foes againſt our State and Soueraignes life complot?
Wherein King *Phillip* and the Pope eſpecially weare hot.
Here, but in Reuerence of her Sonne, an happie Prince in all,
Religion, Peace, his Subiects Loue, of Emperie not ſmall,
Precelling his Progenitors, a Iuſticer vpright,
Yea ouer-long it weare we ſhould Particulars reſight,
How Nature, Wit, and Virtue, decke his body, words, and minde,
Or, if his Fames Deminatiue in any thing we finde,
It is but part of Maieſtie, through Purantizme declynde,
Yea, if for him, whom (and deſeru'd) we haue ſo firme a frend,
It might, I ſay, be ſpoke, not thus of *Marie* ſhould we end.
Her Fauours vnto *Dauid Rize*, offenſiue to the King
His Highnes Father, but for him in Storie would we bring,
With hers, and *Bothuels* double wrong to Eithers married Bead,
How they wrought *Paricidie*, how the treacherous Couple wead,
How, odious to their Owne, with hard eſcape of liues they ſtead,
How, ſince our Priſnor, blood ſhe ſought, and much through her was ſhead,
Yea all that *Buchanã* doth wright ſhould largely here be read.
Yeat not her Infancie ſhould be vpbraided with the blood
Of many thouſand ſlaughtred Soules, when periur'd *Scots* withſtood

Her

Her Marriage with Prince *Edward*, which Eight *Henrie* ſwore them to,
When they eſteem'd vs Hereticks (ſo Papiſts Oathes vn-doe.)
But, for th'aforeſaid Reuerence, touch we but Hers, and Her,
That, indirectly, heer did her abortiue Clame prefer.

CHAP. LV.

KIng *Iames* the fourth, that fayld his faith, and loſt for it his life,
Had *Iames* the Fift, by *Margaret*, our Daughter, and his Wife:
Fift *Iames*, through Melancholy ends, for Ours gainſt him good chance,
And left this *Marie*, whom the *Scots*, an Infant, wead to *France*:
Thus, from Seuenth *Henries* Daughter, ſhe her Title did aduance.
But howſoere by blood, or by our Lawes, ſhe here could clame,
T'is ſure, too ſoone and treacherouſly ſhe did preferre the ſame,
And firſt and laſt vnto our Queene her ſelfe a Foe did frame.
Our *Marie* was no ſooner dead, but that her *Guizards* arme,
And into *Scotland* Locuſts-like in her Pretext did ſwarme,
Whilſt ſhe, in *France*, did vndertake our royall Armes and Stile:
Behoou'd therfore our Queene to ſtand vpon her Guard meane while.
Lord *William Graie*, our *Engliſh Mars*, not Martiall more than wiſe,
Did with an Armie hence pack thẽce our dãgerous Neighbour *Guiſe*:
Nor died few of Either part, whilſt *Marie* thus would riſe: (miſe.
Since when the League did oft her Right, with wrong too much, ſur-
Of Cõqueſts *Spaine*, of Cõuerts *Rome* our Queene doth cheefly barr,
Gainſt her therefore they chiefely wrought Conſpiracies and Warre:

And not for *Maries* Title, or her any virtuous Giftes,
Thinke that they her inleagued, but from her to plot their Driftes.
Her ſelfe meane while, falſe-Paradi'zd, beſybbing *AEſops* Croe,
Vain-glorious through the Foxes gloze, did ende her ſong in woe.
Sufficeth what is ſaid before, to ſhew wherefore ſhe flead:
Here was ſhe taken, whom if *Scots* had taken, had been dead:
Put vnder Guarde: and ſo was meete ſhould one that quarreld Ours,
And not her ſelfe alone, but had Abbettors forren Powrs.
Yeat Princely her Allowance, and more ſtately, as is ſayde,
Than had ſhe been in *Scotland*: nor was Libertie denayde
Of Hauking, Hunting, and Diſports: that, had ſhe been content,
Her merrieſt and ſecureſt daies a Priſoner ſhe ſpent.
Scotland, though labourd of our Queene, would not receiue her, and
Such Treacher, though impriſon'd here, prou'd ſhe to either Land,
That death awaited her at Home, and, had we let her goe, (throe.
She was the Leagues ſhot-Anchor might our Queene and State o're-
Percie and *Neuell*, auncient Earles, This yet in *Spaniſh* paye,
(Though bacely ill, too well for him his Countrie would betray)
That other headed, both her Wreckes, wee touch but by the way:
With that ſucceeding County, who concurring with his brother,
Once pardon'd, ſtill conſpyred, and (Lawes Progreſſe ſo to ſmother)
Diſpatcht himſelfe: *Paget* and moe, like guiltie as thoſe other, (ther,
Whoſe faultes & falls had *Rome* and *Spayne* their Father, her their Mo-
Omit we *Norfolks* Houſe, from firſt of *Howards* made a Prince,
Though fauor'd of the Commons, haue defected euer ſince.
As *Abſolom* vs'd Curteſie but as Ambitions ſmoake,
Laſt *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolke* ſo did his aſpyring cloke,
Whom promis'd faith once free'd, but that promiſe ſoone he broke.
Him for Confedrate with thoſe Earles, rebelling, Proofes did touch:
And with this *Scottiſh* Queene that he Intelligence had much:
Her Marriage that he cloſely ſought, and her Eſcape pretended, (ded:
And in her Right, had fadg'd their wrong, her Highnes Raine had en-

Of

Of Riſing neer to *London*, and to take it Plots they layde:
From *Netherland* the *Spaniſh* King had promiſed them ayde:
From *Scotland* into *Spayne* ſhould be the Infant-King betrayde:
Ireland meane-while with aduerſe Armes ſhould alſo be ore-layde:
And hereof, to and fro the Pope, weare Letters ſtill conuayde,
All which, and more directly prou'd he, pitied, loſt his head:
Nor ought his death, from being ſuch, did ſtand his Sonne in ſteade.
So hardly finde we Great-men in their Greatnes ſatisfide,
Or for their Greatnes, not to be of other men enuide.
But what is All to thoſe haue All, when but in Trifles croſt,
Diſgrace, or greefe, or Grudge vn-queat no leſſe than all weare loſt?
Conclude we then, all Riches, Forme, Pompe, Worlds Applauſe, but Winde:
Conclude we then, to Monarchize is to cõmand the minde.
Throckmorton yeat, more priuie and more practiſing than thoſe,
With her, *Mendoza*, Papiſts here, forren, and Land-leapt Foes,
Did Miſchiefes that imported more our practiz'd State diſcloſe.
But when of *Parry*, *Babington*, and their Attempts I thinke,
With whome this *Scottiſh* Lady in their bloody hopes did linke,
All foreſaid Practiſes ſeeme then Epitomies to it
Whereto theſe folliall Traytors did themſelues and Senſes fit.
Our Centinels, almoſt too late, the Larum bell did ring,
Yeat hardly then to arme her ſelfe our Generall they bring:
The Queene of *Scots* frõ Ours almoſt her Crowne & life had priz'de,
Eare to preuent the fame ſhe would, by audience, be aduis'de.
When gentle Durance might not ſalue that Daunger, did remaine,
(Which God, and Nature tolerate) ſlea rather than be ſlaine:
To which our Parliament aduis'd our Queene, but long in vaine,
So far was ſhe from fooing her that ſought her life and Rayne.

CHAP. LVI.

NOw thirtie sixe our greatest Peeres and States
had power to heare,
And to determine, and, as found, her to condemne or cleare,
By Statute passed in our Queene her seuen and twentith yeare.
These Noble Tryers, iustly then examining the Cause,
With reuerent Note of her, who heard and spoke to euery Clause,
Did, after diuers Daies so spent, adiudge, by Verdict trew,
Her guiltie of most trayterous Conspiracies not fewe:
And then from *Fotheringhaye* themselues to Parliament with-drewe,
Of this Infection, that our Peers and People had, and would
Remedies impoyson, if not medcine it we should,
By sone decision of the Lymme whence all the bayne did floe,
Our Publike Weales Phisitions much did argue to and froe.
Did neuer English Parliament, fully conuented then,
Consist of Noblier, Learneder, Wiser, and worthier men:
By these it was debated how this common Foe might liue,
Without her death whom God to vs a common Blisse doth giue.
Much was it labord, wished much some Course herein might holde,
But to resolue of any none had reason to be bolde.
Here still obdurate Malice to her Maiestie was cleere:
If she preuaild, Religion was assurd an Altring heere:
Our Nobles Crocodile, at home, and hence, our Foe-hop't Head:
Then must our Queene, Religion, Realme, or She for them be dead.

Wherefore

Wherefore from Either Houſe were ſent the chiefeſt men to craue
Her Highnes that the paſſed Doome might Execution haue:
Whereof She askt to be aduiſde, and (earneſt her to ſaue)
Diſmiſſed them with louing words, and biddeth them expect
Her anſwer ſhortly, nor did She the ſending it neglect:
Though contrarie to it that all did, hopingly, affect.
For ſhe, perplexed in that caſe, did laſtly them direct
To ſtudie meanes how both might liue, the Perill ouer-paſt,
Which much amaz'd: yeat ſolemnly they handell it at laſt.
Mercie to her Malice in her might happily preuent,
Was ſaid, but not reſolu'd, for oft ſhe Mercy vnder-went,
When roſe the Earles, and other times, yeat neuer did repent,
But of our Queene to be deſtroyd had made her Teſtament.
A ſtraiter Garde, Bonds, Hoſtages, were alſo nam'd in vaine:
For, ſhould ſhe prize our Queene, who then durſt her or thē detaine?
Or what were theſe to recompence the Loſſe we ſhould ſuſtaine?
For Loyaltie to take her Oth, was thought to purpoſe ſmall:
Such Othes ſhe oft had falſifide, nor thought it ſinne at all
To breake them to an Heretike (our Queene ſo Papiſts call.)
To baniſh her, were to poſſeſſe our Foes of their deſier,
For vs to rid away the ſmoake, and runne into the fier,
To ſet her free to make a Head for them againſt our Queene:
In few, no ſafetie for vs, but in her death was ſeene:
So wholly by the Parliament concluded was, and ſo
Reported to her Maieſtie, ſtill pittying her Foe.
In more ſententious, learned, and delibrate ſort, than I
Can ſet it downe, paſt all toucht heer: So did her Maieſtie
In anſwering earſt, and now to them her Aunſwer Aunſwer-loſſe
Sweet Adumbrations of her Zeale, Mercie, and Wit expreſſe.
But with her Oracle that bod them do, and doe it not,
Play'd they as *Alexander* did with King *Gordians* Knot.

OF *Spayns* huge Nauy, toucht before, great rumor now was spread.
And that th'Inuaders meant to make this *Scottish* Queene a head.
For which continued doubt of her in Englifh hearts was fhead.
Not in the Vulgars only, but fome Nobles of this Land,
Who had (not knowing it our Queene) then got into their hand
The Writ of Execution, that her Heading did purport:
The which was executed foone, and in a folemne fort.

This nature-frended Lady (had fhe bin as wife as wittie,
Who by the Maffacres in *France* had learnt to leaue of Pittie,
Made there too apt for bloody Acts, the Pope for it to blame)
To take her death, too much deferu'd, her felfe did meekely frame.
She bids commend her to her Sonne, and will him to eſchew
Ill Practiſes and Policies, for thence her Sorowes grew:
True *Romiſh*, *Scottiſh*, and true *French*, tell all my Friends I die.
When *Melvin* (vnto whom fhe fpake) did, weeping, thus replie,
The wofulſt Meſſage, Madame, this that euer me befell,
When of my Queene and Miſtreſſe Death I fhall the tidings tell,
She, kiſſing him, fayes pray for me, and bids him fo farewell.
Then of a debt was due from her fhe did the payment craue,
And that her Seruants might enioy thoſe legacies fhe gaue,
And to attend her at her death fome of her owne to haue.
All which the Earles commiſſioned did yeeld vnto, and fo
She to the black-clad Scaffold, there to take her death, did go.
Now *Mary Stewarts* Troubles fhall haue ending once or twiſe
She ſaid, and not to mone for her did giue to Hers aduiſe:
And whilſt the Writ in reading was no more regarded it,
Then if it had fecured or concerned her no whit.
Beades at her Girdle hung, at end of them a Medall, and
An *Agnus-Dei* bout her necke, a croſt-Chriſt in her hand.
They prayed her to ſet a-part thoſe popiſh Toyes, and pray
In faith to Chriſt, in onely whom her whole Saluation lay,
And, offring then to pray with her, that Offer ſhe withſtood,

Alleaging

Alleaging that our Prayers can doe Catholiques no good.
So doth the Popes falſe Calendar of Saints of Senſe bereaue
Our Traytors, who dye Papiſts that therein it them receaue.
Was neuer yet Religion heard ſo peſtilent as this,
Their murdring vs, for Lawfull, of their Creed a portion is:
So had they ſchooled her, and that her bloodie Miſchiefs paſt
Were meritorious, which the Pope would honor ſo at laſt.
That, euen then, the Goſpels Light illuminate her heart
Was prayd of Ours, whilſt ſhe with hers prayd, as pleaſde her, a-part.
Then to her wofull Seruants did ſhe paſſe a kinde a-dew:
And kiſſing of her Crucifix, vnto the Block her drew,
And feareles, as if glad to dye, did dye to Papiſme trew.
Which, and her other Errors (who in much did euer erre)
Vnto the Iudge of Mercie and of Iuſtice we referre.
Ifeuer ſuch Conſpirator, of it impenitent,
If euer Soule, Pope-ſchooled ſo, that Sea to Heauen ſent,
If euer one, ill-liu'd, did dye a Papiſt God-wards bent,
Then happie ſhe. But ſo, or not, it happie is for vs
That of ſo dangerous a Foe we are deliuer'd thus.

The brauely mannag'd Iorney of the Countie *Suſſex*, who
Did merit praiſe beyond my Penne, Sir *William Druries* too
Made into *Scotland*, added to Lord *Greis* ſaid Proweſſe theare,
Did leſſer rid our Queene and Realme their Realme & King of feare,
Than *Maries* end: Who of her ſelfe all Treaſons did prefer,
Gainſt either State, our forraine Foes deriu'd Pretexts from her.
But thus *Elizabeth* hath ſalu'd Ours and *Scotch* Troubles: Now
Enſues we ſhew her aids to *France*, who wrought their Broyles & how.

CHAP.

CHAP. LVII.

IT by a Politician, a *Germaine*, (to whose lore,
Haue *Machiuilian French*-Euents since sorted euermore)
Before Queene-Mother, *Charles* the King, and others priuate, was
Aduisde a Monarch absolute in *France* to bring to pas.
Aristocratick gouernmēt, nor *Democratick* pleasd,
But where to one Mans Emperie is *Monarchia* seasde.
He told his Trauels, and in States his Obseruations: how,
Besides the onely *Turke*, he none a Monarch did allow:
Who suffreth none by Might, by Wealth, or Blood, to ouer-top:
Himselfe giues all Preferment, and whom listeth him doth lop:
His Bands of *Ianizaries*, who are form'd and nourisht still
From Childhood his owne Creatures, hold all at his owne will:
He out of these his Captaines, and his Bassies doth elect:
They, to deserue their Founders trust, his only Weale affect:
The rather, for their Dignities, and all that All possesse
Determine at his will, behooues therefore not to transgresse.
Saue his Religion, none is vsde, vnlesse in Conquests late,
And that of Policie, thereby to adde vnto his State,
Nor euen there permits he of Religion to debate.
Nor walled Townes, nor Fortresses, his Empire doth digest,
Except vpon the Frontires, for securing of the rest.
His Subiects thus, Theirs, and the whole, at his Deuotion, needs
No Impostes, Taxes, or the like, whence Tumult often breeds.

Discourst

Diſcourſt of his Experience thus, he then deſcends to it,
Whereby of *Mamercus* might himſelfe the *French* King fit.
Whereas (quoth he) *French* Policie conſiſts of Three Eſtates,
The Princes, Nobles, Commons, and each one of th'other wates
For hearts and helpes, and oft the King is bridled of thoſe Three,
Himſelfe therefore, ſuch Lets remou'd, ſole Monarch thus might bee.
Of ancient Peeres, of valiant Men, great Lords, and Wiſemen all,
By forced Warre, or fraudfull peace, to temporize the fall:
Whereto Religions quarrell then preſented meane not ſmall.
Meane while, vntill of them by turnes weare Riddance, did behoue
To worke them Mal-contents, the King to labor vulgar Loue.
Immediately, euen from himſelfe, No whit at their Requeſt,
To paſſe preferments, not to them, but els as likes him beſt:
And but of Peeces ruinous the Great-Ones to poſſeſſe.
And when his Creatures ſhall grow to more, thoſe Great to leſſe,
To quarrell then thoſe Nobles, when in them great hearts would lurke,
That for the Souldier, or the ſword of Iuſtice, ſhould make worke.
So to prouide that of the States be no Conuention nam'd:
Religion not diſputed of: Strong Townes, which oft haue tam'd
The *French* Kings, be diſmantled: And when things as thus be fram'd,
His Maieſtie (quoth he) ſhall hit the Marke whereat is aim'd.

WHen this, & worſe than thus, this worſe than *Machiuel* had ſaid,
With that Conuenticles Applauſe, ſo working was not ſtaid.
For hence, if Accidents we ſhall obſerue, may be collected
The ciuill Warres and Butcheries in *France* to haue effected.
Religion gaue the colour, whear, though infinite were ſlaine,
The Church reform'd did not reſiſt, yeat ſtill by loſſe did gaine:
For blood of Martyrs well is ſaid to be the Churches Seede,
Where Maſſacres haue plaſhed there is ſpread a triple Breede.
In Senſe it ſeem'd a fillie Spring, ſhould *Europe* ouer-floe,
Whence *Luther* his occaſion tooke againſt the Goſpels Foe:
As *Scotlands* foreſaid *Guizian* Broyles, euen *France* her Tumults ſo,

From

From other then Religions cauſe did at beginning groe.
So *Ioſeph* ſold, and Chriſt betrayd, was meeter than was ment
Of *Ben-Iameſts*, or by the falſe *Iſcarots* foule Intent:
But howſoeuer ill haps well, Woe ſtayes whence ill is ſent.
French ſecond *Henries* Fauorites, the Conſtable, and *Guize*,
The one of them ambitiouſly the others Hight enuies:
Each growing croſſe, and croſſing, it to Factions grew at length,
Poore *Hugenotz* vndoubted then, nor dreamed they of ſtrength:
Alone in *Henries*, *Francis*, and ninth *Charles* their Raignes, of them
French Papiſts, as our *Maries*, did to Martyrdome condemne.
But by ſuch Law as Wolues doe Lambes, thoſe Innocents for moſt
Were ſlaughtered, whole Townes ſomtimes with theſe in them they
And like now threatned *Guize* againſt the Saints in euery Coſt. (roſt:
The *Guizians* (ſo that Faction ſhall in this Report be ſayd)
Through Nonage of the Pope-taught King, grew Mighty and obayd:
Queene-Mother (Miſchief-Miſtres) in their Pageant featly playd.
Meane while the Royals and the Peeres they Practiſe to betray:
Some in the bloodie Maſſacre at *Paris* made away.
But what offend I Chriſtian Eares with horror of that deede?
From *Sarazens*, nor *Sauages* did euer like proceede.
Let that blacke Marrage-Feaſt, when were ſo many Thouſands ſlaine
Of Saints, at peace with God and men, be neuer nam'd againe:
Let be a Law in euery Land, to puniſh ſuch as ſpeake
That Chriſtians ſhould, like Hel-houds, ſo with God & Nature break:
Farre be it that Poſterities ſhould heare, that *Charles* the King
For ſuch foule Murthers bon-fiers bod, and cauſed Bels to ring.
Yeat tell the Popes Proceſſion, and his Iubilee for this:
For Popes be impudent, and bads their bleſſings neuer mis,
To haue them Fathers of thoſe Acts no Newes at all it is.

But more than twiſe ſixe yeares ere this the ciuill Warres begun,
When on the Lambes of *Vaſſie* did the *Guizian* Butchers run:
Euen when the Edict had giuen Peace vnto the Church reform'd,
And odious to the Papiſts ſeem'd that Peace, who therefore ſtorm'd,

And

Euen then the Duke of *Guize*, who earſt had figur'd for the Crowne,
Hence calculating hopes, did ſet his bad Deſignements downe:
Alonly quarrelling, till then, the Princes of the blood,
Who, partly quail'd, were yet vnkild, and to their tackling ſtood.
So with the Papiſts bands the Duke himſelfe, not for deuotion,
But aduantagious ſeem'd that Meane for blood-drifts and Promotion.
This faction thus had Heart and Head, the other yet vnborne,
Till to the Prince of *Condie* flockt the *Hugenotz*, forlorne,
And told the ſauage Butcheries at *Vaſſie* newly made,
By ruthles and ſeditious *Guize* on Thouſands, whilſt they prayde.
Like skathed Sheepe, eſcaped from blood-ſucking dogs, they quake,
Imploring his protection, which he then did vndertake.
Thus, through Neceſſitie, this Part had alſo Heart and Head:
Euen after hundreds thouſands ſuch good Chriſtians ſo were dead.
This knowne, to him from euery Part the Perſecuted flie,
So was the Prince of vertuous Troopes poſſeſſed by and by.

CHAP. LVIII.

NOt *Spayne* this while, that held from *France* great Signories, did ſleepe,
But through the Fingers into It, with luſting Eies, did peepe:
At leaſt, by nouriſhing thoſe Broyles, all got She hopes to keepe.
For It (whoſe Scituation ſo *Spaynes* ſcattred Realmes diſioynes)
Her Teeth had watred long, and now, to weaken *France* her Loynes,
Gainſt *France* ſhe *Frãce* doth ſtrengthẽ with the Smother of her gold,
And for that Purchace to the Diuell, is fear'd, her Soule is ſold.

Directions

Directions alſo came from *Rome*, that ſetteth all on fier:
That, by what Right or wrong ſo ere, the *Guize* ſhould ſtill aſpier:
To ſend the royall Bloods to Heauen or Hell, it skils not how:
Were Pardons ſent for Murthers: Buls to cleare Alleageance vow:
That, on Damnation, none perſwade, much leſſe of Peace allow.
And not alone gainſt *France* this League was halowed, but gainſt all
That worke the Goſpell to erect, wherby the Pope might fall.
Was more than time, troe we, to goe, ſhould not the Church vs call.
But call did they, and come did we, and to their labors fall,
When were their townes demoliſhed, with ſlaughters thear not ſmal.

This buſie Head of that bad League (for yet the monſtrous Beath
Of *Sextus Quintus* and the Diuell, the grand League, had not breath)
This *Guize* bereft vs *Calice*, and in *France* our Peeces all:
Then fell in hand with *Scotland*, thence with vs in hand to fall:
This, in his Neece the *Scotriſh* Queene her claime, did all he might
To diſpoſſeſſe *Elizabeth* our Queene of regall right:
This on the infant-Perſon of his naturall King had ſeazde:
And proſecuted now in *France* what violence him pleaſde:
The Popes ſwome Butcher, and proud *Spains* fore-Runner, to prepare
Her waies for *France* and *England*, which their Owners cannot ſpare:
This with the blood of Innocents made Channels ouer-floe:
Againſt this *Cham*, and his Beau-Peeres, inuited *Engliſh* goe.
Els, ſaue that God can all, was feard Religion ſhould haue quaild,
And *Spanyards*, neſtling ouer neere, had eaſlier vs aſſaild:
For on the Theator of *France*, the Tragedie was ment
Of *England* too: Wherefore our Queene her interruptors ſent.

How *Ambroſe*, Earle of *Warwick*, did in *France* high feates not few,
How bloodie *Claudie*, Duke of *Guize*, a common Souldier ſlew,
How *Francis*, ſonne of that ſame *Guize*, did ciuill Broyles renew,
The perſecuting *Francis*, *Charles*, and *Henries* hence a-dew, (plaid,
How theſe ſaid Kings, to worke themſelues *French* Monarchs Atheiſts
And doting ouermuch on *Rome*, their Realme and ſelues betraid,
The skarlet *Barbone*, whom the *Guize* a painted *French* King made,

Salcedo

Salcedo fayling *Monſiurs* Death, which the league conſpier,
The Prince of *Orenge*, murthred through *Farneſian Parmas* hier,
Renoumed *Condie* poyſned, in his time the Leaguers feare,
How Pope-ſent *Saunders* gainſt our Queene in *Ireland* Armes did beare,
(For Leaguers then in Pollicie preuented Lettes each-wheare,
By Armies, or Armadas, or their ſcattred *Ieſuiſts*, who
Haue had ſmall cauſe to brag that they with *England* had to doe)
The often ſworne and for-ſworne Peace, that hapned in the while
Queene-Mother, *Phillip*, Pope, and *Guiſe*, the *French* Kings did begile,
Queene-Mother for ambition of imployment, King of *Spayne*,
To make his Vſurpations ſure, yea *France* it ſelfe to gaine,
The Pope to keepe his pompe in plight, *Guiſe* for the Regall Ring,
How all, though drifting diffringly, at length to end did bring
The Houſe *Valoys*, of *Capets* Stocke (which Stocke had quite decaide,
But that it pleaſeth God the Crowne in *Burbons* Houſe is ſtaide)
How till the *Barricados* Feaſt, when *Guiſe* vn-vizard was,
Vnder Religions Cloake the Routes in waſted *France* did pas,
And after then, both Hugenote and Papiſt too, if frend
Vnto *Valoys* or *Burbon*, found like Enmitie or end,
Of *Sauoy* (hoping *France*) his Aydes and ill ſucceſſe in all,
How *Guiſe* and *Lorraine* in the Pit for *Henrie* dig'd did fall,
How Frier *Iames*, Pope-bleſt and brib'd of *Mayne*, did *Henrie* kill,
How vnto *Mayne*, purſewing Broyles, it wrought not to his will,
The Maſſacres and Stratagems did in theſe Tumults chance,
How God in all his Warres did bleſſe *Nauar*, now King of *France*,
And how, next God, that *Frãce* is French our Queene is Author cheef,
All Theſe, thus blanch't, we leaue, and ſhall of *Belgick* be as breefe.

But be it firſt remembred how, euen for the Parents ſinne,
God plagueth in Poſteritie: as came to paſſe, I winne,
In ſecond *Henries* (of the Church reform'd a bloodie Foe,
Though otherwiſe a worthie Prince, nor tache we him but ſo)
And *Katherine de Medicis*, whoſe Atheiſme wrought much woe.
Theſe had fowre Sonnes, not one of which did die a naturall death,

All

All Iſſules, *Valoyſes* Males none extant on the Earth.
No maruell, euen to *Dauids* Seed for *Dauids* ſinne hap't ſuch:
And though the holy Writ containes that Storie yet to tuch
This Purpoſe, let vs heare it here, Example vrgeth much.

CHAP. LIX.

OF holy *Dauid* and his Houſe, the Man approu'd to be,
By Gods owne Mouth to Gods owne heart, the many Troubles ſee:
His Soule was euer godly firme, though fraile in fleſh as Man:
For who of *Adams* Seede from ſinne acquite them could or can.
Our walls of fleſh that cloſe our Soules God knew too weake, & gaue
A further Guard, euen euery Man an Angell Guide to haue:
And Men to vs be Angels, whilſt they worke our Soules to ſaue.
For, eare his Fall, Man was not left vnto himſelfe ſo free,
But that he had a Law and Thoſe that ſhould his Temptors be,
And tempted, then the Spirit, that for God himſelfe was made,
Was dared by the Fleſh, that to the Spirit earſt obayde
The Soule by either laboured to thriue, or be betrayde.
To erre is proper then to Men, but brutiſh to perſiſt:
With Praiſe and Prayer ſtill to God, as *Dauid* thriu'd or miſt,
He plied, more in louing God than liuing godly bliſt.
Vngratefull *Saule* diſtreſſing him or what eare then befell,
Or afterwards, nor other then domeſticke Greefes we tell.
The troublous Sequels *Nathan* tould of *Dauids* Houſe, when as,
To wanton it with *Bethſabe*, *Vrias* murthred was,

Effecting

Effecting now, is only it whereto our Pen ſhall pas:
Thamar, *Ammon*, *Abſolom*, *Adonijah* alſo wrought
Vnto their Father woe enough, let theſe on Stage be brought.
Now to the Tribes was *Dauid* as the Zodiack to the Signes,
Euen Signifer to euery Prince that circled his Confines:
A Monarche great, in Acts and Fame more great, but great'ſt of all,
In that he was belou'd of God, nor ceaſt on him to call,
Who raiſd him, often falling, for his Croſſes weare not ſmall.
Loue-worth *Maacha*, *Thalmai* King of *Geſhurs* Daughter, baire
To *Dauid* featred *Abſolom*, and *Thamar* peereles faire.
Nor fairer yeat than virtuous, though diſaſtrouſly ſhe ſpeade:
Such is admyred Bewtie that hath Worlds of Miſchiefes breade.
Ammon, whom *Ahinoam* bore to *Dauid*, was the cauſe
Of hers and his owne griefe, in that he gaue his Eyes no lawes.
For Loue is but a Terme, like as is *Eccho* but a Voyce,
That This doth babble That doth breed or not is ours the choyce.
Trewe Virtue curbs Affection, and for Conſcience flyeth ſinne,
To leaue for imperfection, feare, or ſhame no praiſe doth winne.
But not ſo happy he, as feare, or ſhame, or ought might ſtay
His rankled thoughts, but ſicke, luſte ſicke, for *Thamar* *Ammon* lay,
Till ſubtell *Ionadabs* Aduiſe did her to him betray.
For neuer was Pretence ſo fowle but ſome would flatter it,
Nor any thing ſo peſtilent as miſ-applied Wit.
Seeme feeble ſicke, and when the King thy Father viſits thee,
Then faine an Appetite to Meate by *Thamar* dreſt (quoth he:)
Aske that ſhe dreſſe it in thy ſight, and of her hand to take it,
When priuate ſo, thy Market bee as thou doeſt mar or make it.
Well pleaſde this Counſell: *Ammon* askes, and *Dauid* yeelds anon.
Nor readier *Dauid* to bid goe than *Thamar* to be gon.
Like *Philomela*, flattering *Pandeon* ſhe might go
With *Tereus* that prepos'd her ſhame, was *Thamar* forward ſo:
When either Virgin was ſurpriſde wheare leaſt they look't a Foe.
So gratious, portly, freſh, and faire, and (which no leſſe attract)

So modeſt, wittie, affable, had Nature her compact,
That ſuch as in his Canticles her Brother hath purtrayde
His Loues *Idea*, litrally might *Thamar* ſuch be ſaide.
Goodly thus, and gladly then, and not ſuſpecting harme,
She, entring wheare he lodged, did afreſh the Leacher warme.
His leaſing Sicknes then to acte by Arte was more than neede,
For, ſeeing her, imagine all his Senſes ſicke in deede.
More could ſhe not, more ſhould ſhe not, than ſhe in kindnes did:
All adding Fewell to the Fier, which yet from her lay hid.
Now, ſaue of him and her, the Roome was cleard by his deuiſe,
When he did aske to eate, which ſhe did bring him in a triſe:
Full glad (good Soule) her Cookerie might pleaſe him any whit,
When not her Cookrie, but her ſelfe, his appetite did fit:
Concerning which he breakes with her, indeuoring her conſent:
Whereto amaiz'de, ſhe counter-works, nor would for ought relent.
How pretious her Virginitie, what ſinne it to defile,
How for their Fathers Luſte much woe was propheſied ere-while,
How Inceſt was much more a ſinne ſhe wiſhed him to way,
How permanent the Shame to both: Enough did *Thamar* ſay,
To haue preſeru'd Virginitie, if luſt had brook't a Nay.
But pleading teares and words lackt waite, by force he rauiſht her,
And hauing forſt, he forced not to hide how he did erre:
Nor more he loued her ere while but hates her now as much:
Of Luſt and vnchaſt Coiture ſtill is the Sequell ſuch.
Her now vn-virgin'd Eyes did ſhame to view the common Light,
She therefore would haue ſtayd, at leaſt not come in cõmon Sight,
Suppoſing, by her Bluſhings, all would ayme her altred Plight,
But out his Doores by violence he ſhutteth her, wherefore
Aloude ſhe cride with bitter teares, her faire attier ſhe tore,
And did all Signes of ſorrow, whilſt the cauſe admired was.
But when her Brother *Abſolom* found how had come to pas,
He comforts her in all he might, and to his houſe conuaies
His wofull Siſter, wheare thenceforth, as deſolate, ſhe ſtaies:

Like

Like *Progues* ſiſter penſiue, but her moodes weare milder ſtill,
This wanting will not ſpeech to rayle, That wanting ſpeech not will.
Contrary-wiſe thought *Abſolom* of nothing but Reuenge,
And with his choler thinke yee him theſe thoughts among to menge.
Did *Cadmus*, for his Siſter rapt'e, ſo many Countries rome?
And ſhall I ſleepe my Siſters Rape, that may be quit at home?
For Rape of one, ſcarce honeſt, was at *Troy* ſuch tenne-years Fight,
And ſhall one eaſie bloe ſeeme much ſweet *Thamars* wrong to right?
Simeon and *Leui*, worthy Sonnes of *Iſrael* our grand-Sier,
Yee in reuenging *Dinas* Rape haue ſet mine heart on fier,
Euen mine, that for a greater wrong ſhould greater things acquier.
Poore *Sychem*, thou didſt loue in deede and Marriage Rites affect,
Lewde *Ammon*, thou did'ſt luſt in deede, and then thy Rape reiect:
Poore *Sichem*, the a ſtranger was whom thou ſo much didſt wowe,
Lewde *Ammon*, ſhe thy Siſter was with whome thou hadſt to doe:
Poore *Sichem*, thou to prize thy loue didſt leaue thy Godes for hers,
Lewde *Ammon*, thou to pleaſe thy luſte no God at all prefers:
But howſoeare in theſe in this no difftence ſhall remaine,
Poore *Sichem* he was ſlaughtred, lewd *Ammon* ſhall be ſlaine.

Not more *Maachas* goodly Sonne in ſtomaking did threate,
Then did this Newes his Father now offenſiuely diſqueate:
At poynt almoſt to act as much as *Abſolom* did plot,
Euen *Ammons* death, had not he been his Iſſue firſt-begot:
For which he earſt had hild him Deare, and preſent Nature wrought,
And that himſelfe had amorous Slyps, is likely too, he thought.
But howſoeare, in woe enough he ouerpaſſeth it,
Which *Abſolom* in wroth enough nor could, nor would forgit:
Two yeares in ſilence, neartheles, he labord of that fit.
To his Sheep-ſhearing *Daurd* and his Brethren he inuites,
(Such as our Wakes, conuenting Kinnes to Feaſtings and Delightes)
Now liſten what *Cataſtropha* this Stratagem behightes.
The King excus'd his comming; whome his Sonne importunes ſo,
As *Ammon* and his other Sonnes had leaue and will to goe.

Vnwilling though(by what Prefage I wot not) *Dauid* ſeem'd
Of *Ammons* going(but what Fate ordain'd hath none redeem'd)
Go did he,wheare full merily he frollicked that tyde,
When, by his Oſtes Attendants theare of ſudden Wounds he dyde,
(Which after Banquet did their Lord for onely him prouide.)
More skar'd than hurt the other Sonnes of *Dauid* flead with ſpeede,
Yeat eare their home-returne the King had notice of the deede,
And feared much their ſafetie,till them he ſaw,and then
Was ſuch confuſed ſorrow,more was neuer ſeene mong'ſt Men.
To *Geſhur Abſolom* eſcapes,three yeares an Exile thear,
Till *Dauids* kinde relenting heart to *Ioab* did appeare,
By meanes of whome,recalled home,he laſtly purchaſt Grace,
Yea well-appay'd was *Dauid* if weare *Abſolom* in place.
Lou'd neuer Father more a Sonne than him his Father lou'd,
Prou'd neuer Sonne vngratefull more than he vngratfull prou'd:
For hauing ſtolne the Peoples hearts,by affable Pretexts,
He faines his vowes at *Hebron*, but the Diadem affects,
And,by collected Forces theare diſtreſſed *Dauid* more
Than *Saule* the *Cananites*,or all hap't after or before:
Enforcing him to flie the Land.But dwell we not of this,
God neuer fauor'd ſuch Attempts,or euer fayled His.
When *Dauid* ſeem'd,in common Sence,already on the hip,
Was *Abſolom* himſelfe ore-throne,whom God made ouer-ſlip,
What politicke *Achitophel* had counſeld him to doe,
Whoſe Counſell not receau'd, he hong himſelfe,and worthie too.
Ambitious *Abſolom* now foyl'd,as on his Mule he flead,
Was carried vnderneath an Oke wheare caught vp by the head,
(Euen by thoſe bewtious Locks of which & him ſuch praiſe is read)
He ſighte(and cauſe he had)and ſaid(or ſay he might)that All
Which ſo vniuſtly ſeeke to clime,moſt iuſtly ſo doe fall.
But whatſoere he thought or ſpake,this holds autenticall:
We thinke no greater bliſſe than ſuch to be as be we would,
When bleſſed none,but ſuch as be the ſame that be they ſhould,

Had

Had one Man all that all Men haue he nothing had,vnleſſe
He alſo had a Soule that All as nothing did poſſeſſe.
Natures Mynion,Eyes Admier,and now in-ayred Earth,
(For,hanging,*Ioabs* ruthles ſpeare had vented vitall breath,
Although the King his counter-maunde ſhould haue contraried ſo)
Effected had his Fathers heart no Subſtance elſe but woe:
So kinde and ouer-kinde was he in moning ſuch a Foe.
But thus of this,and thus to him this following Croſſe did groe.
To epilogue our Tragedie,now *Adoniah* acts,
With whom,old *Dauid* to depoſe,euen *Ioabs*-ſelfe compacts:
Yea diuers Captaines did reuolt,and with the Sonne rebell,
Which not a little greeu'd the King,that lou'd the young-man well,
Who,next his brother,did for forme and ſoly now excell.
Remayn'd but *Salomon* and he,and he the elder Sonne.
Too forward yeat to practiſe Rule eare *Dauids* Raigne was donne.
But what God meaneth is,Amen: The Scepter was behight
To *Salomon*,and *Nathan* mou'd the King to doe him right.
Who,aged,caus'd his Diadem to Roialize the head
Of *Salomon*,annoynted now: which heard,the Rebel ſtead.
So haue we ſeene,not yeares farre-paſt,long-Plottings ouerthrone,
Euen in a triſe,to day a Queeue,to morrow leſſe than none:
Such was her Fate,but not her Fault,that ſtoode for *Maries* Throne
Nor cite I this A Noueltie,like Pul-backs many an one.
Repentant *Adoniah* now vnto the Altar flies,
And holdeth faſt the Hornes thereof: which one,that it eſpies,
Reporteth vnto *Salomon*,that ſent to fetch him Thence:
Which would not be, till ſwore the King to pardon his offence:
Whom leaue we now ſo pardoned,or rather in ſuſpence.
For though a Kings Competitor in one ſame Land may liue,
Yeat take he heed,the ſleighteſt cauſe a cauſe of death doth giue:
Which hapned him,eare hapned this inſerted by the way.
Dauid decea'ſte,in *Salomon* was ſole and ſou'raigne Sway,
When *Ioab*,to prolong his life,did at the Altar ſtay.

Vnwilling though (by what Presage I wot not) *Dauid* seem'd
Of *Ammons* going (but what Fate ordain'd hath none redeem'd)
Go did he, wheare full merily he frollicked that tyde,
When, by his Ostes Attendants theare of sudden Wounds he dyde,
(Which after-Banquet did their Lord for onely him prouide.)
More skar'd than hurt the other Sonnes of *Dauid* flead with speede,
Yeat eare their home-returne the King had notice of the deede,
And feared much their safetie, till them he saw, and then
Was such confused sorrow, more was neuer seene mong'st Men.
To *Geshur Absolom* escapes, three yeares an Exile thear,
Till *Dauids* kinde relenting heart to *Ioab* did appeare,
By meanes of whome, recalled home, he lastly purchast Grace,
Yea well-appay'd was *Dauid* if weare *Absolom* in place.

Lou'd neuer Father more a Sonne than him his Father lou'd,
Prou'd neuer Sonne vngratefull more than he vngratfull prou'd:
For hauing stolne the Peoples hearts, by affable Pretexts,
He faines his vowes at *Hebron*, but the Diadem affects,
And, by collected Forces theare distressed *Dauid* more
Than *Saule* the *Cananites*, or all hap't after or before:
Enforcing him to flie the Land. But dwell we not of this,
God neuer fauor'd such Attempts, or euer fayled His.
When *Dauid* seem'd, in common Sence, already on the hip,
Was *Absolom* himselfe ore-throne, whom God made ouer-slip,
What politicke *Achitophel* had counseld him to doe,
Whose Counsell not receau'd, he hong himselfe, and worthie too.
Ambitious *Absolom* now foyl'd, as on his Mule he flead,
Was carried vnderneath an Oke wheare caught vp by the head,
(Euen by those bewtious Locks of which & him such praise is read)
He sighte (and cause he had) and said (or say he might) that All
Which so vniustly seeke to clime, most iustly so doe fall.
But whatsoere he thought or spake, this holds autenticall:
We thinke no greater blisse than such to be as be we would,
When blessed none, but such as be the same that be they should,

Had

Had one Man all that all Men haue he nothing had,vnleſſe
He alſo had a Soule that All as nothing did poſſeſſe.
Natures Myrion,Eyes Admier,and now in-ayred Earth,
(For,hanging,*Ioabs* ruthles ſpeare had vented vitall breath,
Although the King his counter-maunde ſhould haue contraried ſo)
Effected had his Fathers heart no Subſtance elſe but woe:
So kinde and ouer-kinde was he in moning ſuch a Foe.
But thus of this,and thus to him this following Croſſe did groe.
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So haue we ſeene,not yeares farre-paſt,long-Plottings ouerthrone,
Euen in a triſe,to day a Queeue,to morrow leſſe than none:
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Which would not be, till ſwore the King to pardon his offence:
Whom leaue we now ſo pardoned,or rather in ſuſpence.
For though a Kings Competitor in one ſame Land may liue,
Yeat take he heed,the ſleighteſt cauſe a cauſe of death doth giue:
Which hapned him,eare hapned this inſerted by the way.
Dauid decea'ſte,in *Salomon* was ſole and ſou'raigne Sway,
When *Ioab*,to prolong his life,did at the Altar ſtay.

Euen he that in ſo many Brunts for *Dauid* did preuaile,
That, ſaue for *Adoniah* now, Allegiance neare did faile,
That, ſaue for ſheaded blood of twaine, could none impeach of wrong,
Euen this grand-Captaine of the Hoſts, a luckie Knight ſo long,
Hand-faſting now the Altar, claimes that priuiledge, in vaine:
For thence he would not, and the King commaunds he theare be ſlaine:
Which Warrant did *Banaiah* ſerue. And ſo this Worthie died,
For *Abner* and *Amaſas* blood, like-Worthies and as tried.

With *Adoniah* now remaines we act and ende our Sceanes,
To whō, might ſeeme, ſmall good was meant, what il ſoere he meanes:
Wheare crowned Might, and croſſed Right ſo neere together dwell,
Behooues that Forreſt-flying Feare, whereof the Fox did tell.
Our factious *Lancaſter* and *Yorke* thereof could witnes well.
Abiſag, *Dauids Hebe*, that in comfort of his Age,
Attended him at Bed and Boarde, when naturall heate did ſwage.
Howbeit ſtill a Virgin, and the goodlieſt Wenche aliue,
Enamours *Adoniah*, at the leaſt with her to Wiue
He drifteth, not detayned but for *Salomons* conſent:
Of which he moued *Bethſabe*, for which the Sutor went
To *Salomon*, that thearewithall was onely not content,
But alſo tooke occaſion hence of more, perhaps, then meant.
Banaiah, by the Kings Commaund, did *Adoniah* ſlea:
For Cryme perhaps, perhaps becauſe a Crowne might come in Plea.
For *Salomon*, diuinely wiſe, could Subtellizings found:
That much the Maid knew *Dauids* mind, that Many ſhe had bound,
Whilſt gratious earſt, with Benefits: her Kinred ſtrong he found:
That *Ioab* and *Abiather* weare on his Brothers ſide:
That his aſpiring ſleepes nor muſt be ſlept the King eſpide:
Or elſe-what? *Adoniah* was diſpatched out of hand:
So ſped his ſute, ſo was confirm'd to *Salomon* the Land:
If Others otherwiſe, not I as others vnderſtand.

Nor better Meede for Merits could theſe *Dauidiſts* alleadge:
Yeat did their Father eate the Grapes that ſet their Teeth on edge.

Then

Then charitable, godly-wiſe, and continent weare fit
Should Parents be: So proſper they, Theirs, and whom Theirs begit.
Of *Scotland*, quieted by our Queene, and *France* by her kept *French*,
Is toucht: Of *Belgike*, long ſelfe-vaind, reſts how the blood to ſtench.

CHAP. LX.

THe Inquiſition threatned, wrought in *Netherlanders* feare.
And Signes of altring Regment in their ancient State appeare.
As full-fead Children with their Foode by Peace this people play,
Till, in world-matchles Wealth, did them Securitie betray.

They hearing what King *Philip* meant againſt their State, did minde
What in the Fables Morall of the Stock and Stork we finde:
For in the Lady Regent and her Brother *Philips* Corſe,
Their hearts preſag'd like diffrence as twixt rigor and remorſe.
Arm'd was the Duke of *Alua*, who by warres, by wiles, by blood,
Shuld cõquer, circũuent, cõſume, thoſe Lands, their Lords, the Good.
Theſe to haue his ſufficed not the *Spaniſh* King, vnleſſe
He Monarchize their Land, their Lawes, and Liberties depreſſe.
The other Part their Conſciences and Priuiledges pleades,
Nor other cauſe than only thus to armor Either leades. (lurch,
For There, elſe-Where, and euer *Spayne*, when *Spayne* would Scepters
Concludes for *Spayne*, though euer *Spayne* begins for holy-Church.
No Armie was as yet ariu'd, when as the *Belgres* ſend
To *Philip* their ſubmiſſion, and their Loyaltie defend.
If ought were done contrary to his Edicts (as indeede

Weare ſome too buſie Proteſtants did order-les proceede)
They did tranſpoſe that fault vpon thoſe Innouators rude,
Proteſting all that Subiects ſhould, and humbly too they ſude,
(Vouching his Father, Vncle, Kings, and Emperors of old,
Who let their Liege-men, diffring from their own, Religion hold)
To ſuffer Conſciences in them to God-wards vncontrold.
For which, and for their Charters did they offer Maſſes large,
And euermore to vnder-go all Trtiage, Taxe, and Charge.
But Theirs to alter quite in all was it that *Philip* ment:
To plague therfore thoſe ſeauenteene Shires was war-fleſht *Alua* ſent.
This, like a pleaſing poyſning Aſpe, to act as he did aime,
At firſt arriuall Pardons did for paſſed Crimes proclaime.
That tractable kind People ſo he to his bent did frame.
Who weare not then by hoſtile meanes men eaſily to tame.
He thus of them poſſeſt, did then, by ſlie Degrees, ſurpriſe
Their Townes, puts Gariſons in them, built Cittadels likewiſe,
Inducts the Inquiſition, and ſtrange Impoſts did deuiſe,
Cals pardon'd Crimes in queſtion, faines the Guiltles to offend,
And thus an Aſpe, and poyſnous more, prou'd *Alua* in the end.
For why? ambitious men ſeeke, get, poſſeſſe, and practiſe State,
With reſtles minds, by fawning Meanes, enuide, in haughtie rate.
This priuiledged Prouince, and this Paradized Earth,
Thus ſtripped of her golden Fleece, and faintly drawing breath,
Was Phiſickt of *Elizabeth*, who with her *Engliſh* Balme,
Then much the poyſnous biting of that *Spaniſh* Aſpe did calme:
Euen Pittie preaching thus to her, that Nature is reuerſt,
When as it ſelfe is not amongſt it owne Conſorts diſperſt.
She to that Countries Father, to that honorable Knight,
The Prince of *Orange* (armed then in Chriſt his cauſe to fight,
And for his Countries weale) permits firſt Voluntarie Aides,
And laſtly, when that neighbour Fier too neerly her inuaides,
And their extreame Oppreſſion did her Charitie inuite,
(By Ambaſſies *Spayne* often mou'd to do the *Belgies* right,

How-

Howbeit touching Peace in vaine) ſhe franklier friends their Cauſe,
Who were inforced to defend their Faith, their Liues, and Lawes,
Againſt their Soules and Bodies foes, and (which might all perceaue)
Our cauſe was handled then in theirs, then theirs were ours to leaue,
And (which had often ayded vs in many a Field and Fleete)
In ancient Loue with *Burgundie* to breake was thought vnmeete.
How thence tyrannous *Alua* was reuoked, all too late,
When pitiouſly declined was their flouriſhing Eſtate:
Ere which Oppreſſion, where the King had countles Profits thence,
Now Ownes he nothing there, not held with infinit Expence.
The Slaughters, Sackings, Mutinies, the Kings Vice-Gerents ſence,
How *Horne*, & *Egmond*, Coũties braue, through *Aluas* Athiſme ſpead,
How *Orange*, through our Soueraignes Aids preuaild, how laſtly dead,
How *Anioy* alſo, through her Meanes, became that Peoples head,
How now her Highnes onely-ſelfe, next God, doth them ſecure,
Her valiant Warriors there, whoſe Laudes might ſpeciall Pens allure,
And here mean-while ſhould ours, ſaue that I cannot but deuine,
Their Chiualrie to be reſeru'd for higher Muſe than mine:
To which, though ſome we leaue, yeat (by their leaues) of ſome is ſaid
Themſelues they haue miſgouern'd, and their Companies betrayd,
Some More regard of Tents and Traſh in their Retreats haue made,
Then of our craiſed men, may ſuch Conductors low be laide,
And ſome too ruthles, riotous, and of their Charge remiſſe,
Haue ſtarued vp in number moe than Foe-ſlaine number is.
Thus ſome of ſome report, perhaps, not true in all as told:
But ſomewhat ſomewhere faulteth, for no fier no ſmoake be bold.
To be officious getteth Friends, plaine Dealing hated is,
Yeat better plainely to reproue, than fainedly to kiſſe:
We cannot alſo loue our Friends, and flatter their A-miſſe.
How theſe and thus-like paſſed Thear we ouer-paſſe it heere:
Note in our Queene Religion wrong'd it ſelfe did euer cheere,

And,

And,wheare the *Spaniſh Nimrod* hunts in Monarchie to hold
All Chriſtendom, through God that drift ſhe chiefly hath controld.
Nor did,nor doth,nor ſhall it need that thus to her be told:
Who would to God,but works no good,who ſeeketh fame by eaſe,
Comes ſhort of both,no leſſe than Mappes to very Lands and Seas.

Not onely thus,but in this while her Fleetes haue oftentimes
Set proſperouſly her men on ſhore,euen in the fartheſt Climes:
Whēce haue they brought,by fair Cōmerce, great riches to our land,
Or glorious ſpoyles from ſuch as did their peace or Prowſe withſtand:
Of which ſhall be digeſted here the Progreſſe,in ſome parte,
Though ſtately be the Subiect,and too ſlender be our Arte.

THE

THE ELEVENTH BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. LXI.

INexplicable Nature, by the God of Nature wrought,
Makes things ſeeme Miracles to ſome by ſome not Wonders thought:
And euery Climates People, both as they are Men and liue,
Do differ nothing, if obſeru'd, She, not admir'd doth giue.
The Workman rather than the Worke extoll we though in her,
Not curiouſly, and all things to his Prouidence refer.
Who reades Sir *Iohn de Mandeuil* his Trauels, and his Sights,
That wonders not? and wonder may, if all be true he wrights.
Yeat rather it beleeue (for moſt, now modernly approu'd)
Than this our Storie, whence ſuppoſe he was to Trauell mou'd:
Not contradicting though ſuch Pens that write, perhaps more trew,
That Pennance him to Pilgrimage hence of Deuotion drew.
Of noble Parentage and rich was *Mandeuil* exact,
To whom nor Feature, Actiuenes, nor Peoples fauour lackt.
A Lady of the royall blood, Third *Edwards* Cozen ſay her,
On whom, for rareſt Raritie, might Arte-ſpent Nature ſtay her,

Inamours

Inamours him: who held it ſinne, if ought he ſhould omit,
Might pleaſe and prize his Ladie coucht in Courage, Coſte, or Wit.
But quite it quail'd his hopes to thinke he ſtrain'd to reach a Starre:
Oft reaſon therefore did with Loue, Loue did with reaſon warre.
She is too high, and what of that? it hath, thinks he, bin ſeene
As High haue ſtoopt as Low: For Loue, right-labourd, wins a Queene.
And can I hope that Beautie which is Adamant to all?
Yea, Beautie, Natures Iuy-buſh, each Paſſenger doth call.
But ſhould ſhe loue (Foole that I am to hope, that ſhould deſpaire)
Such Births as ſhe not elſe muſt loue, but as they licen'ſt are.
Yeat were it *Mandeuil* ſhe lou'd (miſlike it they that liſt)
Our vertuous Loue elſe-where, as here ſhould render vs as bliſt.
O, would ſhe loue, it ſhould ſuffiſe: ſuch, not of vulgar Moulds,
Whō once ſhe bleſſeth with her Loue, for him ſhe ſooth-faſt holds:
The only vertue of which Loue all other Lacks controules.
Such were his Ebbes, & Floods, and down although in Loue he ſits,
Yeat, fearing Death and her diſdaine, his Heart deuour'd his Fits.
For, though not meanly paſſionate, he fared not as thoſe,
Whoſe melancholy Fooleries be Pylots to their Woes.
Alreadie was he gratious both with her and all the Court,
And, more to be, did exerciſe Armes, and each actiue Sport,
Nor was he ſtoic all in ought, but affable in all,
And apprehends, euen feelingly, her Humours as they fall.
If ſad were ſhe, then ſad was he, if merrie, merrie too:
His Senſes liable to all, ſhe did, or did not doe.
If her he heard to ſpeake, he ſayd *Caſſandra* ſpake leſſe trew,
If her he ſaw, hers praiſde he more than *Cytherea's* hew,
If odorifrous Sents he ſmelt, he fathers them on her,
If but her hand he toucht, that Touch did highly him preſer,
But deified ſwore he him her bed-game Sweets might taſte,
And ſwore his Thoughts: for where we loue, euen there our Soules be
His Vertues and officiouſnes to her wards ſo had wrought, (plaſte.
That

That vnto little leſſe than loue ſhe, by Degrees, was brought.
Then errant Knights, & euery Knight, yea Kings would oft defend
The Beauties of ſuch Damſels as it lik't them to commend:
And Prizes were prepoſde for ſuch whoſe Champions bore them beſt
At Tilts and Turnies, and his Choice was Soueraigne ore the reſt.
Such Iuſts, in *England* to be held, were now proclaymed, and
The Chiualrie of Chriſtendome conuented in our Land.
Three beautious forren Ladies with Sir *John* his Ladie ſtood
Competitors to win the Prize, maintain'd with Champions good.
To ſhew the foure-fold March of Knights, whoſe Prowſe ſhould plead
Vnder diſtinguiſht Flags, her Forme their Fancies waited on, (anon,
Their rare Accomplements, and each Deuiſe to ſee or reede,
To ſhew the richnes of the Prize behight the Victors Meede,
The Damſels richer hew for whom ſuch Triumphs were decreede,
The Coſt, and great Concurſe was there, were ouer-long to ſay,
In few, was nothing wanting that might honor ſuch a day.
Now found they to the Iuſts, and now vn-horſt was many a Knight,
For Foyles were Foyles, moſt brauely all their Champerie acquite,
And almoſt grew the day to end before it could be ſeene
Who bore him beſt, when (mounted well, both Man & Horſe in greene)
A Knight appear'd: his Banner had the Picture, and in gold
King *Edwards* Cozen *Elenor* was legibly inrould.
Againſt him ranne right hardie Knights, that thundred on his Beuer,
But he vnhorſt the moſt of them, himſelfe vn-horſed neuer:
At leaſt he loſt his Stirrops that incounters him, wherefore
Of Knighthood he, and *Elenor* the Prize of Beautie bore.
The Iewels ſet for Victorie and aduerſe Banners three
Were yeelded him, whilſt *Elenor* did long her Knight to ſee.
But as they marched to depart, with Beuer ſhut, he made
To her a Conge, cloſely then he Thence himſelfe conuaide.
Much wonder all who and of whence the hardie greene-Knight was,
But ſecretly, vnknowne of all, he to his Home did pas.
A Womans Loue is Riuer-like, which, ſtopt, will ouer-flow,

But

But when the Currant finds no let it often fals too lowe,
Faire *Elenor* wish't nothing more than that she might him know:
Meane while the Fier of Loue in her, from sparkes to flame did grow.
But *Mandeuil* was more discreet than that, for Mens applause,
He would be known, as knowing that from Praise takes Enuie cause.
To moue the King threats death, in vaine to labor her he wist,
Since many mightie Potentates had labord her and mist.
She, he, and *England* seem'd too neere, his hopes, thought he, too farre,
He absence therefore poynts to plead vnto his Loue in barre.
Of *Ceur-de-Lion*, *Erigen*, *William* the Pylgrim, who
Wrot *Richards Syrian* Warres, *Curson*, *Glanuile*, and *Longe-shee* too,
Long-shanks eare King, his Knights, and of our *English* many moe,
That through the triple Orbs did Armes and Trauels vnder goe,
And famous thus aliue and dead Here and Abroad did groe
He cal'd to minde, resolu'd in minde his Life to finish so.
Bills of Exchange and all things els prepard for Trauell fit,
Vnto his Friends, grieu'd he would goe, he then imparteth it.
The King did giue him Letters for safe-Conducts, of the Corte,
Loth him to leaue he taketh leaue, But in more speciall sorte
Of *Elenor*, good Sadnes she thus spoke, as if in sporte:
Some discontented humor sends you hence, as I deuine,
Which, be where so you shall, will be with you be yours as mine.
Nay, Madam, quoth Sir *Iohn*, twixt vs this difference is to finde,
I both in minde and body, you need trauell not in minde.
Yes yes, quoth she, my Minde I wot meete may you farre away,
If so, then giue to it this Ring, and that I sent it say.
So, with that Riddle and a Ring she gaue, they kindly part,
Nor knew she him the Knight she meant, nor he to him her heart:
For, second to the greene-Knight (whom she thought not him) was he
Her Fauoret, of him therefore she would remembred be.
Now let vs say the Lands, the Seas, the People, and their Lore
This Knight did see, whom, touching which, not storie shall we more:
But to our *English* Voyages, eueu in our times, let's frame.

Our

(Our Muſe, and what you heare of thoſe of his the like do ame.
Yeat interlace we ſhall among the Loue of her and him:
Meane while about the World our Muſe is ſtripped now to ſwim,

CHAP. LXII.

FRom then, when firſt my Father, eare my birth, was one of thoſe
Did through the Seas of yſie Rocks the *Muſcouites* diſcloſe,
We ſhall our *Engliſh* Voyages, the cheefe at leaſt, digeſt,
Of which in this her Highnes Raigne haue been perform'd the beſt,
Then here a while let *Mandevill* and his beloued reſt.
To name the diuers Peoples that in *Europe* be were much,
Not but remoteſt Regions, of our Natiues ſeene, we touch.
But, Moderns, Yee (of whom are ſome haue circum-ſail'd the Earth)
Here pardon vs your Sailes, and giue your proper praiſes bearth:
Infuſe yee Penn-life too into ore taken Fames by death.
Caboto (whoſe Coſmographie and ſelfe-proofe brake the Iſe
To moſt our late Diſcouerers, Debtors to his Aduiſe)
Had vs, eare *Spayne*, poſſeſt of that which *Spanyards* now abuſe,
But, he inuiting, idely we did offred Gold refuſe:
Yeat him to ſay for moſt the Meane, it weare not vs to ſhame,
Of *Engliſh* new Diſcoueries, that yeeld vs Wealth and Fame.
Reſerue we to the Actors though (of whom loſt ſome their Wealth,
Their liues a many, all at leaſt indangered their health,
In trewer perils, and more braue Achieuements, than the Tailes

Of

(Of *Iason* and *Vlysses* of their fabled Sea-toyld Sailes)
The Glorie of the dangerous Gole: Nor let vs heere forgit
(In which I first did breath this aire) *London*, preferring it. (knowne,
Some Marchants theare of woorth did mind with Nations, then vn-
New Traffiques, and the passe thereto was by *Caboto* showne:
By his instruction at their costs three shippes were rigged out,
Hugh Willoughby the Admyrall, a Knight both wise and stoute.
Next place (whose braue performance of Imployments euer liue)
To *Chancelor*, grand Pylot for that Voyage, did they giue.
Now sayle they for the Northeast partes, *Cathayas* Shores to finde:
Incountred with huge seas of Ice, with stormie Gustes and Winde:
Shotland, *AEgeland*, *Halgland*, th'Isles of *Roste* and *Losoot* past,
Tempestiously *Arzinas* Rhode receiued Sir *Hugh* at last.
Theare he, and all of two his ships, attempting bootles shifts,
Weare in that Climate Frozen dead, shut vp with Isie Driftes:
Wheare died he and all with him (if so to die be death)
But no, saith heauen, no, saith their Fame suruiuing them on earth.
Then *Chancelor*, his onely ship remayning of that fleete,
For *Fynmarke*, at the *Wardhouse* sayles with his Consorts to meete.
Their day hath more than two months length, & *Mal-strands* Poole it
Such hidious rore, deuouring fluds, ỳ ten miles distãce shakes. (makes
Wheare, frustrate of his friends in queſt, with courage not deiect,
He for the Course prepoſed did his ventrous sayles direct.

King *Arthur*, *Malgo*, *Edgar* once to haue subdewd are said
Orkney, *Gotland*, *Island*, and those former in that traide,
Gronland, *Wireland*, *Curland*, and cold *Scrikfyn* them obaid,
Newland, with others, and those Isles wheare men, saue eyes alone,
Are hid in hides of beastes, and beasts saue fish haue fother none:
Thence *Chancelor*, ariuing mong'st the *Laplanders* at last,
They, seeing vncouth Men and Shippes, weare wondringly agaste,
(For eare that day was heard no Shippe that churlish pole had past.)
The *Lapland* Bay wheare he arriu'd, now cald Saint *Nicholas* Bay,

Though

Though *Ruſſian*, fifteene hundred Miles from *Moſco* is away:
Theare Winterd he at *Nevnox*, till ſafe conduct being ſent, (went.
Thence to their King on ſwift-drawne Sleads through frozen waies he
Not like *Sarmatian Scithians* (for the *Moſcouites* be ſo)
He found them plaine, but rather much in pompe to ouer-floe:
They neuer in the *Ruſſian* Court till then did *Engliſh* ſee,
His intertainment therefore was as ſtately as might be.
In ſundry Roomes were hundreds ſeene in Gold and Tyſſue clad,
A Maieſtie *Auguſtus*-like their King inthroned had.
Let paſſe what paſte in ſpeech betwixt our Pilot and their King,
Full well could *Chancelor* demeane himſelfe in euery thing,
Let paſſe how in *Baſilius* Court moſt royally he fead,
Suffiſe it that our Agent of his arrant thither ſpead:
That is, that ours might trade with them, of which large leaue is read.
More, not vnworthie note, hereof our purpoſe is to ſay,
But this be firſt of *Mandevil* remembred by the way.

CHAP. LXIII.

WE left him form'd a Traueler (braue Pilgrim Knight farewell,)
And *Elenor* (ſweete Soule) in Loue, with whom ſhe could not tell:
He trauels for to leaue his Loue, not caring where he loſe it,
She for her Loue to finde it skils not whom, ſo him that Ooſe it:
The greene Knight, be whoſo he ſhall, her heart had branded hers:
Wheare is that Second She that Loue for Vertue ſo preſers?
Her onely, ſpeed how ſo he ſhall, his heart had branded his:

Wheare liues that ſecond He that ſo, by louing, betterd is?
Tis often ſeene, Loue works in Man a weake deiected minde,
Tis euer ſeene, a Womans Loue doth alter as the winde:
Example then be *Mandeuil* for Men not to be idle
In Amorous Paſſions: Labor is to loue, at leaſt, a Bridle:
Example to be *Elenor*: But let vs ſay no more,
For Women euer alter, ſaith the Goſpell preach't before:
Conclude we then, when *Elenor* and *Mandeuil* did die,
The Method of true louing did with them to Heauen flie,
For euer ſince too feruent in their Loue are Men, for moſt,
But, *Iris*-like, in Womens Hearts Loue too and fro doth poſte.
One *Stafford* (of a Noble Houſe, a Courtiour of good hauor,
A frind and faſt to *Mandeuil*, and in the Prince his Fauor)
From *Cyprus* from his Friend receiu'd two Letters, one was his,
The other ſent to *Elenor*, and that purported this,
Of you receiued I a Ring, a Token to your Minde,
If ſo I met it, and it is my fortune it to finde:
For if the Heart may, as it might, for Minde be vnderſtood,
My Heart is yours, your Ring ſo mine, Hearts interchang'd were good.
More did I feare than euer in your Ladiſhip I found,
Diſdaineful Lookes from thoſe faire Eyes that me with loue did woũd.
Now ſpeake I Loue, far from thoſe Lookes ſo forceable to kill,
Howbeit that I loue is not to worke or wiſh you ill. (feard I,
Not more than this (though Princes Frownes beare death with them)
For had you lou'd, the King miſlikt, what had I for'ſt to die?
Wheare I haue beene (were blaſphemie from Women to detract)
Great ſtore of Beauties haue I ſeene, but none, as yours, exact)
Courts alſo more than ſtately, with faire Ladies in the ſame,
Which ſeemed common Formes to me, remembring but your name.
When in the Holly-land I prayd, euen at the holy Graue,
(Forgiue me God) a ſigh for ſinne, and three for Loue I gaue.
Againſt the fearce *Arabians* I the *Soldans* Pay did take,
When oft, as Onſet, for Saint *George* Saint *Elenor* I ſpake.

The

The *Amazones*, thoſe luſtie Girles, beleeue me lik't me well,
But nothing in the beſt of them but doth in you excell.
I look't vpon the ſterile Lake where Heauen-fir'd *Sodom* was,
For one, thought I thear ſuch as you not ſo had come to pas,
Moſt ſweete and ſoueraigne *Balſamum* in *Indian* Fields I ſaw,
More ſoueraign ſweeter Sents, thought I, my lips frõ yours could draw.
Nere *Aethiop* when the ſpice-ſweete Well of youth I ſaw, I ſaide,
My Lady lacketh not hereof, Perfection needs not Ayde.
I ſawe (nor wonder you I ſhould, who ſees you ſees as much)
The onely *Phœnix*, Foule, and Faier, but it and you none ſuch.
But, flying thus about your Blaze your Gnat doth burne his wings,
To my deſpairing Paſſion more your praiſed Beautie brings.
Not Trauell tiers my Loue a whit, but Loue doth tire one me:
Which ſhould I wiſh, me better, or you baſer of degree?
Be ſtill the ſame you are, let me exile my ſelfe for euer:
Two diffidenſes I conceit will let me hope you neuer:
The firſt my ſelfe vnworthy you, the latter, and the leaſt
The Kings Conſent: But, well I wot, Loue is a Lordly Feaſt:
Agnize (ſo ſhould you) ſo, and ſo deſpayre is part releaſt.
One comfort is, before you doome is Execution done,
My voluntary Baniſhment alredy is begon:
Which if you neuer ſhall repeale ſhall neuer end, or when
(Ah, can I hope it?) ſhould you, not for vs in *England* then.
Nor is it but our minds that make our natiue Homes our Graue,
As we to ours, Others to theirs like parciall Fancie haue:
Tranſmute we but our Mindes, and then all one an Alien is
As if a Natiue: One reſolu'd makes euery Country his.
Your Anſwer that by Pen our ſpeech to this return'd ſhall be,
Voutſafe it vnto *Stafford*, for an Other-I is he:
In perfect Friendſhip no ſuſpect, for two are one in all,
Communitie or doubling ioy, or making griefe more ſmall:
But would you to an Vnitie of hearts twixt vs incline,
Wheare Friendſhip is angelicall, our Loue ſhould proue diuine.

More write I not, bleſt may you liue, teares ouertake this Line.
When (*Stafford* preſent) *Elenor* this Letter had perus'de,
She ſaid, as elſe-where ſhall enſew: Now is in vs infus'de
Freſh matter of Diſcoueries. How *Chancelor* he ſpeade
Is ſaid before: of *Ruſſia* thus remaineth to be reade.

CHAP. LXIIII.

A Vaſte and ſpatious Empire is *Moſcouie*, in the ſame
Bee Riuers, *Tanais*, *Volga*, and *Boriſthenes* of fame,
With yearely hallowed *Moſca*, which the Primate hauing bleſt,
(Whom to attend the Clargie, Lords, and King himſelfe be preſt)
He thinks himſelfe an happie man may touch the yſe-hewne pit,
But him in Heauen already whom the Primat ſprinks with it.
Euxinus, and the *Caſpian* ſeas do waſh thoſe frozen ſhores,
Which vs with fiſh, oyles, hony, ſalt, furs, and good Traffiques ſtores.
More temprate be the In-land Parts: They reape what they doe ſowe
Within the compas of fower Moones, in all their harueſt, mowe,
And houſe their Beaſts: Thēſelues keep cloſe in Stoues vntil the ſpring,
And ſport with their face-painted wiues, hild theere a comely thing.
In cuſtomes of the *Greeke* Church, much corrupted, are they lead:
Monkes, Friers, & Prieſts ſwarme there, not more thā in their Porteſſe
Nor more haue Prieſts, or People, than a ceremonious care, (reade:
Groſſe worſhippers of Images, which in their houſes are:
In all too ſuperſtitiouſly deuoted. Though the Pope
Theare ſtickell not, their Primate takes as large and pompious ſcope.

Beſides

Beſides theſe Chriſtians (for vnto themſelues they arrogate
The ſoundeſt Chriſtianitie) are ſubiect to their State
Idolators, that doe adore euen Diuels, or did of late.
Not of the *Samoeds* rude-wrought Gods, or blood-Rites will we tarry,
Or of the Stone, neere vnto which did *Willoughby* miſcarry,
To which bring Sailers white-Meats, leaſt their Ships ſhould Tempeſts (harrie,
But that ſame female Idoll cal'd *Zelotibab*, in part
Of *Ruſſia*, or the Diuell himſelfe acting in it his Arte,
Is worth the note. When ought amiſſe amongſt them doth befall,
An Inſtrument of Muſicke, and a ſiluer Toad withall
They lay before the Idoll, and before her proſtrate fall:
Then, Muſicke ſounded, he to whom the Toad ſhall come is ſlaine,
(For come it will) when preſently the man reuiues againe,
And tels the cauſe why hap't the ill, and how to pacifie
The angrie Idoll: which is done, though ſome for it ſhould die.
The King by Monarchia rules, more abſolutely none,
Great Duke of *Ruſſia* late his Stile, imperiall now his Throne.
He holds a Maieſtie not meane, and all of All his Owne,
When to imploy their goods vpon the common-good is knowne.
Himſelfe, both Iudge and Iuror ends with Equitie Debates.
Armipotent in Warre, and hath ſubdewed mightie States:
An hundred thouſand leads he forth againſt his Foes to fight, (flight:
That ſcorne both hunger, thirſt, and could, wounds, yeelding, feare and
Of cloth of gold, rich Stones, & Plumes his royall Tent is pight:
Nor to his Souldiours skants he Gifts, that well themſelues acquite.
But what particulate we thus, that much in few would write?

NOw wheare we left of *Chancelor*: he, gratious with that King,
Obtayned for our Marchants, as he wiſhed, euery thing.
With Letters then of Credence for himſelfe, and Marte for them
He puts to Sea fot *England*, whom the yſe about did hem:
Yeat with vndaunted Courage, to his neuer dying Fame,
All Difficulties ouerpaſt, to *London* ſafe he came.

Thence, after ſome aboade, with new Conſorts, an other Fleete,
And Notes digeſted for their new attempted Traffique meete,
He did reſayle to *Ruſſia*, there receiued as before:
Cheefe Agents *Gray*, and *Killingworth*, bearded fiue foote and more.
In all things with the King for ours did *Chancelor* preuaile,
And now our Agents knew their Homes, & where to make their Saile.
But now muſt end our Swan-ſong, now the Swan himſelfe muſt end,
Euen he that toyld ſuch tedious Seas his Countries weale to mend,
Returning Homeward, neere at Home, euen on the *Scottiſh* Coſt,
Did wracke, and thoſe aboord his Ship then periſhed for moſt:
But that he drown'd his care to ſaue the *Ruſſe*, ſent to vs
In his Conduct, is ſaid the cauſe: but drown'd he was, and thus.
This Marte thus ſet a foote, was Thence for *Ob* an other ſought:
Wherein not little was it that praiſe-worthy *Burrough* wrought:
Of him and (whom I neuer can commend with praiſes dew)
Of *Ienkinſon* enſues: But firſt of *Elenor* anew.

CHAP. LXV.

YEE heard how ſhe his Letter read, whilſt *Stafford* was in place,
Which hauing read, ſhe ſtoode as if aſtoniſhed a ſpace:
Her bluſhing and vn-bluſhing made that *Stafford* doubted whether
It pleaſed, or diſpleaſed: which, the troth to ſay, did neither
Varietie of Men to court a Woman is her pride,
Than which their Vanitie of Men is nothing leſſe eſpide:
What are to vs, but common hurts, thoſe common hopes they giue,

If then their loue doth die to vs when ours to them doth liue:
They *Nero*-like ſing *Troy* when *Rome* by them is ſet on fire,
Ieſt at our earneſt. Let vs now to *Elenor* retier.
More modeſt ſhe thã ſuch (though moſt in mẽs behalfe might better)
And comes, quoth ſhe, from *Mandeuill* this il-come-welcome letter?
Beleeue me, *Stafford*, ill it comes that ſayes a cauſe in me,
That from his Natiue home he ſhould thus ſelfe-exiled be.
If amorous Hopes, or Hopes vnheld to him from me had paſt,
I had indeed bin guiltie, as too forward, or not faſt:
But to the Cauſe, Effect, and all not-guiltie doe I pleade,
His loue is Newes, mine to deſpaire what was it him ſhould leade?
Our Court (I will not wrong the Man, nor flatter him a whit)
Can hardly ſhew another-ſuch for Perſon, Prowſe, and Wit.
But as for me (ſetting a-part my Birth, to which, or any
So borne the State is intereſt) what am I more than Many?
If beautious now (here let me chide his Indiſcretion, who
Farre from a Meane of it ſo meane doth make ſo much adoe,
And, leaſt perhaps he ſhould haue glib'd, a vertue doth not note,
Whẽce loue ſhuld ſpring, which makes me geſſe he doth not loue but (dote)
If beautious, as I ſaid, what els is Forme but vaiding aire?
Yea oft, becauſe aſſaulted oft, it hurteth to be faire.
And were not my Deſcent, and I a Fauorite in Court,
My common Forme, vnheeded then, might paſſe without report.
But were my wiſhes mine, the Court by me ſhould be the leſſe:
So much it hath of Vanitie, and painfull Idleneſſe.
Since ſuch is he, and of my ſelfe my ſelfe but ſo eſteeme,
Himſelfe by ſilence me he wrong'd diſdainfull me to deeme.
I could be angrie, were he here, with him for erring ſo,
Diſdaine (the Vulgars Fault) is not in Gentrie found, I troe.
But feare he did, and wiſely too (for God forbid that I,
Vnworthie that I am, ſhould haue indanger'd him to dye)
The Kings diſpleaſure: Or perhaps, vnpoſſible he thought

My

My loue ſhould equall his, or I a tranſ-Marine be wrought.
But, if he intertain'd ſuch thoughts, there alſo did he erre:
Loue is a lordly Feaſt, he writes, and I the ſame auerre:
For if (not raſhly though, I hope) vpon my choice I ſtand,
My hand ſhall neuer giue my heart, my heart ſhall giue my hand:
Yea, ſo I liue with whom I loue, what care I in what land?
With women is too vſuall now Theirs and themſelues to ſell
For Ioynters by Indenture with imperious men to dwell,
And he doth her, and ſhe doth him with his and hers vpbraide:
But that I chiefly match for loue ſhall, when I match, be ſaide.
Good Daies beget, bad Daies trie Friends, nor him a friend eſteeme
Whom firme as to thy ſelfe thy ſelfe thou dareſt not to deeme,
Say ſome: But *Mandeuill*, I ſee, of you accompteth ſo,
As of his firme and choyceſt Friend, then, leaſt I tedious groe,
I tell thee, *Stafford*, next to one is *Mandeuill* the Man
I could haue loued, but I loue whom not vn-loue I can.
Yeat if you aske me whom or where that one beloued is,
I cannot anſwer whom, or wheare, yeat am and will be his.
Madame, quoth *Stafford* yet your ſpeech hath head, nor foote, nor (Middle,
Not naming him you end a *Sphynx*, and tie me to a Riddle.
Well, friend you are to *Mandeuil*, nor for (ſhe ſaid) to me
The greene-Knight, Victor at the Iuſts a few yeares paſt, is he.
In ſooth, (quoth *Stafford*,) if for him be reſolute your Choyce,
Chuſe not againe, with you for him conſort I alſo Voyce.
Nor thinke, in that I him prefer, I *Mandeuill* reiect.
Friendſhip may brooke Triplicitie, and ſhall in this reſpect.
For your owne ſake, and for his ſake (than *Mandeuil* no leſſe
My Friend) I ſhall (his Soules deſire) you of that Knight poſſeſſe.
Almoſt an Extaſie of Ioy her from her ſelfe did ſeuer,
Hearing of him, for whom her heart did hunt, and els ſhould euer:
And though ſhe did obſerue his ſoone Reuolt from friend to friend,
And him thereof had tacht, were not her priuate cauſe to end,

Yeat

Yeat was ſhe ſilent touching it, and modeſtly purſewes
In Queſt of her beloued Knight. But tarrie yet that Newes,
Firſt *Burrough*, *Ienkinſon* and what by them was done peruſe.

CHAP. LXVI.

IT is no common Labour to the Riuer *Ob* to ſayle,
Howbeit *Burrough* did therein, not Dangerles, preuaile.
He through the foreſayd frozen Seas in *Lapland* did ariue,
And thence, to expedite for *Ob*, his Labours did reuiue.
What he amongſt the *Vaigats*, and the barbarous *Samoeds* notes,
Their Idols, Deer-skin Tents, how on their backs they bare their Botes,
In which, but Hides, ſecurely they doe fiſh thoſe Seas all day,
And how on Deere they ride, and all on Sleds by Deere conuay,
Do eate their Dead, to feaſt their friends their Children ſometime ſlay,
Their ſtore of Sables, Furres, and Pealts fetcht thence from farre away,
How at our *Crab* and *Lion* Signes their Froſt and Snow is greate
Let be, and many things we might of this new Tract intreate
By *Burrough* found: whoſe Praiſe not much is *Chancelors* behinde,
As Maſter in that Ship with him that firſt did *Ruſſia* finde:
And in this Northeaſt Trade with Praiſe do *Pet* and *Iackman* mind.
Yeat longer (for not largelier One yeelds Matter) let vs dwell
Of *Ienkinſon*: But where ſhall we begin his Lawdes to tell,
In *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Affrick*? For theſe all he ſaw, in all
Imployd for *Englands* common good: Nor my reioycing ſmall,

That

That from *Elizabeth* to Raigne, and I to liue begunne,
Hath hapned that Commerce and Fame he to his Natiues wonne.

NOw, vnder his Conduct, was hence vnto his Home conuaide
The *Ruſſian* firſt Ambaſſadour, Heere honor'd whilſt he ſtaide.
Nor Captaine *Ienkinſon* was there leſſe graced, where he wrought
That all things to a wiſhed end were for our Traffique brought.
Here-hence alſo a friendly League twixt either Prince effected:
Nor little is their Amitie of vs to be reſpected:
For, though the *Moſcouites* from vs be People farre remote,
Yeat, if how *Danes* and *Norſes* haue inuaded vs we note,
And how the *Ruſſies*, in the like Attempts, might hold them backe,
For onely it, were thence no Trade, ill might their Friendſhip lacke.
From *Moſco* then by Iournies long the *Caſpian* Sea he crow,
Himſelfe and Goods by *Tartars* oft in danger to be loſt. (Kings,
Their Hoordes of carted Tents like Townes which Camels drew, their
By names of *Murſes*, *Sultans*, *Cans*, to whom for paſſe he brings
The *Ruſſian* King his Letters, how (and royally they troe) (tho,
With Wild-horſe fleſh, and Mares milke him the Kings did banquet
Their hawking for the Wild-horſe (For their Hawks will ſeaze vpon
The horſes necke, who chaffing tiers, and ſo is kild anon)
Their oft Remoues for Paſtures freſh (nor Graſſe their Paſture is,
But heathie Bruſh, few Cattell though doe thriue as theirs with this)
Their naither vſe of Coyne, or Corne (for Tillage none is theare)
Such Warriors and Horſe Archers as they liue not whom they feare,
Their croſſe-leg eating on the ground, Pluralitie of wiues,
In *Turkeman* (So the whole is ſaid) and more of their rude liues,
And how the Marchants trauailing by *Carauan*, that is,
Great Droues of laden Camels, Meate and Water often mis,
And how for vs did *Ienkinſon* in *Bactra* Mart begin,
Let paſſe to paſſe to it for vs he did in *Perſis* win.
Remembring this, that in Returne from *Bactra* diuers Kings
Sent in his charge their Legates, whom to *Moſco* ſafe he brings.

Thence

Thence did he ſayle for *England*, Hence for *Moſco* backe againe,
And, with our Queene *Elizabeth* her letters, did obtaine
The *Moſcks* letters to the Kings by whom he then ſhould pas
For *Perſian* Traffique: And for this he thence imbarked was.

NOw in *Hyrcans*, *Shyruan* or *Media* (all as one)
Suppoſe our *Ienkinſon* before King *Obdoloweans* Throne.
Though ſumptuous Citties he poſſeſt, yeat for the Summers heate,
On aireſome Mountaines held he then his Court, with Pleaſures great,
Of ſilke and gold imbroyderie his Tents, his Robes inchac't
With Pearles and pretious Stones, and Looks of Maieſtie him grac't:
On Carpets rich they trode, rich traines on him attendance gaue,
With ſixe ſcore Concubines, that ſeem'd ſo many Queenes for braue.
Before his faire Pauilion was of water cleere a Fount,
Drinke for himſelfe and his (for moſt of water they account.)
Scarce *Cleopatr as Anthony* was feaſted with more cheere
Of varied Meates and ſpice-Conceits than *Ienkinſon* was heere:
In formall Hawking, Hunting, Chace not thē came *Triſtram* neere.
Such was this King for ſtately, ſuch for affable and kinde,
There and abroad ſo lou'd and feard as like was rare to finde.
Yeat, notwithſtanding ſuch his Wealth, his Signorie, and State,
He of the *Perſian Sophie* held his Land, ſubdued late.
But in ſuch friendſhip, as the *Shaugh* (the *Sophie* ſo is ſaide)
Would yeeld to *Obdolowean* in what ſo he ſhould perſwade:
Which well in *Ienkinſons* behalfe but ſhortly after made.
Him often queſtioned this King of Vs, and *Europs* ſtrength,
And him, with Gifts and Priuiledge for Mart, diſmiſt at length.
Silks raw, & wrought, Spices, and Drugs, and more-els worth the Mart
Our Marchants fetch from thence, & theare our Marchandize cōuert.
Things, wiſely thus diſpatched there, with men for his defence,
And letters from that King vnto the *Shaugh* he traueld thence.
In trauell thitherwards he grieues, in wonder, to behold

The

The down-Fals of thoſe ſtately Townes and Caſtels which, of old,
Whilſt *Perſia* held the Monarchie, were famous ouer all,
Nor *Alexander* wonne of thoſe one Peece with labour ſmall.
The mightie Cities *Tauris* and *Perſipolis* he paſt,
Two ruin'd Gates, ſundred twelue miles, yet extant of this laſt:
The Gyants Wonders on the Hill of *Quiquiſſs* heard he tolde,
And of the yearely Obit which their Maides to *Channa* holde.
This was indeed a wonder, for this Virgin ſo was bent
To Chaſtitie that, by ſelfe-death, ſhe Marrage did preuent.
Here *Mandeuil*, perhaps, had bin, and tooke occaſion heere
To feare leaſt *Elenor* in like might imitate too neere:
Euen Toyes in Loue diſcourage, Loue frō Toyes reſumeth cheere.
Of him therefore, whilſt *Ienkinſon* reſts at his Iornies end,
With *Obdolowcans* Sonne, that on the *Sophie* did attend.

CHAP. LXVII.

SO Knightly *Mandeuil* demeanes himſelfe againſt the Foes
Of *Melek Mandibron*, that he in *AEgypt* famous groes.
And, of himſelfe, that *Soldan* did to *Mandeuil* commend
A greater Match than els his Thoughts with hope could apprehend,
For vertuous, beautious, Birth, and Wealth, a Match for none to mēd
This Ladie (alſo of the blood, and heire vnto her Father,
A mightie Prince in thoſe ſame Parts) he courteth now, the rather

To intermit that home-bred Loue, which ſeaz'd on him indeed,
As for to proue how ſuch as he with ſuch as ſhe might ſpeede,
And there experimented, here to ceaſe or els proceede.
Fye, *Mandeuil*, how good ſo ere thy Merits otherwiſe,
In making Loue vnmeant thou didſt thy ſelfe but miſaduiſe.
Though thou coul'dſt buzze about the flame, & keepe vnſkorcht thy wings,
Few ſafely play with edge-Tooles, ſin to ieſt at holy things.
With women, made for men, therefore ſoone won, yeat edging Sute,
With Marrage, praiſde enough in him did firſt it inſtitute:
With Women, who when all was made, and Man of all poſſeſt,
Yeat lacketh Man an Helpe, ſayd God, and Man with Woman bleſt:
With marrage, that legitimates our Propagation, and
Two Hearts in one tranſplants in all befalne or taine in hand:
With women, that no leſſe attract our Senſes them to leeke,
Than Hunger for to labour Foode, or Anguiſh Eaſe to ſeeke:
With Marrage, that preferreth vs, and ſtayes vs in content,
Vnanimieth weale or woe, as either vs is ſent:
In Nature Women, Marrage by Tradition, either twaine
So ſacret, and autentick as we naither ſhould profaine.
To trifle then or Them, or This, were not ſo ſlight a ſin,
As that thy Vertues, *Mandeuil*, would fault, think I, therein.
But for ſhe was a Pagan, and thy ſelfe a Chriſtian theare,
And ſhe the *Soldans* Tender, thou didſt forme a Loue for feare.
For that thou ſhould'ſt reny thy Faith, and her thereby poſſeſſe,
The *Soldan* did capitulat, in vaine, the more thy bleſſe:
For than a Woman euermore the Diuell tempteth leſſe.
Yeat that they tempt, nor theirs but ours the ſinne: for if I ſee,
And ſteale a pretious Gemme, the Gemme faults not, the Theft in me.
Howbeit when to actiue and to paſſiue loue it groes,
And Women then ſhall alter, them as Diuels then ſuppoſe:
And like of Men, if Men alike ſhall Reputation loſe.

This faire *AEgyptian* Ladie (of the *Engliſh* Toy in this,

To

To wit, in forward Loue to whom the fartheſt Commer is)
Might eaſly haue bin wonne of him, not at an eaſie rate,
If to his Faith a Recreant had Miſcrent bin his ſtate.
But he, immoueable aſwell in Faith, as former Loue,
Did there ſo well, as he from thence with honor did remoue.
Oh *Elenor* he ſtill deuiſde: yeat ſometimes, to allay
Thoſe Moodes, by muſtring in his mind theſe thoughts, did thus aſſay.
Full ſoone the faireſt Face, thought he, wonld ceaſe from being ſuch,
If not preſerued curiouſly with tendring more than much:
Or age at leaſt, and that not old, ſo alters it that was,
That *Helen* may diſclaime her ſelfe for *Helen* in her Glas.
That great Phiſition that had liu'd, in health, an age admirde,
Did anſwer, ask't the cauſe, he had not done as Fleſh deſirde.
Then *Mandeuil* bethinks him of the Labyrinth of Cares
Incumbring married Men, and neer that life and loue forſwares.
How tedious were a Shroe, a Sloy, a Wanton, or a Foole,
(All foure a-like threatning Miſlike, when time ſhould Dotage coole,)
How ſeldome Women come vndow'd with one, or ſome, or all,
Or anſwerable Faults to theſe (to men not Croſſes ſmall,)
The Flattries, and the Fooleries whereby are women wonne,
With fiſhing long to catch, perhaps, a Frog, when al is done,
And all that Sexs Infirmities his Thoughts did ouer-runne.
But like as Mothers beate their Babes, and ſing them when they crie,
Loues Incantations ſo did he with Malice ſuch defie:
The Amorous with the ſea-Crabs gaet doe angring Amours flie.
This humour, and the honor by this Knight in *AEgypt* wonne,
Ore-paſſe we, and in *Perſia* ſee what *Ienkinſon* hath done.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXVIII.

AT *Cauben* hild the *Shawgh* his Court, who thirtie yeeres and odd
Had not been ſeene abroade, thereof by Prophesie forbodd:
Like Maieſtie he kept as thoſe great Monarchs did before
The *Macedons* ſubdewed them, of Wiues he had like ſtore,
Beſides moſt bewtious Concubines not leſſe than fifteene ſcore:
And yearely of the faireſt Maides and Wiues doth make new choyce,
When much the Friends and Husbands of thoſe choſen do reioyce:
Him bleſſeth he to whom doth he one of his Relicts giue:
Yeat *Perſian Shaughs* eſteeme themſelues the holieſt Kings that liue.
For when a Chriſtian (whom they call an Infidel, becauſe
He not beleeues in *Mahomet*, nor *Mortezalies* Lawes)
Is cal'd to audience, leaſt the ſame prophaine wheare he doth ſtand,
Muſt doffe his Shooes, and to and fro tread on new-ſifted ſand.
Our Soueraignes Letters to the *Shaugh* ſo *Ienkenſon* preſents,
Who, being as'kt his arrant, ſaid thoſe Letters like Contents.
But new-made Peace with *Turkie* him of new-ſought Trade preuents.
The *Turkiſh* Marchants, fearing leaſt their Traffique might decreaſe,
Had by that *Baſha*, mard his Mart that then had made that Peace.
The *Shaugh* did alſo queſtion his Beleefe, and quarrell it:
So, well appaid is *Ienkenſon* if well away he git,
Whom, with our letters to the *Turke* the *Shaugh*, to ſend was bent,

Had

Had not the *Hyreane Murzey* Posts vnto his Father sent,
And *Obdoloweans* Letters then disswaded that intent:
When, with a Present for himselfe, he Thence to, *Hyrean* went,
And theare did him the heart-trew King most kindly intertayne,
And thence dismisse with Giftes, when he no longer would remayne:
Nor onely his Ambassadors vnto his care Commends,
But moment of that Ambassie which he to *Mosco* sends.
There now suppose them well ariu'd, and bringing gratefull newes
Of waightie Messages whearin the *Mosick* him did vse.
Conuenient time he neretheless, for *Persian* Trade attends:
Which *Arthur Edwards*, thither sent, succesfully theare ends,
This *Edwards*, and a many here vnnam'd, deserued well
In these Imployments: but of All weare tedious al to tell,
For, sauing of Discouerers we purpose not to dwell.
Els would we here reuiue, but that through *Hakluits* Pen they liue,
(To him, your Fames sweet Trumpetor, Yee, *English*, Garlands giue)
A Catalogue of Names, that in this North and Northeast Climes,
Haue more obseru'd, and more deseru'd than perish shall with times.
Nor be my Father here forgot: for he, amongst the rest,
Deserueth in this Generall remembrance with the best.
And here, from out those churlish Seas, with *Ienkinson* we sayle
To *London*, theare, an aged Man, to tell this youthfull Taile:
How he had past All *Europe*, seene all *Leuant* Ilands, and
Greece, *Turkie*, *Affrick*, *India*, *Sur*, *Agypt*, the holie Land,
And all the foresaid Lands, in all imployde and intertainde
Of Emperors and Kings, as if him selfe a King had raign'd.
Rest may thy honorable Bones, good old-Man in sweet Peace:
Nor haue thy *Phœnix*-Ashes since beene barren of increase:
But late had we a Fowle like rare, vs'd oftner Sea than Shore,
Ofte swam hee into golden Strands, but now will so no more,
For, though he were a dyuing Fowle, to Heauen did he sore.
In *England*, not *Arabia*, now the *Phœnix* Birdes be bread,

And

And euermore ſhall theare reuiue, when ſhall the olde be dead:
The Maiden Empreſſe, and her Knights their Enterpriſes rare,
Which now haue pearſt through euerie Pole, of all admired are.
Remaineth now, that we intreate of great Achiuements done
By *Engliſh*, in contrarie Clymes, ſince firſt her Crowne begonne.
But ride we firſt at Anker, though a roomeſome Sea we haue,
To liſten *Staffords* Comforts which to *Elenor* he gaue.

THE TWELETH BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. LXIX.

WHen *Stafford* ſounded had, as ſaide, the Ladies
Loue-ſeaz'd heart,
He to a Banquet her inuites, and did for then
depart.
Now to his Lodging (which had earſt beene
Mandeuils alſo)
Comes *Elenor*, accompned with a crew of La-
dies moe,
Of which was one that *Stafford* lou'd, of her beloued: She
Inſtructed was by him of all ſhould there effected be.
The Banquet ended, *Dorcas* (ſo was *Staffords* Ladies name)
Thus ſpeaketh vnto *Elenor*, as if it weare in game.
In yonder Chamber (poynting to a locked Doore thereby)
Hath *Mandeuil* his Cloſet, and no common Armory.
Full many things theare-in, quoth ſhe, both rare and rich ſaw I:
Howbeit *Stafford*, euen to me, did long that ſight denye.
Weare he and all the reſt abroad, wheare lies the Keye I wot:
Then fayne you ſicke, and ſleepie, ſo the reſt may hence be got.
Soone Ladies liſten Nouelties, and ſerue themſelues with Shifts,
Not

Not ſooner *Dorcas* had deuis'd, but *Elenor* it drifts.
So finely fayn'd ſhe ill at-eaſe that none beleeu'd her well,
Saue *Stafford* and his Lady, ſo prepoſing as befell:
And all ſaue onely *Dorcas*, whom ſhe praies with her to ſtay,
Did ſadly leaue her to her Reſt, and that ſhe reſt did pray.
Meane while the Ladies and their Oſte into the Garden walke,
Wheare *Stafford* did inuent them Sports, and hild them pleaſant talke.
The Ladies twaine, thus left alone, the doore they open, wheare
To them in compleat Armor ſeem'd the greene-Knight to appeare.
The Burgonet, the Beuer, Buffe, the Coller, Curates, and
The Poldrons, Grangard, Vambraces, Gauntlets for either hand,
The Taiſhes, Cuſhies, and the Graues, Staffe, Penſell, Baiſes, all
The greene-Knight earſt had tylted with that held her Loue his thrall,
She ſawe, on Croſſes and els-what, by *Stafford* ſo ſet out,
That to haue ſeene her very Knight made *Elenor* no doubt.
At firſt ſhe feares, but laſtly findes the Armor was vn-ma'nd:
When skaerd, and cheerd, with *Dorcas* ſhe did enter, theare at hand,
The Cloſet where the Prizes of the forſaid Iuſts did ſtand.
Theſe, and that Armor, *Dorcas* ſaid, are *Mandeuils*, the ſame
Your Knight, that won himſelfe, for Force, to you for Faire ſuch fame.
But, Sweete, let this be ſpoken in Shrift, ſo was it ſpoke to me:
Long haue you thirſted it, know I, which now you heare, and ſee.
Though *Stafford* was by *Mandeuil* coniured to conceale it,
And I by *Stafford*, what is it but that I may reueale it?
What ſhame, a Gods name, can redowne to him, by being knowne
The Knight that honord both himſelfe and you, as more might none.
Beleeue me, reaſon none his fame ſhould thus obſcured lye:
But whatſoeare the Scruple be, now out it is, for why?
To you lies bare my hart, and ſhall. With that (by pre-concluſion
Twixt him and *Dorcas*) *Stafford* made a mannerly Intruſion.
Why how now Ladies, ſicke, and heale, and taine ſo ſoone in harme?
You ſhould, quoth he, to Pownd, weare this a churliſh Ruſticks Farme.

In vaine, I ſee, hath *Mandeuil* forbidden me or ſight,
Or ſpeech hereof to *Elenor*: And *Dorcas* ſerues me right:
Blab'd be our Shrifts to women, of ſimplicitie, or ſpight,
Well, Lady, (for by now I geſſe you know this Armors Knight,
And you, concerning other things, haue reade what he did wright)
If firme you hold for him (as you haue ſaid, and ſhould doe ſtill)
For you, and him, and both, therein imploy me at your will.
Who mightier than the *Soldan*? Yeat, as *Mandeuil* me wrights,
A Lady of the blood, right faire, he him for wife behights:
But, weare ſhe Empreſſe of the World, his Reſolution is.
She either ſhall be *Elenor*, or neuer any his.

Full well ſhe knew thoſe Sights, and at thoſe Speeches did reioyce:
The greene-Knight had been *Mandeuil*, had been in her the Choyce.
That Wiſh, the Man, his Worth, their Loue, concurring in this wiſe,
Had he been alſo preſent, what more Bliſſe could ſhe deuiſe?
Thence went they out into that Roome where had the Banquet bin,
And theare was ſhe about to ſpeake, when came the Ladies in:
Full well appaid to ſee her cheer'd, and frained then her quaem,
(For nothing leſſe than forged Panges, or what had paſt they aem.)
Then went they all to whence they came, and *Elenor* did plie
For *Mandeuil*: What was it now for him ſhe would not trie?
Oft *Stafford*, She, and *Dorcas* did conſult, and then conclude
This courſe, not to be changed: which eare ſaid, be firſt purſude
Of *Engliſh*, that in *Affrick*, and in *Aſia* bring to pas,
That *England* now is famous, wheare but late vnnam'd it was.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXX.

OF Northerne Regions partely is epitomed before,
Of other later Voyages enſues a few of ſtore.
Great Perſonages cannot want great Poets theirs to tell:
Nor may they want, nor want to them would I, wrot I like-well.
But of ſome Meaners, that their liues haue ventured no leſſe,
Perform'd as much, Some more, and Some that haue, as many geſſe,
Vnto their Betters made the way to glorie they poſſeſſe,
Shall we digeſt: Or if we ſpeake of great Ones, they be dead,
For Writers aduantagiouſly are of the Liuing reade.
Thy Raigne alſo, *Elizabeth*, ſhall bound our Pen in it,
Which to our Theame inferreth Texts, no times yeeld more ſo fit.
Like amorous Scape from *England* as of *Elenor* to *Rome*
Made *Macham* in *Madera* reare his hence-ſtolne Louers Toombe:
Then raigned here Third *Edward* when ſo traueld *Mandeuil*,
And in thoſe daies th'interring There of *Machams* Loue befell.
A Chappell built he there, his name and hers engrauen in Stone,
To *Ieſus* dedicated (then, and *England* there vnknowne.)
Of him, that Ilands Porte is cal'd *Machico*, to this day,
Whom *Affrick Mores* to *Caſtile*, as a Wonder, did conuay:
For in an hallowed Tree, or Trough, not hauing ſayle or Oares,
(The Shippe they came in leauing him) diſcouer'd he the *Mores*,
By which diſcouery, and by his Inſtructions, did enſew,

Th'*Iberians* did *Madera* and *Canaries* Isles subdew.
Hence (els had *Macham* past our Penne) did time effect our Trade
For *Guinie*, in her Highnes Raigne acquir'd and patent made.
Fot not in *Maries* raigne those Partes, as now, weare fully found,
Yeat still to gratefull Eares may those Negotiators sound,
To wit (although an Alien good *Pinteado* abus'd
By moodie *Windam*, *Guinie* first, and *Benyn* these perus'd:
Next *Gainsh*, then *Towrson* diuers times, and theare my Father dide:
Since rise that Voyage, *Brasile*, and to *Cape-verd* Isles beside.
Gold, ciuet, muske, graines, pepper, woad, & iuory thence he brought.
In *Barbarie* (old *Mauritaine*) like Trade this raigne hath wrought:
Of *Affrick*, and *America* by Ours no part vnsought.
In *Iewrie*, *Siria*, *AEgypt*, *Greece*, the *Turks* whole Empier now
Our Queene is gratious, our Commerce, and Agents they allow.
Of World admired *Drake* (for of his Worth what argues more,
Thã fame enuide? Some, for was his so rich thought theirs too poore,)
And his braue Breeder *Hawkins* (yeat be honord euery Pen,
That, howsoeuer, honor them as high resolued Men)
In Fiction, or in Mysterie to reade would lesse delight,
Than would significantly some their glorious Iornies wright:
The paines of such inuited Pens such subiect would requite.
Adde *Gilbert*, *Greenuill*, *Frobisher*, of Knights to make vp fiue,
All in their better Parts with God, with Men their Fames aliue:
Adde *Chilton Oxnam Fenton*, *Ward*, *Dauis*, an other *Drake*,
With diuers here not catolog'd, and for a Cheefest take
All-actious *Cardish*, and of these eternall Pen-worke make.
And, for a *Nestor*, forwarding their vertues, and did liue
But to his God, Prince, Countrie, Lawdes to *Walsingham* do giue,
The *Iliads*, and *AEneados*, for Text, and Truth might yeeld
Vnto that learned Muse that should manure that plentious Field.
Was neuer Prince imployed Peace, with praise, to profit more,
Or Realme could, in the Raigne of one, boast worthy Men like store:

Our

Out Foes can alſo witnes her armipotent, in few,
Religion, Vertue, Wealth, Peace, War her Throne with fame indue.
And here mine altred Muſe this Theame ſurceaſeth to purſue.
Of Theſe, Eaſt-*Indian Goa*, South, & South-eaſt People moe,
And of their memorable Names thoſe Toyles did vnder-goe,
Is one elaborated Pen compendiouſly doth ſhoe.
Omitted men and named Men, and Lands (not here, indeede,
So written of as they deſerue) at large in *Hakluit* reede:
To him, and (who deſerues like-well of *England*, both as Any
Haue wrote of *Enland*) *Camden*, and to *Engliſh* Poets Many,
Of which are ſome (praiſe-worthy though) that to wre their Wits too
To make a Pitch for Loue, whē they at fairer Fowles might flie, (hie,
Now vaile I Bonnet. Reſt thee, Muſe, a brode what need we rome?
Our ſeauenteene Kingdomes once, now One, yeeld Work enough at Home,
All which lier Highnes owneth now, as ſhall anon be ſaide:
But of our *Engliſh* Louers firſt be this Addition made.

CHAP. LXXI.

NOw at *Conſtantinople* (once *Byzantium*, in olde *Thrace*
Had *Mandeuil* to *Stafford* wrote ſhould bee his Wintring Place:
Next Summer would hee bee at *Rome*: That *Stafford* ſhould direct
For either Place his Letters, which he, longing, did expect.
So *Stafford* had to *Elenor* the ſame informed, who
And *Dorcas* euermore their Loues did argue fro and to.

They may,quoth *Dorcas*,make more nice,but few or none, I troe,
That labour not of our diſeaſe: and why,I pray you,noe?
To be with God,what good more good? For if we all ſhould aske,
But for by death it muſt be done,but few affect the Taske.
Virginitie,though praiſed,is alike perform'd,for why?
As much the Fleſh is fraile therein,as in the feare to dye.
What,was it ſayd to all,but vs,Increaſe and Multiply?
No Clarke will ſo expound that Text, God ſhield they ſhould,ſay I.
Alld yeeld that Marrage is no ſinne,if chaſtly then we liue,
And Man and wife their Bodies each to other wholly giue,
If ſo,as ſo is granted,what needs curious ſtrugling then;
Since God and Nature formed Men for vs,and vs for Men.
Ill match thoſe dallying Girles,pray I,that intertaine by Arte
All Louers,giuing Hopes to all,of all to make their Marte,
And,hauing blaunched many ſo,in ſingle Life take pride:
When not a Strumpet Men ſo much abhorre,and more deride.
Aſwell as too remiſſe in choyce,we may be too preciſe,
And loſe,as *AEſops* ſwimming Dogge,a Subſtance for Surmiſe.
But if we marke,in matching,this (which perfecteth Content)
That in the Man of Vertues be and Loue a Complement,
For either Fortune worke we that we neuer ſhall repent.
We coyly may conſume our Youth,till times may alter ſo
Or forme,friends,wealth,or fame,that we out of Requeſt may groe.
But loſe that liſt their Prime,ſince now I haue that may delight,
He ſhall participate my beſt,that muſt my badder Plight.
For true it is,as Veſſels of firſt Liquors euer taſte,
Loue,ſeaſned ſo with Sweets of Youth,the ſame doth euer laſt.
Nay ſhould my *Stafford* (God forbid) leſſe kinde than think I proue,
I neretheles would ſtill be his,in chaſte and cheerefull Loue.
No men,troe I (the raſcall Sort except) bnt women may,
In Patience,temporizing well,informe,and erring,ſtay.
And reaſon (were there Scripture none ſo bidding) we forbare

In

In men their Moodes, becauſe of vs they wholly take the care.
Admit we bring them Portions great, and beautie ſought of Many,
Alas, what bring we one that might not els haue hap't to any?
For (let me ſpeake it to no Blab) It is a Queſtion, whether
That longer thinke it we or Men vntill we come together.
Well Wanton, well (quoth *Elenor*) if Men ſhould heare your chat,
This laſt I meane, at leaſt they would conclude for vs in that:
Concerning which, vpon my Tongue ſhall mine Opinion dye,
Though ſhould I ſay to it, and all, Amen, I ſooth'd no Lye.
Saint *Stafford* thine, Saint *Mandevil* for me, God for vs all,
I haue bin, am, and will be ſtill reſolu'd, what ere befall.
In ſaying which came *Stafford* in, and wils them to diſpatch
To Ship-boord: (for before had they determin'd of that Match.)
Already had he ſhipt their Stuffe, lack't onely they a-boord:
Which Oportunitie did now that time and place affoord.
How they eſcap't, or how diſguiſde, what skils it? ſcap't they are,
All three imbark't for *Italie*, and had the winde ſo faire,
That almoſt thither had they reach't, before they miſſed weare.
For them great ſearch, and ſorrow much was made, but all in vaine,
None knew or when they went, or whence, or where they did remaine.
Here ſee you, what can mightie Loue in either Sexe effect:
Here ſee you alſo friends for friends nor weale nor woe reſpect:
Here ſee you one, that fear'd to ſpeake, is followed far to ſpeede:
Here ſee you that a Woman dares, if ſhe conceits the Deede:
Here ſee you one in loue, not moop't at home, but mapping Lands:
Here ſee you how, gainſt all things els, for Ladies Vertue ſtands.
Here alſo heare what they, arriu'd in *Italie*, did ſee:
And, firſt at *Rome*, when firſt ſhall this of Elſe-what ſpoken bee.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXII.



Lizabeths now Monarchie ore ſeauenteene Crownes of old,
As formerly was promiſed, ſhall briefly here bee told.
Before the *Scots* did plant them Heere, own'd ancient *Brutaines* All,
And ſtill, take I, her Homager may *England* *Scotland* call:
Which ouer-paſſe (not now poſſeſt) in this Accompt we ſhall.
Of either Land the Marches, and much more, for moſt now Ours,
The Warlike *Picts* poſſeſſing Here, built Caſtles, Towns, & Towers,
Brutes, *Scots*, and *Romaines* (then our Lords) oft daunting with their
Til laſtly ciuil Strife, & *Scots* diskingdom'd thē from Hence, (Powers:
Whom *Orkney* Ilands, as is ſayd, haue harbour'd euer ſence.
The *Brutaines*, by theſe *Picts* of long oppreſt with thraldome ſore,
To be deliu'red of ſuch Foes, did *Saxon* Aides implore:
So playing as did *AEſpos* Horſe, that angrie with the Hart,
To be reueng'd, did craue in ayde of Man to take his part:
Till when the Horſe was neuer back't not bitted, Either when
He once had ſuffered, had I wiſte came euer Tar'de then,
The *Brutaines*, hauing called ſo the *Saxons* to their aide,
Could not be rid of them, to whom they had themſelues betraide,
But by the ſame were they at length debelled into *Wales*:
Each of whoſe Septers, long time Three, in *Englands* Monarch failes.
The *Saxons*, getting *Brutaine* thus (which they did *England* name)
At once of them in ſeuerall Parts Seauen Kings did rule the ſame:

All

All which,by *Weſterne Adelſtane*,in Monarchie was got,
Which ſince(ſaue *Iron-ſids* & the *Danes* once Deuident)chang'd not.
Fiue *Iriſh* Kingdõs likewiſe add, now drown'd in *Englands* Crowne.
The Seauenteenth was the Iſle of *Man*,in Ours now alſo downe.
Our *Mandeuil*,here cited,of Earle *Mandeuil* exact,
In *Stephens* Raigne ſo famous, *Man*,in *Scots* Poſſeſſion,ſack't,
And with the Spoyle of al that Iſle thence and his Brother pack't.
Conſent of times,Names,and Records affirme,may ſeeme,no leſſe.
But *Monteacute*,Count *Salsburie*,it wonne,and did poſſeſſe.
Of *Percies* after,*Stanlies* next,and ſtill(geſſe I)holds *Man*,
From honorable long Deſcents,and from they firſt began,
All loyall,hoſpitalious,lou'd,ſtill powrefull,and I pray
That in that Noble houſe thoſe Termes may neuer-more decay.
This *Man* was diuers hundred yeares a Kingdome, and not ſmall,
Rul'd *Hebrides* the *Orcades*, to *Thul* the Iſlands all,
And chances there and Changes,worth the note,did oft befall.
As how the natutall *Incolants* the *Iſelanders* ſubdew,
Them *Norſes*,*Iriſh* them,them *Scots* and *Engliſh* them,in few,
Beauchamp,the Earle of *Warwick*,(firſt,and laſt,and but a while)
Was King of *Wight*: Sixt *Henries* Gift that Honor and that Ile:
Which added,Eighteene Kingdoms,al poſſeſt,ieke *Englands* Stile.
Theſe now thus couched all in One(ſaue Parcell *Scots* withhold
Of *Penchland*,and ſome barren Iſles ſubdu'd from *Man* of old
Since hath one Monarch ruled all,hath rendred vs ſecure:
Whereas Pluralitie of Kings did euer Loſſe procure.
Twiſe ioyn'd our Ilanders in one,when twiſe did *Caſar* faile:
Diſioyning,He,*Picts*,*Saxons Danes*,and *Normaines* did preuai'e.
The *Spaniard*,in Conceit,deuoures our Countrie,in no hope
But of Diſiunctiues,who,thinks he,leſſe loue their Prince than Pope.
Let *France* admoniſh *England*,turn'd Religion turnes not *Spayne*
From thirſting *France*: Neutralitie brought late-loſt *Calice Baine*:
And *Spaniſh't-French* liue Peaſants-like,that,*French* did Princes raign.
Our Elders(illy did they well,for ſo ſhould not be done,

To

To armor vnauthoriſed ſhould ſubiects neuer ronne)
So badly brook't this *Spanyards* fam'd Eſpouſall with their Queene,
That, euen at *Weſtminſters* Law-Barres, were harneſt Pleaders ſeene,
Fear'd with the trooped Bands ẏ wold that Banes with ſwords forbid:
Of which were pittied thoſe that dide, the Reſt winkt-at, and hid.
Their meaning had it Praiſe, had not the Manner bin in fault:
The Manner now doth hold, may none in ſelfe-ſame Meaning hault:
But arm'd be euery hand and heart hence, Engliſhly, to beate
Spayn, that our Bodies wold inthral, *Rome*, that our Soules doth threat.
But new *Rome* left, of old *Rome* now we ſhall in few intreate.

CHAP. LXXIII.



When *Stafford* and his double Charge to *Italie* were come,
In health, and rich (for hence brought they in Coine no little Some,
With Iewels of rare eſtimate, and elſe-what of great worth)
For *Mandeuil* they ſeeke, and him at laſt did liſten forth.
That in *Conſtantinople* yet he was, a Marchant ſaide:
And thither *Staffords* Letter was to him with ſpeed conuaide,
Purporting only that himſelfe at *Rome* his comming ſtaide.
Meane while in *Rome* (the Miſtris once of all the world) they view
Such wonders, couch't in Ruins, as vnſeene might ſeeme vntrew.
Once was it compaſt, as is read, with fiftie miles of wall,
Now ſome to twentie, ſome to leſſe, in that accompt doe fall:
It hauing Towers ſo many as the yeare hath dayes in all.

From

From fortie miles was water brought in Pipes on Arches thether.
Were vaulted walkes through euery Streete, gainſt Sunne, and rainy weather.
The ſumptious Bathes, with Pallaces thereto of rare delight,
The roomeſome Ponds, where very Ships ſome Feſtiuals did fight,
The Trophie Arches, where to life Triumphants were purtraide,
The Statures huge, of Porphyrie and coſtlier matters made,
The Theaters, Pyramides, the Hill of halfe a mile,
Raiſde but of tribute Pot-ſheards, ſo to boaſt their Power long while,
The Obelisks, of one whole Stone neere fortie yards or more,
Huge Pillers, caru'd in Maſonrie with Prowſe of Knights before,
The ſtately Bridges, ſometimes Eight, now fewer, *Tyber* croſſe,
The Thirtie goodly Gates, of which is now of number loſſe,
The huge Coloſſes, Conduites, and elſe-what that ſhew'd a State
Beyond beleefe of ruin'd *Rome*, in part repair'd of late,
They wonder at, and how the world could yeeld ſuch Pomp debate.
Though ſome the ſeauen incloſed Hils did ancient *Rome* containe
Lye waſte or Vine-yards, more doth yeat of Maieſtie remaine,
Euen in the Rubble of the old, than in the now renew'd,
Though *Rome* retaines a Statelines, nor fairer Pyles are view'd.
The round *Pantheon*, once the Houſe of all the Heathen Gods,
Stands yet a Temple, but leſſe deckt for rich by too much ods.
On *Auentine* the down-fals are of Temples ſtore to ſee:
On *Tarpie* of the Capitol, were wont their Guild to bee:
On *Palentine* of Pallaces, on *Cælius* ſignes of Playes:
Quirinall, *Exquell*, *Viminall*, of Bathes ſhew braue decayes.
Theſe Hils, with *Vatican* and old *Ianiculum* orepaſt,
Shew we how *Rome* did rule, was rul'd, and ruin'd at the laſt.

FRom *Ianus* (called *Noe* of ſome, *Iaphet* of ſome *Noes* Sonne,
And *Iaphets* ſonne of others (Rule in *Tuſcan* firſt begonne,
Raign'd in ſixe hundreth twentie yeares of *Latines* Twentie one:
Son of the Eight of which was *Brute*, firſt Soueraign of our Throne.

The

The laſt of theſe *Numitor* was, whome *Romulus* did kill,
And, building *Rome*, ſlew *Remus*, there to lord it at his will.
*This Cittie (then Receptacle for all, how vile skils not)
Of *Italie* by one and one the Sixteene State-Lands got.
Tarquinius raign'd the Seauenth in *Rome*, whē for the Out-rage done
Vpon *Lucretia*, Kings did ceaſe, and Conſuls then begonne:
When had two hundreth thirtie yeres bin Kings, that much had won.
*In this eſtate of Conſuls (Two, remoueable each yeere)
Rome flouriſhed in Victories fiue hundreth yeares well neere.
No age can boaſt like valiant Men, or Senatours ſo graue,
That Warre and Peace vnto the world at their Deuotion gaue,
Whoſe only naked Maieſtie not Armour then could braue:
Like Monarchie none euer had, or likely is ſhall haue.
*When now the world was wholly *Romes*, and *Pompei* ouercome,
Then *Iulius Cæſar* did Vſurpe the Common-wealth of *Rome*,
Had Thirtie eight bin Emperours ſucceſſiuely when as
Did *Conſtantine* to *Siluеſter Rome*, by Donation pas.
*This *Conſtantine* (ſurnam'd the great, Our heire, and of our blood)
Baptiz'd of *Siluеſter*, did hurt, as hap't, by doing good:
When to *Conſtantinople* he remou'd th'imperiall Seate,
Rome prou'd too proude for Prieſts, or pride of Prieſts for *Rome* too great.
Beſides, was little Policie in Partnerſhip of Raigne,
For *Rome*, and *Greece*, one Empier earſt, was rul'd as if of Twaine:
Who alſo choſe their *Cæſars*, that their priuate Turnes did waite:
Whence (after at *Bizantium* Nine had held imperiall State)
Rome by the *Gothe Alaracus* was ſackt in barbrous rate.
And here the Monarchie of Rome did palpably decline:
As of her Palls Supremacie like may we now deuine.
But, keepe in mind where ſtayde our ſearch of Countries, where left we
Of *Mandeuil* and *Elenor*, and wheare theſe Louers be,
Whilſt yet we ſhall digreſſe of Rome, ſubiecting vs ſo long,
For yet we tract of Rome, though lothe, your memories to wrong.

ANon as *Conſtantine* left *Rome*, to Biſhop to *Sylueſter*,
(So cal'd of liuing in the Woods, whence earſt he durſt not ſter)
For conſecrating after-Popes they golden Rites prefer,
And, hanſling *Rome* with Hereſies, in factious Schiſmes did erre.
Scarſe was it to come vnto the Third, when Popes, that liu'd before,
(But fewe eſcaping Martyrdome) in Deſerts, meeke and poore,
Did wrangle for Saint *Peters* keyes, and Primacie of all
The chriſtiã Church: which to their Sea, though long, at length did fal.
Hence Diſpenſations, Iubilees, Pardons, and ſuch rack't geere,
Weare had at *Rome*; nothing, naught worth, theare had, not payd for
Yeat not, till long, the Emperours they dared to prouoke, (deere.
That now in choyce of Emperours did labor greateſt ſtroke:
And Seculers from church-Affayres in all did ſequeſter,
But wrought that Seculers ſhould all vnto the Church refer:
Effecting ſo, that Emperours and Kings did kiſſe their feete,
Depoſing, and diſpoſing them and theirs, as they thought meete.
When now the blind ſeduced World was brought vnto their bent,
And more their buſie heads could not, ambitiouſly, inuent.
Was Pope, & Pope, & ſomtimes Three: Popes poyſond, Popes exild,
Popes ſtrangeld, cozen'd Popes, a Pope deliuered of a Childe:
Was neuer heard ſuch Tyrants, or of other Potentates
So many did miſcarrie, through Ambition, and Debates.
But be obſeru'd, in higheſt pitch of Pride in Clergie-men,
God ſtill hath wrought, Religion, Realmes, and all haue ruin'd then.
So, in her Roofe, it far'd with *Rome*: he whiſel'd, and did ſwarme
From out the North *Barbarians* that gainſt *Italie* did arme.
At ſundrie times the *Goth*, the *Dane*, the *Vandale*, and the *Hunne*,
With others, foure times ſacked *Rome*, and oft the Land ore-runne:
Nor onely ſo, but raigned there, in ſpight of who ſaid nay:
Whence *Giſ-alpine* is *Lumbardie* vnto this preſent day:
And *Rome* (which ſince our *Brennus*, none durſt enterpriſe) was made

A Bootie to each barbarous Force that would the ſame inuade.
In vaine the *Romaine* Emperors their ancient Right defend,
For through ſeditious Popes the *French* begun where Thoſe did end.
From *Pharamonds* to *Pepins* Houſe they foyſt the Crowne of *France*,
And to the Weſterne Empier then did *Charles-le-maine* aduance.
From *France* to *Italy* againe, to *Germanie* from thence,
Whereas the naked Title hath inured euer ſence.

Thus erring *Rome* hath, doth, & will our chriſtian World vnqueate:
May therefore Princes ioyne to race that Monſter from his Seate.
What, will ye ſee a glorious God of earth? goe ſee the Pope:
Aſpiring *Lucifer*? who els? Truth fals't? reuerſe the Cope: (Sort,
Queanes like to Queenes? There halfe-mile Streets affoord no other
And skarlet Hats, Stoles, and Coules too much ingroſſe the ſport.
Full fortie Thouſand Curtizans there, Ladies-like, doe liue,
That to the Pope for wantoning no ſmall Reuenew giue.

Whilſt were thoſe Broyles in *Italie*, did many there reiect
Obedience to the Emperors, who could not them protect.
So diuers Cities did themſelues infranchize, growing States:
And each of them Dominion to her Common-wealth delates.
Weare ouerlong, although we ſhould but briefely ouer-ronne
The free-*Italian* States, of which the *Spanyards* part haue wonne,
As *Naples*, *Myllaine*, royall That, and Duchie This, both twaine
So peopl'd, fertile, pleaſant, rich, as neither ſhew their waine.
But ſhould we ſpeake of *Venice's* Pompe, the Citie, and the Scite,
Too little ſhould we ſpeake, although too much we here ſhould write.
But, Gallants, will you view the Courte of *Venus*, and not ſo,
But Myrrors too of Courteſie? to rich-built *Genoa* goe:
But farre from drifting *Florence* keepe, leaſt *Machiuels* ye groe.
Ferrara, *Vrbine*, *Mantua*, *Placence*, and *Parma* are
Braue Cities, great for State, and pleaſe thoſe which to them repare.
I wot not what this ſpatious Land doth lacke that Man can wiſh:
Ayre tẽprate, fertile Grounds, vnmatch't for fruits, beaſts, fowles, & fiſh

Men

Men valiant,rich,kinde,courtly,and faire Academies many,
For braue and bewtious women doe nor need they yeeld to any.
Now to our *Engliſh* Trinitie of Lovers let's returne,
That ſtill,in expectation of the Fourth,at *Rome* ſoiorne.
Theare,after Prayers,Church-times,Sights,& Stories ſometimes read,
Amongſt their merrie Tales was this,how one,inamour'd,ſpead.

CHAP. LXXIIII.

A Faire young Wife, of *Lyncolne*-Shire (if ſay our Author truth)
In traueling to *London*-wards, ſquir'd of a clowniſh youth;
Was by a Yorke-Shire Gentleman ore taken, and together
This Cocke of game,and (as might ſeeme) this Henne of that ſame fether
Doe iourney on: And,liking her,when words of courſe had paſt,
And nodding pricked on before her Seruing Creature faſt,
He thus began. Faire Miſtreſſe, ſince our Trauell lies one way,
If ſo you pleaſe,one Inne,one Boord,(and I for all will pay)
May ſerue vs both: I alſo was about one Bead to ſay.
The Gentlewoman(formally then modeſt)bluſhing,ſaide,
For Inne,and Boord,as pleaſeth you: And ſo her Anſwer ſtaide.
But would you add the Third, quoth he, more would it pleaſe in deede.
What that you pay for all? quoth ſhe, nay, ſo weare more than neede.
Tuſh,that(And yeat beſt Orators to Women knew the Gifts,
And therefore named,Pay,as if by chance,to edge his drifts)
Was out,quoth he,at vn awares,I alſo named,Bead.

You ſaid you were about, quoth ſhe, which ſtill let goe for dead.
Thus off and on they dialogue beſt part of all that day:
He could not win hir to conſent, nor would he take a nay:
For long agoe the Calendar of Women-Saints was filde,
Fewe not to opportunitie, importunated, yeild,
Thinks this our Northerne wilie Ladde, hartie, and hardie too,
Who neuer would giue-out: nor more, than thus, yeelds ſhe to doo,
That is, to bead, he ſwearing but to kiſſe and her imbrace.
Then merrily for *Huntington* they mend their former pace.
Alighted theare, for Supper he beſpeakes the dantieſt Cheere,
And either in one Gallerie had Chambers, ſomewhat neere:
Betwixt their Chambers placed was a Southerne Gentleman,
That by officious Signes twix't them to ſound their Match began:
Her extraordinary Forme on worke the rather ſets
His heart, and Senſes (ſuch an hand of vs ſuch Bewtie gets.)
Reſolu'd at laſt of what was meant, and how therein to deale,
This Smel-feaſt from the bidden Gueſt, did thus the Banquet ſteale.
He gaue it out, that all might heare, he earely would away,
His Man fayn'd feare to ouer-ſleepe, and would not downe him lay:
But, when that all beſides betooke themſelues to ſleepe and reſt,
One while he walkes the Gallerie, another while he dreſt
His ruſtie Sword, which badly did the Northern-man diſgeſt.
In vaine he chafte, in vaine he wiſht the Seruing-man were gon:
Nor durſt he out to boord his Loue (for much it ſtood upon
Their Credits to be cautilous.) The Southern-man, this while,
Got to the Gentlewomans bed, and did (no force) beguile
Her Expectation: Swore you not? quoth ſhe, and he did ſmile.
But, had he bin the Man forſworne, if God forgaue the Sin,
She pardon'd him the *quo ad vi* that he had treſpaſt in,
And, for that Nights work, ſwore to ſweare no Man from like, I win.
This Chaer thus chaer'd, as cloſely as he went returnes he backe
Vnto his proper Bed, nor long he ſleepes ere thence he packe.

No

No ſooner cleered was the Coaſt,but that the bidden Gueſt
Steales to her Chamber doore,then lock't,(for now ſhe means to reſt.)
A male-Content retireth he,not dreaming what had bin,
But better Opportunitie hopes at their next-nights Inn.
Next Morne they meete,when,bluſhingly (but angrie nor a whit)
Ha Sir,qnoth ſhe,I'le truſt againe your Oth,ſo kept you it.
What,bite,and whine,quoth he,who truſts a Woman ſo is ſaru'd.
Firſt muſeth ſhe,then ieſts it out,ſoone finding how was ſwaru'd.
But thus the Northern-man did faile,that did no coſt omit.
And thus the Southern-man preuail'd,at charge no more then Wit.
The beſt is yet behind,but ere be told the Storie out,
Amongſt our Louers,now at *Rome*,heare how was brought about.

AT *Rome* is *Mandeuil* ariu'd,*Stafford* and he are met,
To ſay their Greeting,for the much,were here too long a Let.
Of *Elenor* her health,and more,ſuppoſe not Queſtions few:
For yet-full little *Mandeuil* of her Ariuall knew,
Nor ſhall,till of his Loyaltie,and life be further View.
At *Staffords* Lodging had he ſeene(as is th' *Italian* Guies)
Two portly Ladies, Head and Face all vailed,ſaue their Eies:
Twixt one of theſe and *Stafford* much of Kindnes to haue paſt
Had he obſeru'd,and thereupon thus breakes with him at laſt.
I haue not ſeene the couer'd Diſh that ſo your Diet fits,
But much I feare it ſurfet may,quoth he,your queaſie wits:
Needes muſt I enter now the Liſts to combate *Dorcas* Foe,
Euen *Staffords* reaſon,that from Heauen to Hell is poſting ſo.
I will not aske,nor do I care,what bewtie,wealth,or wit
Your here-found Miſtres hath,why you ſhould home-left Loue forgit:
But this,I know,not *Rome* affoords whom more you might affect
Than her,whom wronged here I ſee,and more than ſeene ſuſpect:
Fie,wherein differs Man from Beaſt,but in Affections checkt?
What,is ſhe married? Then do yee ſuperlatiuely ſinne:

Or Maide? I like not Maidens that ſo forwardly beginne:
Or Curtizen? What doth ſhe with a Vaile that is ſo vile
As not to bluſh at ſhame, but, baer'd, is wonted to beguile?
But Married, Mayde, or Curtizen, or what you pleaſe her name,
I like not him makes loue to one and wrongs the very ſame.
I tell thee, *Stafford*, be ſhe good, or bad thou here doeſt corte,
Thee I pronounce too bad, ẏ with fore-plighted Loue do'ſt ſporte.
Let it ſuffice my Friendſhip hates Abſurdities in thee:
Farre be it Trauellers ſhould play the Spyder, not the Bee.
I would thy courted Lady here, and her Conſort heard this,
(A needles wiſh, next Roome weare both, and ouer heard heis)
Then ſhould they heare thee falſe to one, a Choyſer is not here,
And, fearing like, ſuſpect thy Loue of Precontracts not cleere.
Ah, falſed Matches, finiſhed in wrong of Others, might,
By ſtill improſprous Preſidents, deterre from wronging Right.
To honeſt Eares might this ſuffice to interrupt herein,
Or, ſpoke I vnto Harlots, this at leaſt from Luſt ſhould win:
Al Touch-ſweet, Taſt-ſweet, Eye-ſweet, Ear-ſweet, Sent-ſweet, Soule-ſweet, is
A vertuous Match, but vitious Loue in all contraries this.

Suppoſe this firme and naked Loue and Friendſhip much to pleaſe
His Auditorie ſeene and not, and *Stafford*, to appeaſe
His Diſcontent, pretends a ſoone Returne for *England* thence,
And ſo this Parlie ended, and on either part Offence.
Stafford had ſaid to *Mandeuil* that *Elenor*, to trie
Whether his Loue did not with time, new Loues, and Trauell die,
Required backe the Ring ſhe gaue, which if he could her ſend,
She would beleeue him loyall, and requite it in the end.
That Ring, in this Regard, did he commend to *Stafford* now,
And, ſaue to her, he giue the ſame to none exacts a Vowe.
The next third following day was fayn'd the time he would frō thence,
Whom to accompnie on his way had *Mandeuil* pretence:
Wherfore they feaſt their Friends, & thē their Friends, amōg'ſt the reſt

Vnknowne of him) was *Elenor* with *Mandeuil* a Gueſt.
Such Arte ſhe vs'd, and ſuch Attier ſhe wore, and who wold looke
For her at Rome? that preſent her not for her ſelfe he tooke.
Vpon her Finger he eſpide his Ring, deliuer'd earſt,
Yeat ſilently deuoures the Greefe, that to his Soule had pear'ſt.
He, and the reſt, inuited weare to ſup abroad that Night:
Night, Gueſts, and Suppers ende are come, when (greeued though in
He, to recouer backe his Ring, did vſe this clenly ſleight. (Spright)
In one had he a Mommerie deuiſed and a Maske,
And euery masking Mommer tooke a Lady to his taske,
He her with whome he had eſpyde his Ring, and Dauncing donne,
To looke, as if for ſome what loſt, to ground-wards he begonne.
Was ask't what myſte, he whiſpers her that he had loſt a Ring,
Which, wanting in each Mommers Mouth, was made apenall thing:
Faire Lady, lend me this, quoth he, that on your finger is,
And (giuing her a Tablet rich) for Gage accept of this.
Her Courteſie, his colour'd Want and Gage effected ſo,
That ſhe, the Pawne accepted, did her loned Ring forgoe.
Now on the Boord weare caſt the Dice, her turne was come to play,
Which Opportunitie takes he, and ſhifts him thence away.
Nor knew ſhe him, nor her knew he for her ſhe was in deede:
But thus he ſpead his purpoſe, and of this did thus proceede:
Which, eare we ſhal reporte, inſewes our Ieſts-Remayne to reede.

CHAP. LXXV.

AT *Ware* (in *Hertford*-ſhire a Towne, not bettered, I winne,
Of thorough-Faires, from Thence to *Twede* for many an harbrous Inne,
Waſht with the once ſhip-bearing *Ley*, by *Alfred* ſluſte in Three,
To diſſipate the *Dane*-Fleete, that expugning *Hertford* bee.)
Next day they timely tooke their Inne, had ſup't ere Sunne was ſet,
Abroad walkt ſhe, vnſeene did he into her Chamber get:
Firſt giuing out he would to bed, leaſt, miſt, be marde the Sport,
And, leaſt ſhe feare, the day before had made to her report,
In Merriment, that oftentimes he walked in his Sleepe,
And then nor Lock, nor Let could him from Place or Perſon keepe:
If in this fit I chance on you, be not afrayd, quoth he:
But, if you come, I'le whip you thence, then beſt not come, quoth ſhe.
Thus, and with this Preparatiue, he counts the Bootie his,
And on the Ruthes, vnderneath her Bed, he couched is:
And what with watch the night before, and wearines that day,
And, to be freſh anone, he ſlept aſſoone as downe he lay.
Meane while, a luſtie Yeoman of a Northerne Biſhops (who
Was often there a Gueſt, ane good) alights and goes into
The Gentlewomans poynted Roome, and, ſay what they could ſay,
There would he lodge, for that had bin his Lodging many a day.
Loth were they to diſpleaſe him (for an Harbinger he was)
And then were Biſhops bountious as they too and fro did paſſe:

For

For,whenſoeuer they remoou'd to Place or Parlament,
Their common Meany(not a few)on Foot with Bowes fore-went,
Nor niggardly was then to them allowed to be ſpent.
Themſelues, with learned Chaplains & great Traines did follow then,
And frankly ſpent in euery Place,relieuing many Men.
Yea,Monaſteries,Colledges,Schooles,Hoſpitals,Hie-waies,
Bridges,and like were founded by the Prelats in thoſe daies.
But Laters could not ſo,for why? were Thoſe ſo fleeced Theirs,
As but a thouſand yearely Fee ſome purcha'ſt to their Heires.
But is it Sooth, haue Cleargie-men Coſhairers? tuſh a Lye:
To aske doe Courtiers Church-men ſhame to offer Simonie.
And that ſhould be ſuch Fault appeares ſmall likelihood, ſay I:
Obſcurely more,with leſſer Port,leſſe hoſpitalious too
The great-Ones neuer liu'd nor tack't their owne as now they doe.
Then either this is falſe that thus they fleece,or this is true,
That euen Conſumption of their owne is Sacrileges due.
But wander doe we from our leſt,of that doth thus enſue.
The Biſhops man ſups,and to bed,whilſt ſoundly ſleepes that other:
The Gentlewoman,barr'd that Roome,is lodged in another:
That in the Bed fell faſt aſleepe,This vnderneath awakes,
And,in his creeping out and vp,no dinne at all he makes.
One heard he breathe,ar't there? thought he,haue with thee by and by,
And ſoftly kiſt wheare felt ſo rough he fear'd t'haue kiſt awry:
He grop't therefore her Face,and caught the Yeoman by the Beard:
Who rudely ſtarting vp(not more in all his life afeard)
And buskling to his ſword,cride Theeues: That other in ſuch taking,
As though he were a Man right good,he ſtood amaz'd and quaking.
The Oſte and Oſtlers with a Light and Tooles,then next to hand,
Came in,where he,almoſt vnſtript,but wholly skar'de did ſtand.
They wonder(for they knew him well)that he ſhould be a Theefe:
Good Sirs,quoth he,be ſtill,we all deceiued are,in breefe.
Then,taking ſome a-part,he tolde his Cauſe of being theare,

And praies their ſilence, and in Wine was waſht away that Feare.
The Gentle woman, hearing this, vn-Inn'd by day did peepe,
And (honeſter than would himſelfe) left him to wake or ſleepe.
This ſtale-Ieſt tolde, Of *Mandeuil* now let vs Promiſe keepe.

WIth modeſt Mirth were ended now the Maske and Reuels, when
Vnto their Lodging *Stafford* did the Ladies Vſher then.
There *Elenor* was paſſing ſad, and, being ask't, did tell
The Circumſtances of her Ring in order as befell,
And ſhewes the gaged Tablet, ſeene and knowne of *Stafford* well.
Her, weeping ripe, he, laughing, bids to patient her a while,
For *Mandeuil* ſuppoſd him wrong'd, and wrought, quoth he, that wile:
But how for you he loueth yours, it argues, and withall
A gentle manly minde his great Exchange for value ſmall.
Nor thinke I leſſe, nor argue leſſe of Loue and Gentrie too
May what, in both preuenting him, I meane, quoth ſhe, to doo.
His Tablet ſent ſhe, and there with this Breuiat by a Page:
Of you I aske not backe my Loane, but take it and your Gage:
Yours Either, Neither ſay I mine, Both ſhall be; I preſage.
He muſing of her Meaning, thus to her lets his be knowne:
Of you I aske not back my Gage, but take it for your Loane:
Mine triples yours, not yours, and yeat for Price gets yours but One.
Not muſing of his Meaning (which to her was not for Newes)
She of her Meaning alſo meanes that he no longer muſe.

Now *Mandeuil*, though grieued much at *Stafford*, whō he thought
In *Rome* to riot, *Doreas* not eſteemed as ſhe ought,
And for his blabbing him to her the which had had his Ring.
Againſt an Oth, meanes neretheleſſe him on his way to bring,
And comes to *Staffords* Lodging, who prepar'd for no ſuch thing:
But for a Bridegroome trimd, and trim was All, and She for Bride
Him contradicted, when, as ſayd, had *Mandeuil* eſpide
That likelihood: who, ſighing, ſayd, not henceforth will I chide,

But

But pitie *Stafford*, now ſo farre from wonted *Stafford* wide:
A Friend ſhould not, nor you will I in this Infirmnes flye,
Alone of *Dorcas* wronged here not witnes ſhall mine Eye.
Came you to *Rome* to loſe your ſelfe, and finde at *Rome* a Friend,
There to begin his Sorrowes where your Senſes make an end?
Or thriue they more, or trauell leſſe may *Engliſhmen*, wiſh I:
Hence ſhould they profit, whence for moſt they leaſt doe fructifie.
How ſtoicall growes *Mandeuil*, quoth *Stafford*, ſince his Trauell:
With you for like may I, ere long, haue cauſe no leſſe to cauell.
With that, from out another Roome to him, that would away,
Then *Dorcas*-like came *Dorcas* out, intreating him to ſtay.
What ſhould we ſay his Ioy, that his Miſ-deemes did ſort to this?
Was not a gladder man, and yeat anon he gladder is,
When *Elenor*, then like her ſelfe, to him came alſo out:
But whether gladder he or ſhe, thus met, ſhall reſt a doubt.
That very day both Couples wead, but what they did that night,
Not menvnpractis'd can report, for Action or Delight.
Nor creeded be this Loue-Tale of this Ladie and this Knight.
But be no Infidels in this that now we ſhall recite.
The pompious Prelacie of Rome, and liues lycentious thear,
Italian Driftings, and ſuch Sinnes to *Mandeuil* appeare,
That then Deuinitie ſeem'd thear for Atheiſme but a Stayle,
And wheare Religion moſt had boaſte Religion moſt to fayle.
Nor wanted thear (may now and here we wiſh) that did relye
On Phyſickes and on Ethickes, and (O ſinne) a God deny:
Wheare fully thoſe Philoſophies point out a Deitie.
Could all, in ſoule, of very God ſay as an Ethnick ſayde
To one that preached *Hercules*: what need'ſt, quoth he, perſwaide,
What all men graunt, his Godhead is beleeued and obaide,
Then this of God gainſt Atheiſtes that enſeweth ſhould be ſtaide.
But for not ſo, of that huge Sea let's through a Riblet waide:

The

THE THIRTEENTH BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. LXXVI.

VOuchsafe vnto my shallowe Muse your deepe *Theologie*,
Physickes and Ethickes, preache by me the supreame Deitie.
The sacrete Register, O God, of Pennes by thee inspired
Of sinfull Me to touch is heere lesse dared than desired.
Lesse dared, for but holly hands should touch that heauenly writte:
Desired though, for all of All know we containe in it.
Yeat, soothly, should we dare so much, so dared were in vaine:
What booteth Texts out either Lawe to eyte to Eares prophane
Of Atheist, Ethnick, Epicure, Mahumetist, or Iewe:
Since all of these, soule-blinded, hold their owne vntrothes more trew.
Then let-be Scriptures. Atheist, in thy Senses reade at leaste
A Creator of Heauen, of Earthe, Sea, Man, Fish, Fowle, and Beaste.
Who is that Creator but God? or did he but create?
Yes, and All-powerfull, ouer all his Prouidence doth wate.
But is theare such a Foole that doth in Plea the Godhead call?
Yes, and a Foole saieth in his heart there is no God at all.

This

This Atheiſt and that Epicure grant thou whome they offend
That I vnceele, and of my Verſe thy Glory be the end.
Yeat, Reaſon, vrge not Scriptures but thy ſelfe and Nature now,
To teache a God to thoſe that God and Scriptures diſallow.
Of this then thus, from Phyſickes and Ethickes. Sages old
Said God is fealt with hands, whereas no Eies can him beholde.
Concluding that the Being of the Soule is to confeſſe
A Deitie, and ſenſeleſſe ſuch as are in-ſighted leſſe.
Was neuer Sage, Philoſopher, Poet, or any Sect,
But in their Bookes and Precepts to a Godhead did direct.
Thou ſenſuall Epicure, thy ſelfe gainſaiſte it not for ſhame:
Yea, Atheiſt, in Extremeties, thou toucheſt on his Name:
So ſenſeleſſe none whoſe Conſcience at a God doth neuer aime.
Vnkindly though Nature it is defaced ſo in ſome,
As that by often ſinning Sinne an habette doth become.
Such, fleſhing then their wickedneſſe, offend without Remorſe,
And not to heare of God, leaſt they ſhould feare him, take a Corſe.
Hence laſtely comes to paſſe (the Diuell ſo temporizeth) they
Suppoſe they haue no Soule, nor ſhalbe Iudge or Iudgment-day.
Howbeit, barbarous Nations ſtore diſcouered daily are
That haue nor Houſes, Kings, nor Lawes, but wander wildly baer:
Yeat none of theſe were euer found but (were it good or bad)
Of ſome Religion, Orgies, Rites, and Sacrafiſe they had.
Whence all approues a Deitie acknowledg'd euer wheare:
And with our ſelues to haue bene borne that Doctrine doth appeare.
But for they ſee not God, thinke ſome, to thinke he is what witte?
Nor doth our Eie-ſight ſee it ſelfe, nor Soule that ſighteth it.
How many Beings knoweth man which, knowne, he cannot ſee?
How many things within himſelfe, vnſeene, beleeued be? (growe?
Who knowes not Plantes and Beaſtes to haue a ſoule whereby they
Who ſees whear lies that ſoule? by ſight it progreſſe who doth knowe?
Who ſees the Winds? Nay Reaſon yeelds for thouſand things in vew?
Mans Reaſon too is boddileſſe: hold then Gods Eſſence trew.

And

And art thou yet an Infidel? Without thee, and within,
What argewes not a Deitie, and vnbeleefe a ſinne?
Conſider of the Elements, and of what wondrous power
It comes to paſſe that all things are compacted of thoſe fower.
How Fier and Water, moiſte and drie in one ſame thing agree,
And in compoſing kindly match, though Contraries they be.
Behold the euer mouing heauens vninterrupted rounde,
Each Plannett of it proper corſe not to exceed the bounde:
The Primer Mouers violence not hindring it. But none
The Vniforme Diuerſitie of Heauens in-ſees but One:
Their Bodies infinite knowes God, and Marſhalls them alone.
Who binds, but he, the Seas, that threat the Earth within their bounds?
Which worke and workings thear of Man the deepeſt witt confounds.
The maſſie Earth that, ſetled though, hangs in the ſubtile Aier,
Yeilds Man to contemplate a God enough, and much to ſpaier.
The Senſetiues, as beaſts, wormes, birds, and fiſhes on and in
The Earth, Aier, Sea ſufficient proofe might to our purpoſe winne.
Nor leſſe the only Vigitiues, as trees, fruits, herbes, and ſuch:
Dead-Beings too, as Mynerales, and like inferr as much.
What wondrous Obſeruations in their diuers kindes of all?
Ech workes for other, all for vs: which ſhewes no Stickler ſmall.
The Earthe for herbe, the herbe for beaſt, the beaſt and all for man:
Mans Being, Life, Senſe, Reaſon hence a Godhead ought to skanne.
Man, haiſt thou being, life, and ſenſe, and reaſon, yeat ſo blind
As not in theſe to ſee a God? him in thy ſelfe then find.
Thy Bodies faier Proportion, whence all Artes doe borrow Arte,
Where Member ſerueth Member, all vnto the whole imparte:
Thy Senſes fiue that acte thy life; thy Speache, whereby to many
Thou doeſt communicate thy ſelfe, ſaue God diſclameth any.
But that, without it ſelfe, there is a Creator of it
Thy ſoule, indew'd with Reaſon, nor gaineſaies nor can forgit.
This Image of the Godhead, that euen very Sparkes retaynes

Of

Of God his Spyrats breath'd in vs, which ſinne in Mankinde ſtaines,
This (call it *Better part of Man, Soule, Vnderſtanding, Minde.*
Or all, or any) cannot be but of an heavenly Kinde.
Through Seas, Earth, vnder, and the Heavens it runneth in a triſe,
And, vnderſtandingly, of all diſcourſeth point-deuiſe.
This *vnderſtanding Minde* it ſelfe yeat vnderſtandeth not:
Then muſt there be an higher Minde that hath our Minds begot.
The Planets and the Elements are not but Beings dead,
Not Authors of themſelues, much leſſe this Minde of them is bread:
Nor Men that cannot Map themſelues haue made themſelues, or know
Whence do their Senſes, Mouings, or their Speeches Actions grow:
Or how they faſhion in the Wombe, do quicken, breath, be borne,
Thriue to perfection by Degrees, that ſeeme at birth forlorne.
What is in either World (for Man the little World is ſaid)
Wherein whole Nature, euen to Senſe, hath not a God diſplaid?
Not, with the Stoickes, Nature then, but Natures God preferre:
Of whom to ſay what he is not, than is, were leſſe to erre.
Nor play not ſtill the Infidel: without thee, and within,
Since all concludes a Deitie, and Vn-beleefe a Sin.

CHAP. LXXVII.

BY now, perhaps, thou ſauoreſts ſome Godhead: yeat, is ods.
With paſte and preſent times doeſt dreame Pluralitie of Gods.
So did in deed the Monarchies, ſo Miſcreants now not few:
But liſten here what Gods they were, and learne them to eſchew.

Th'

Th'AEgyptians cowes, calues, cats, dogs, diuels, trees, herbs, & like let
With other Ethnicks mē-made Gods, whēce man corrupted was, (pas.
(For as now-Romists haue their Saints for euery Turne, so thay
Had houshold and peculiar Gods sans count for ech assay)
And let our Iurie fill of twelue those He-Gods, and those Shees,
Hild of the greater Nations for their Arch-Gods: which are thees.
First *Iupiter*, that did vsurpe his father *Saturns* Throne,
Of whom euen his Adorers write euill Taches many an one.
The like of all these other Gods and Goddesses they do:
Of *Neptune*, *Mars*, of *Mercurie*, *Vulcan*, *Apollo* to,
Of *Vesta*, *Ceres*, *Dian*, *Ops*, of *Venus*, and *Minerue*:
How all these Deities than Men more brutishly did swerue.
So that an heathen Poet said that, had those Gods their righte,
From heauen & Temples for their faults they should be banish't quite.
Sybil, assoiling Oracles in Caue where she did dwell, hell.
Did terme their Shrines but Graues of men, them Ghosts & Feends of
Their best Reporters say, these Gods were made by men, to make
Posterities, for honors like, like acts to vndertake.
For, whosoever profetted by Prowes or Policie,
The old Idolaters were wont the same to deifie.
How many Pennes Genealogize their Godheads from their bearthes?
All which implie them mearly Men, both by their liues and deathes.
Which knowledge of the Pettigrees of Gods, so easely made,
What moe did *Alexander* to be deified perswade.

Thus blinded men, that would be Gods, by verie God were brought
To worship meare Inuentions, yea inferior Things of nought.
Wherin permitted Sathan plaid, & plaies his kindly parte,
And fewels Superstitions fier with hels malitious Arte.
How *Nembroth*, *Belus*, *Ninus*, by the names of *Saturne* then,
Of *Iupiter*, and *Hercules* (for so were cald of men
The Father, Sonne, and grand-Childe of ech Nation-founder) were
Esteemed in their Images, to Sathan did appeare:

Obseruing

Obſeruing which of Images, he hous'd himſelfe them in,
And, ſtar-skil'd, opportunely there did Oracles begin.
Nor wonder we hereat, for why? euen ſtill Diſcoueries finde
Great Nations, by Eluſions like, in all alike ſoule-blinde.
Of ſuch like Stocks branch't ſuch like Gods: *Neptune*, *Apollo*, and
The either Sexts Genealogie, for Turnes on Sea or Land.
And wicked Spirts did poſſeſſe their Images: whereby
Eb'd true Religion in that Flood of Mans Idolatry.
Hence that at *Delphos*, *Cuma*, and the *Dodan* Okes did ſpeake:
Howbeit hit-I-miſſe-I, when was Speculation weake.
Yeat, howſoere thoſe Oracles of men were vnderſtood,
Double Conſtruction euer made their Prothean Problemes good.
But, ſhould yee heare what worſhipping theſe goodly Gods exact,
Euen horror would from Tyrants, ſhame from harlots flow vnrack't.
When firſt they did in humaine hearts themſelues inſinuate,
Not tedious Suffrages they ask't, nor Sacrifices ſtrate:
Deſirous rather to be ask't, than dangerous to aſſoile:
For meane Oblations, euen for flowers, for white-meats, meale, or oile.
But, ſuperſtitiouſly, when they ſeduced had, by skill
Obſerued from the Stars (whereby they arted mens good-will)
They asked golden Deckings, and moſt gorgious Temples had,
And he that moſt their Treaſuries inriched moſt was glad.
Whole droues of Cattle waſhed then their bloody Altars, and
Peculiar Gods, with proper Rites, were wow'de of euerie land.
From pettite Bribes, and ſlaughtred Beaſts, to humaine blood it grew:
We read, that one to *Iupiter* at once three hundred ſlew,
Of Children tyth'de to them, yoongmen and Virgens ſacrifiz'd,
Of diuers blooddy Tributes for ſome Crymes by them ſurmiz'd.
What Expedition (if were they conſulted) but begonne,
And ended in ſome guiltleſſe blonod of daughter, or of Sonne.
Were neuer Tyrants but for Deaths ſome collour would pretend:
But to be guiltleſſe did vnto theſe Altars ſoules commend:

Yea,

Yea,not to ſlaie the choiſeſts did thoſe diueliſh Gods offend.
What did their ſword-play Feaſts but to their hackſters ſlaughter tend?
The baffling of thoſe Gods themſelues,in thoſe ribaldious Plaies
To them erected,worthy of their Godheads worthleſſe praies:
Their moſt inceſtious,lecrerous,&routious Drinke-mad Feaſts,
(Wherein were acted ouglier things than to be found mong'ſt Beaſts)
As *Bereeyntales*,*Venbrales*,their *Bacunales*,and like
Would into meanely modeſt Eares,if told,abhorring ſtrike.
Porphyrius,*Platen*,*Hermes*-ſelfe,*Pythagoras* and moe
Beſt learned Heathens thus of this,and worſer write than ſo.
Obſerue we then,than thus to ſerue thoſe Gods what fitter Rites,
Or meanes for to appropriate Men to ſuch ſoule-ſlaying Sprites?
So infinitly far in all from being godly as
From ſomething nothing,Being from what nather is nor was.
Nor Myracles,but wonders,they to paſſe by Phyſicks brought:
Whear holy men,by very God,euen Myracles haue wrought:
Which onely-God to Atheiſts next,in *Natures* Booke,be taught.
For,though indifferencie it were our Scriptures they ſhould truſt,
As would they we their Bookes,yeat thence ſhall not be here diſcuſt.

CHAP. LXXVIII.

THe greateſt heathen Clarkes and all from firſt to laſt hold this,
That all the reſt be Vnder-Gods to one that Soueraigne is.
Whom if yee *Nature* call(ſaith One)ye call him not amis.
For why? of Him are all things bred, and that we liue is his:

Or

Or *Deſtenie*, in whom the Cauſe of Cauſes all depend:
Or *Prouidence*, whoſe acting Power doth all begin and end:
Or *World*, for what therein wherein doth not this *God* extend?
For Good muſt *God* be vncompeerd, for Power Omnipotent,
Saieth *Ariſtotle*, then but One, els None by Conſequent.
But that is One, and onely-One, thoſe Sages all afferme:
Whom (though One-ſame) by diuers Names and Natures thus they (terme.
Creator of the Heauens and Earth, All-Glory, Nature, End,
Beyond all Names for Excellent, Selfe-bred, Him times attend,
Eternall, Worker of all Powers, Power of all Workes, and none
Heauens euer-life, Earths Interchange effects be he alone,
Sole Matter-Founder, Singular, ſole Infinite, Vnfounded,
The Life of All, like but himſelfe, in all he will Vnbounded,
The Beer, Cauſe Diuine in all, all Godheads Eſſence, and
The Sunne that Dims a-far, dims more the neerer, blinds at hand,
Beginning, Midſt, End, Vnitie of All, Selfe-Holineſſe,
Supereſſentiall Being, Selfe-ſuffiſing, compleat Bleſſe,
Locall vnlocally each wheare, Super-ſubſtantiall, who
Knowes all that was, is, and is not, and All in All doth doe,
Beginner of Beginnings, All to him reducing backe,
Who, were not aught of All, his Word the world could recõpack,
Vnutterable, He to All nor All to him doth lacke,
The Spirit ſhead on All, a *Minde* men vnderſtand not ſee,
Ownes All, All wiſedome, from all wants and Alterations free,
Firſt Mouer infinite and ſuch but *God*, and *One*, can bee,
Philoſophers of euerie Sect, with heathen Poets thus
And Diuels, in times corrupte'ſt, taught that onely-*God* to vs.
And that they celebrated moe no cauſe but Cuſtome was:
Since All all Godheads into one ſupreameſt *Godhead* paſſe.
For (howſoeuer Vulgares in Pluralitie did erre)
Thoſe Clarks but vs'd the Terme of Gods, lawes did from leſſe deterre.
Of whom (through vſe or feare, perhaps, long erring with the reſt)

Were martyrd ſome, for that the ſame one onely-God profeſt.
Some (but too groſſe an hereſie) taught differing Godheads twaine,
Which ouer Spyrits, Men, Beaſts, Plants, & Elements ſhould raigne:
And Good things one of which, and bad the other to maintaine:
As holeſome Plants and poyſonous, light darkeneſſe, Heat and Cold,
That Contraries of Creatures, ſeiunctiuely, ſhould holde.
Alledging that a Good-God may not aucthor noyſome things:
For Good and Bad a diuerſe God that Doctrine therefore brings.
As who would ſay, one Sunne were not of Day and Night the Cauſe,
That lends that Light to Others which his Courſe from vs withdrawes:
That hardneth ſoftneth, brights & blindes, ripes ſeares with One-ſame-
Yet not that only-Sunne to Two, nor Good & Bad aſſigne. Shyne.
In Heats and Colds Extremities is *Worſerneſſe* in neither:
Nor, working in their Seaſons, is a *Betterneſſe* of Either.
This buddeth Fruits, that ripneth them, Both benefit, nor is
That hearbe, beaſt, worme, or thing but might, did not we Science mis.
From poyſons medicines, furs from wolues, frō Darknes draw we reſt,
And thouſand Things, vnpractiz'd, bad would yeeld vs Profit beſt.
To Battle at the Trumpets ſound war-practiz'd horſes runne,
Vnpractiz'd, flye the very Sound: Mens Actions ſo be donne,
Who, with the fooliſh *Satyre* Fier, becauſe it burneth, ſhunne.
When (though in moſt owre Skill doth not their hidden good attaine)
In th'only Creators great Shop workes *Nature* nought in vaine:
But all Things in thēſelues be good. Whear's then bi-parted raigne?
Yeat ſay we not but that thear is an *Euelneſſe* in Things:
But not that *yll*, productiuely, from *Nature* firſtly ſprings.
But as an In-come, hapning in the Subſtance: euen ſo
By Rot, Muſt, Sowernes, Fruits, Corne, Wine good-Quallities forgoe.
An Accident not Nature, a Defaulct not an Effect,
Corruption not Production ſhould we *Euelneſſe* reſpect
Which hath not Being in it-ſelfe, but in the thing that's good:
Wherefore that One is *God* of All muſt hence be vnderſtood.

And,

And, that all Creatures corrupt and to a *No-thing* tend,
Comes of *Not-being*, which begunne and ſhall be All-things End.
Nor meete it were, in Iuſtice or in Nature, things of nought
Should equall that vnbounded *Power* that All of *No-thing* wrought.
That be not Two or diuers Gods is alſo prompt by this:
An *Vnitie* is *Peryod* of euerie thing that is.
Of One all Multiplicities Formes, Hermonies, what not?
Be (howſoere they ſeeme confuſe) produced and begot.
Contraries be the Elements: at ſtrife Contraries fall:
Yeat Sea the Earth, the Aier them both, the skie be-cleaps them all.
Of all which fower all Creatures be Compoundes, formally:
So then of Contrarieties is *Vniformitie*.
To one Sea-flow all Fluds, one Sunne inlighteneth euery Light,
Of all celeſtiall Mouings is *One-Mouer*, Artiſts write.
Trunke, barke, boughes, leaues, and bloſſomes, none like others, hath a (Tree:
Yet but one Roote, whence All: which but one Authors Act can bee.
This (as like *Vigitiues*, whence ſuch Varietie doth breed)
Takes Life, and multiplies the like of one ſmall graine or Seed.
From one one-ſhaped Drop (not ſuch as it becomes) we know
Beginning both of Life and Senſe in *Senſetiues* to grow.
Thence is of Man and Beaſt the Maſſe of Parts ſo manifold.
Thence, of like-*Kind*, fill Countries, which we careleſly behold.
And *Nature*, as in Mules, in all Diuerſities is could.
To what but Vnitie tende Artes and Sciences, for why?
Congruitie by *Grammar* taught etnds to Societie.
To one Opinion Rhetorike doth Minds of Men perſwade.
And (which can be but One) to ſift one Truth is Logikes traide.
Arithmetike, *Geometry*, and *Muſicke* do proceed
From One, a Pricke, from diuers Sounds in one ſweet Tune agree'd.
One Harmonie, Proportion, Count, Truth, Mind, Conuerſing then
(Which are but Sorts of Vnitie) teach Sciences to Men.
To *Vniformitie* ech Craft Mechanic all doth draw.

Preſpectiue to one Poynt all Lines: vnto one Right all Law.
All Phiſicke tends to health, and health is humors ſet at one.
To diuers Paſſions Ethickes all doe make one Reaſon knowne.
All Gouernment, deuiſiuely, reduceth to one Sway.
Vnion, in breefe, is foyſonous, and Diſcorde works decay.
Nor is there aught of all that is from by-Referments free:
But beſt and baſeſt mutually do ſerue and ſerued bee:
And euerie thing vnto the whole affers, in ſome degree:
Since all things then proceed from One, and tend to One, be ſure
One-Soueraigne and moſt *Single-One* directs ſuch Vnion pure.
Now Man (thou Image both of God, & worlds true Counterpaine)
Vnto thy ſelfe, out of thy ſelfe, this Vnitie explaine.
Not one of all thy many Lymmes may fault vnfealt of All:
Nor aught can faile it Office but the whole abie it ſhall.
Whith ſheweth all to be of One the Workmanſhip: euen ſo
Life, Senſe, & Breath, by Sinewes, Vaines, & hart-ſtrings that beſtow
Themſelues through-out, & from one Braine, Liuer, & hart do grow.
Omit we Operations, with thy bodies Actions, and
Thy Soule, infus'd through-out the whole: one of one powerfull hand:
And to thy *vnderſtanding Minde* (thy *Soules-Soule*) let vs come:
For this of hight, depth, length, & breadth caſts & conceiues the Sum:
And all th'aforeſaid *Vnities*, regardiuely, obſerues:
And, ſaue ſinne-ſeel'd, not wholy from this *Vnions* Author ſwarues.
Now for that former Soule of Man all Creatures were made:
This latter *Soule* for *God* himſelfe, who is in it purtraide:
Farther than whom, *Alls-Vnitie*, may nothing be conuaide.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXIX.

BY Demonſtrations ſtoore appeares (whom nothing can define)
Of Procreations all to be one *Worke-maſter* deuine.
But, Man, it is not to be found, not therefore to be ſought
Was is his *Subſtance:* nather how ower ſelues by him are wrought.
If Beaſts could paint, him like themſelues, ſaieth one, they would pur-
As fooliſhly doth man, that paſt him-ſelfe cannot conuay. (tray:
Yea far he is to ſeeke of what his proper *Nature* is,
And in the leaſt of Subſtances doth comprehenſion mis.
What more is Man than God his worke? and all things are as much:
He may in ſort diſcourſe of Kindes, the Cauſe he cannot touch.
No maruell, for no leſſer thing the greater comprehends:
Gods *Nature* paſt all Kenning of Mans Senſes quite extends:
Nor more from Man of Science than thoſe Senſes had diſcends.
For God to Man, Man to himſelfe, and leſſe lye hidden: then
But by Effects all to be knowne of God is knowne of Men.
But all Effects, and names to God his *Eſſenſe* come more ſhort
Than Suns-ſhine to the Suns-ſelfe, than to Action ſpaer report.
How many workes, worth wonder, worke ower Wits, nor wonder we
(Twixt Creature and Creature though ſome proportion be
Of knowledge, but twixt them and their Creator no degree)
That Beaſts conceiue not what is Man, by what of Man they ſee?
Nay, Man ſees Man his working and his works, but ſounds his Minde,

As if ſhould one diſcribe the Sunne that neuer was but blinde.
Great though Mans works, yet his Cõceits doth far his works exceed:
But far them both exceeds his *Mind*, whence either Sparks-like breed:
Yea, thogh thou bearſt the like, mans *Mind* thou ſeeſt not by his deed.
As touching thy Creator then thus farforth, Man, be mute:
Him by his works diſcribe not, nor his Subſtance doe diſpute:
For worthy him Forme, Subſtance, Name, can no man attribute.
Becauſe of him all *Beings* be, and he of whom are All
Ought to be euer, him therefore, *Eternall*, Men do call:
Becauſe to Be and not to Liue were nothing, and the Same
Whence is all Life ſhould be ſelfe-Life, Him, *Liuing God*, they name.
Becauſe ſhould Vnderſtanding lacke to Life ſuch Life were dead,
And Vnderſtanding voyde of Power were lame, and he that bread
Them both ought in himſelfe haue both for All, him Men therefore
Call *Might*, & *Mind:* as who would ſay, all Power & wiſedoms Stoore.
Becauſe to Be, Liue, Know, haue Power, if Goodnes be away,
Is ſmall, and far from God all Good, him therefore, *Good*, Men ſay.
But theſe, and whatſoeuer-elſe whereby is God commended
Be (but not *God*) finite, in time or place els comprehended.
He then, the Action of all Powers, muſt needs a Spirit bee:
In Power and Goodnes infinite, from Quantitie cleane free.
Parfection of Parfections, All of All, not to be am'd,
But mightier than by formes or words can be purtray'd or nam'd.
Sufficeth vs to know he is what all Things els are not:
Vnmouable, vnchangeable, boue *Nature*, vn-begot,
Vnpaſſiue, vnmateriall, vncompounded, Infinite,
In Spirit not in Body, nor in Quantitie but Might.
Who, when he ſhall be ſtudied moſt is comprehended leaſt:
Of whom, when to aſſoile his king a Sage had oft increaſt
His times for Studie, farther off than at the firſt he ceaſt.
Lord, Darkenes is thy Couert, in thine outter Courts I tier,
Said One right Wiſe: and farther no Philoſophers aſpier.

Yeat

Yeat ſpeake we of thoſe outter Courts in elſe-what and in vs,
And ſomewhat to our purpoſe here from thence-Effects diſcus.
As from the Sunne his Body is a Shyning bodileſſe,
Shead through the Aier on All, nor aught of it doth aught poſſeſſe
By Intermixture, but it is it-ſelfe intierly ſtill,
In Eſſence, Power, and Preſence aye all Actions to fulfill:
So iſſueth from the *Minde* of Man a world of things, not one
Whereof doth intermixt with aught, but reſteth *Minde* alone:
Becauſe that greater than be we of our Conceits be none.
If from the Sunne, and from Ower-ſelues (poore Shadowes to the ſame
That made both it, and vs, and All) ſuch high Effects do frame:
What ſhall we ſay, but that that God is All, in All, of All,
And we ſuch Sots as looking him but loſe ower ſelues we ſhall,
O Eſſence more inſcrutable, than All compaierd to it.
Be Shadowes vnto Subſtances, or any Titles fit:
Vouchſafe by glorifying Thee, Loue, Feare, and Holineſſe,
Thee, *All-containing Selfe-contain'd*, we ſpiritually poſſeſſe.
Thus proued is A *Godhead*, and diſproued more than One:
Whence, and to which Totalitie begins and ends alone.
Thus of this skilleſſe Search of *Him* not to be found. In fine,
The Trinitie of Parſons in this Vnitie Deuine,
The bleſſed Virgins Sonne (to him my Soules knees here decline)
In Doctrine like (if better Pens preuent not this of mine)
May task ower future Muſe: Or ſo at leaſtwiſe we pretend
Till when (of whatſoeuer worth) this worke of Ours hath End.
Much haue we done, hence-outed: more we purpos'd to haue pen'd:
Which to intelligenſed Men, more daring, we commend.
Well wotting, Acts heroick, and great Accidents not few
Occur this happie Raigne, here-hence of purpoſe, blanched vew.
Nor ſhall be ſaid the Net-danc't fals of diuers wiſh't more trew.
'Mong'ſt others ones: whom Vulgares, through preiudicate applauſe
(His ſelfe-Orewening acting for their ecchoing) late did cauſe
That he and his Seduſees ſinn'd againſt our Queene and lawes.

Ah, ſhould one errant Star ſuch ſtoore of Stars diſ-skied draw:
Their rained Wild-Beaſts might haue warn'd affections wild to aw:
* The Contrarie greeu'd many Hearts, and pregnant Eies it ſaw.
Nor perpetuitie my Muſe can hope, vnleſſe in this,
That thy great Name, *Elizabeth*, herein remembred is.
May Muſe, arte-graced more than mine, in Numbers like ſupply,
What in thine Highnes Praiſe my Pen, too poore, hath paſſed-by:
A larger Field, a Subiect more illuſtrious None can aske,
Than with thy Scepter and thy ſelfe his Poeſie to taske.
Thy Peoples Prolocutor be my Prayer, and I pray,
That vs thy bleſſed Life and Raigne long bleſſe, as at this day.

FINIS.

An Addition in Proeſe to the ſecond Booke of ALBIONS ENGLAND:

contayning a Breuiate of the true Hiſtorie of *AEneas*.



Ccept him (friendly Reader) where he is, not where he ought, and as he ſpeaketh, not as he ſhould: Miſapplied he is not for matter precedent, howſoeuer the penning or miſplacing may like or miſlike for the Engliſh or Order. Rather hath my Remiſnes borrowed of Decorum and your Patience, than that a Patriarke of our *Brutons* ſhould be abruptly eſtranged: Of *AEneas* therefore it thus followeth:

AEneidos.

AEneidos.

WHen the reuengefull Flames of *Troy* (properly called *Ilion*, then the principall Citie of all *Asia*) had perfected the more than Tenne yeares Siege of the *Græcians* expugning of the ſame, then *AEneas* (howſoeuer by ſome authorities noted of diſloyaltie towards *Priam*, in this not vnwoorthily ſurnamed vertuous) burthening his armed ſhoulders with his feeble and moſt aged Father *Anchiſes*, that laboured alſo vnder his loade of the *Troian* Gods and ſacred Reliques, *AEneas* (as I ſay) with ſuch his Burthen, leading by the hand his Sonne *Aſcanius* of the age of twelue yerees, followed not onely of the beautifull *Creuſa* his wife, the Daughter of King *Priam*, but alſo of a many *Troians* participating that common calamitie, brake through the waſtfull Flames, mauger the wrathfull Foes, into the fields of *Phrigia*: Theare the Aire emptied of down-burnt Turrets, and filled with ſmoake of fired Buildings, aſſured from their harts more teares to their eies, then the benefit of their preſent Eſcape could promiſe them comfort. *Troy* therefore not to be reſcued, or *Creuſa* (in this buſineſſe loſt and periſhing) to be recouered *AEneas* and his Followers imbarking themſelues in *Simois*, after long and wearie Sea-faring arriued in a part of *Thrace* called *Creſſa*, bounding on *Mygdonia*. Heere *AEneas*, purpoſing an end of his tedious Saylings, and not meanly furniſhed of Treaſure

Treaſure conuayed from *Troy*, laied Foundation of a Citie (after the Founder) called *AEnea*. This Citie going forward leſſe effectually than was expected, *AEneas*, ſuppoſing the Gods to bee yet oppoſite to the *Troians*, knocking downe a milke-white Bull, pitched an Altar to doe Sacrifice. Neere at hand were growing diuers ſhrubbed Trees, the Boughes whereof (for the greater reuerence and exornation of the preſent Solemnitie) hee cutting and ſliuing downe, perceiued blood in great abundance iſſuing from out the broken Branches: whereat long admiring, and with great terror and deuotion interceſsing the Gods to reueale the meaning of that miraculous Accident, at the length hee heard a pittifull and feeble voice (for diuerſly in thoſe daies, did the Diuels anſwere and giue Oracles) thus anſwering.

Reaſon were it (*AEneas*) that the Graues of the dead ſhould priuiledge their bodies from the tyrannie of the liuing: but by ſo much the leſſe doe I eſteeme my preiudice, by how much the more I knowe thee vnwittingly iniurious. Thou teareſt, *AEneas*, in theſe Branches, thou teareſt the bodie of thy vnfortunate Brother-in law *Polydor*, Sonne to the likeſtarred *Priamus*. *Troy* as yet was onely threatned, not beſieged, when my Father (as thou knoweſt) deliuered me with a world of Treaſure to *Polymneſtor* the barbarous King of this Countrie, here daungerles (as he pretended) to abide, as the Conſeruor and reſtauration of his Houſe and Empyre, whatſoeuer ſhould betide of him, his other Iſſue, or the Warres then beginning: but the *Greekes* preuailing, Auarice, and the declining State of *Phrigia*, imboldned my Gardein (fearles of Reuengers) to the murthering of me: which he traytrouſly accompliſhing on this Shore, ſecretly raked me vp in theſe Sands, without honor of better Sepulcher: and of my bodie (ſo hath it pleaſed the Gods, and Nature) are ſprong theſe Branches, in tearing of which thou tormenteſt mee. Howbeit, in reſpect of my deſire to profit thee by fore-

foretelling of thy Deſtinie, I account mee happily harmed: For know (*Aeneas*) that in vaine thou doeſt build where the Gods deny thine abode: leaue therefore theſe defamed Coaſts, and proſperouſly plant the Remaine of *Troy* and thy Poſteritie in the fertill *Italian* Clime.

The voice thus ceaſed to ſpeake, and *Aeneas*, without further touch of the forbidden Shrubs, continuing his feate finiſhed the Sacrifice, and after the *Phrygian* faſhion ſolemnlie held an Obit to the Ghoſt of his murthered Kinſman.

Then, by this admoniſhment, he and his *Troians*, leauing the new reared Citie, diſanker from *Thrace* in queſt of the behighted *Italie*. But no ſooner had they put to Sea, then that the windes and the waues ſollicited (a Poeticall fiction) by the wife of *Iupiter*, ſo toſſed and turmoyled the diſparkled Nauie, that the horror of the circumſtances, continually threatning their liues, left onely hoped-for death as the remaine of all comfort. At length, theſe inſtruments of their long wandrings, and the cauſes of *Anchiſes* and of manie noble perſonages there periſhing, counterpleaded (as is fabled) by *Venus*, toſſed their diſtackled Fleet to the Shore of *Libya*. Neere to the place of their arriuall ſtood the beautiful Citie of *Carthage*, which *Eliſa* (whom the *Phœnicians* for her magnanimious dying, did afterwards name *Dido*) had newly builded: *Aeneas* by ſafe conduct receiued from her repayring thither, found ſuch royall entertainment, that in reſpect of the preſent ſolace he had forgotten al paſſed ſorrowes, and his hart-ſpent *Troians* found bountifull ſupplies to all their late-endured ſcarcities.

In the meane while *Aeneas* (for perſonage the *Iouiliſt*, for wel-ſpoken the *Mercuriliſt*, and no leſſe fortunate vnder *Venus* her conſtellation) with his comelines ſo intiſed the eies, with his ſpeeches ſo inchaunted the eares, & with his vertues ſo enflamed the heart of the amorous *Cathagenian* Queene, that hardly modeſtie diſcented that her tongue affirmed not the

the loue which her eies outwardly blabbed and her heart inwardly nouriſhed: In the end, not able longer to containe ſuch extraordinarie Paſsions, in this order ſhe vented the ſame to the Lady *Anna* her Siſter.

My truſty Siſter, quoth ſhe, (then ſighing-out a pauſe) how many great princes, ſince the deceaſe of my late husband *Sichæus*, and our departure from *Tyrus*, haue in vaine, laboured a marriage with me, hath beene vnto thee no leſſe apparant than of me hitherto vnapproued: but now (haled on I know not by what deſtinie) our new-come Gueſt *AEneas* the *Troian* (whoſe matchleſſe perſonage and Knightlie proweſſe I partially commend not, all confirming of him no leſſe than I can affirme) the ſame, euen the ſame, hath ſupplanted my chaſt determinations of continuall widowhood with an amorous deſire of a ſecond marriage: howbeit, to determine without him, as I muſt, were to be deceiued of him, as I may: What counſell? My ſelfe (*Anna*) ah my ſelfe to motion loue were immodeſtie, and to be ſilent leſſe tolerable than death. I would (a violent, no voluntarie wiſh) that *Eliſa* knew her ſelfe beloued of *AEneas*, *AEneas* not knowing himſelfe ſo loued of *Eliſa*.

Her Siſter, with a cheereſull countenance promiſing comfort, performed the ſame in this anſwer. Dum ſignes (quoth ſhe) haue their ſpeeches: not any that obſerueth your looks, but eaſily aymeth at your loue: greater is the woonder of your ſtrickt chaſtitie, than it would be a nouell to ſee you a *Bigama*: That priuatly peeuiſh and curious, This publiquely wiſhed and commodious. Or euer *Carthage* bee perfected in the aire, *Eliſa* may putrifie in the earth: What Monument then leaueſt thou to thy *Tyrians*, ſcarce warme in *Africk*, than a Cities imperfect foundation? Which being alreadie an eye-ſore to the wilde and warlike *Libians*, *Barbas*, *Getulians*, and the reſt of the *Africans*, ſhall then bee vtterly extinct, with the verie name of the Founders: but in

matching

matching with ſo great and valiant a Prince as *AEneas*, thou ſhalt not onely liue with whom thou doeſt loue, and by conſorting thy *Tyrians* with his *Troians* ſtrongly diſappoint the enuie of thoſe Nations, but (for Nature hath not giuen thee ſuch beautie to die barren) being a wife, become (no doubt) a mother, and by legitimate propagation ſo glad thy Subiects, fearles of ciuill diſſentions. Who can then diſlike that *Eliſa* ſhould loue? Burie, Siſter, the thoughts of *Sichæus* with his dead bones, and proſperouſly proſecute and preuaile in thy ſweete paſſions of *AEneas*: Plie him with all prouiſions and amorous entertainements: onely for his Shippe-workes faine delatory wants, and by Winter be paſt he, partly comming, will (feare not) bee perfectly reclaymed.

This counſell of *Anna*, though it heaped as it were *Athos* on *Aetna*, yet was it praiſed and practiſed of *Eliſa*: for Counſell, ſoothing the humor of the counſelled, howſoeuer vnprofitable, is accounted plauſible. Henceforwarde the Queene (to be admired, not matched, for her exquiſite beautie, and rather borrowing of Arte than ſcanting Nature, as braue in apparell as beautifull in perſon, and voted, euen in her better part, to the loue of *AEneas*) ſo ſorted all her deuices to his beſt liking, that ſhortly himſelfe laboured with her in one and the ſelfe-ſame paine of wiſhed-for pleaſure. Omitting therefore the circumſtances of their diſcourſes, feaſtings, and all poeticall faynings, only proceede we, in few, to the Euent of theſe their amorous Beginnings.

A Hunting was generally appointed, the Queene, *Aeneas*, their Ladies, and Knights brauely mounted, the Standes were prewned, the Toyles pitched, the Hounds vncoupled, the Game rowſed, a foote, and followed, when ſodainely, amidſt the harborleſſe Deſart in the hoteſt purſute, they Skye, ouer-caſt with blacke Clowdes, ſhowred downe ſuch flaſhes of

of Lightening, vollies of Thunder, Hayleſtones, and Raine, that glad was euery of the *Tyrians* and *Troians*, diſperſing themſelues, to ſhift for one, *Eliſa* and *AEneas* in the meane while finding a Caue that ſheltred them twaine. Being there all alone, vnknowen of and vnſought for of their Seruants, Opportunity, the chiefe Actreſſe in al attẽpts, gaue the Plaudiate in *Loue* his Comedie. Imagine ſhort wooing where either partie is willing: their faithes plighted for a marriage to be ſolemnized (with kinde kiſſes among) hee did what harmed not, and ſhe had what diſpleaſed not: A young *AEneas* ſhould haue been molded, had he not been marred (as might ſeeme) in the making. When this ſweet Caulme in the ſharp ſtorme was with the tempeſt thus ouerpaſſed, then came they both out not ſuch as they entred in, and were receiued of their Traines, attending their pleaſures, not examining their paſtimes: and ſo hauing continued the Chace vntill night diſcontinued their ſport, they, retyring to *Carthage*, were ſumptuouſly feaſted of *Eliſa* in her Pallace. During theſe their *Alcion* daies (not generally liked of all) one there was, a noble *Troian*, that had theſe ſpeeches to *Aeneas*.

Shouldeſt thou beleeue (farre be it from *AEneas* ſo to beleeue) that the Oracles of our Gods, behighting vs the Conqueſt of *Italie*, were ſuperſtitious, then beleeue alſo (vndeceiued mayſt thou ſo beleeue) that our effeminate abode here is vaine and ſlanderous: to attempt that former without an Oracle, yea with the loſſe of our liues, is honorable, becauſe we are *Troians*: to entertaine this latter, inuited and daungerleſſe, reprochfull, becauſe we are *Troians*. Ah (*AEneas*) haue we ſhipped our Gods from home to be witneſſes of our wantonneſſe here? Beleeue me, better had it beene we had died in *Phrygia*, men, than to liue thus in *Affrike* like women. Conſider alſo the place whereinto we are now brought, and then conceiue of the poſſibilitie of our here abode: ſhal I tel thee? were there not (if in the meane while no other Accident

croſſe

croſſe thy now bliſſe) were there not, I ſay, an *Eliſa* heere to loue thee, or were there not an *AEneas* to be beloued of her, no ſooner ſhould the firſt deceaſed of you be deliuered of life, than the Suruiuors of vs *Troians* be denied this Land: And then, (if we ſhould prooue ſo vngratefull as to reſiſt our Relieuors) hauing number, yet want we Munition: for neither our Ships be tackled, nor we armed, but at the deliuerie and appointment of the *Tyrians*. Learne therefore (*AEneas*) after ſo long pleaſure in loue, at the laſt profitably and politickly to loue, & whatſoeuer thy plaie be in *Africk*, let hencefoorth the Maine be *Italie*. Mean-while commaund (moſt humbly wee deſire to be ſo commaunded) that thy ſhips be ſecretly calked, tallowed, ballaced, tackled, victualled and armed: and then (thy ſelfe alſo reformed) wittingly or vnwillingly to *Eliſa* leaue her and her effeminate Citie: with Reſolution neuertheleſſe (if thou ſo pleaſe) at more leyſure to loue her.

So effectually did *Aeneas* liſten to this motion, that giuing order for the repayring of his Fleet, he promiſed a ſpeedie and ſodaine departure: and his men, not ſlipping opportunitie, executed the ſame with as effectuall diligence. It happened in this meane while, the Queene to mount the high Turrets of her Palace royal, whear looking towards the Road, ſhe perceiued how earneſtly the *Troians* laboured in trimming, pauiſhing, and furniſhing their Nauie: then aſſuring her ſelfe not deceiued, that ſhe ſhould be deceiued, and deſcending as it were maieſtically mad, meeting with *Aeneas*, ſhee ſaid.

Before (*Aeneas*) I beheld thy ſhipwracks and wants I beleeued ſome God arriued at *Carthage*: yea when I knewe thee but a man, my conceit honored thee with a Deitie: but now theſe thine inhumaine Treacheries (not worthie the vnworthieſt Titles) argue ſo farre off from a Godhoode, as thou ſheweſt thy ſelfe leſſe than a man and woorſe than a Deuill.

Diuell. What hath *Carthage* not woorthie *AEneas*? I assure thee, if any be so much, no citie is more happy than *Carthage*. But the Queene pleaseth not *AEneas*, oh that *AEneas* had not pleased the Queene: thē might I haue bettered my choise for honour, or not haue bewayled thy chaunge for the dishonour. But (vngratefull) wilt thou indeede leaue me? Yea, then that thou meanest the contrary nothing more false: but to deriue thy departure from any desart of mine nothing lesse true. If therefore the life of *Elisa*, the loue of *Elisa*, the lande of *Elisa*, her wealth, thy want, her teares, thy vowes, her distresse, thy dishonour, the delights of his Shore, the dangers of those Seas, *Carthage* possessed, *Italie* vnconquered, peace without warre heere, warre without peace there, thy wracks past, the Winter to come, any euils whereof I warne thee, any good that I haue wrought thee, and more good that I haue and doe wish thee, if any thing said, or more than I can say hath or doth want Argument to seate thee in *Affrick*, yet at the least for thine owne safety stay a more temperate season, vrging in the meane while excuses for thine vnurged departure: and so I, flattered, shal either patient my selfe, or repent thy fleeting in a milder Extasie. I did (well may I forethinke me so to haue done) entertaine thee beyond the degree of an Hostesse or the dignity of a Guest: & yet (vngratefull Guest to so kinde an Hostesse) for such welcome thou hast not pretended a farewell. Thus, alas, finding thy loue lesse than it ought, I repent to haue loued more thā I should, and becauſe thou appearest not the same thou wert, I am not reputed the same I am: but as a ridiculous by-worde of the *Tyrians*, the Stale of the *Troians*, and the scorne of the *Affricans*: howbeit (in trueth) the fayth-plighted Wife of faithles *AEneas*. But who will so beleeue? Nay beleeue not so who will, thy departure shall be my death, my death thy sinne, thy sinne the worldes speech, the worldes speech thy reproofe, and thy reproofe my purgation. For were

thy ſelfe Iuror and Iudge of the more offenſiue, my credulencie, or thine inconſtancie, the Iuror could not but giue Verdict for *Eliſa*, and the Iudge ſentence againſt *AEneas*: then (if not for my ſuite, yet for thine owne ſake) let me not pleade tediouſly and without grace, that plead ſo truely, and with more griefe than for the quantitie I may ſuffer, or for the qualitie thou canſt cenſure.

AEneas, not lightly gauled at her impatience (whom he ſtill loued more than a little, howbeit leſſer than his now regarde of honour) thankfully acknowledged her great bountie, counter-pleading to haue pretended a departure without leaue taken, vouching moreouer the diſpleaſure of his Gods for contempt of their Oracles, manifeſted by fearefull Dreames and ſundrie Viſions, as alſo the vrging of his *Troians* impatient of tarriance. So that he reſting in Reſolution not to be wonne by wooing, or reclaymed by exclayming, the Queene became ſpeechleſſe and ſenceleſſe, and was in a ſwoune conuayed from his preſence. In which buſineſſe hee boording his Shippes, in the dead of the night hoiſting vp Sayles, left *Carthage* to ſeeke *Italie*.

The Queene, not capable of any reſt, by day appearing, diſcryed from a Turret the Roade cleered of the *Troian* Nauie: then not willingly ſilent, nor able to ſpeake, She ſtood as ſtoode *Niobe* after the fourteenth reuenge by *Latonaes* Iſſue: Which her then and after Extremities, to be glaunced at, not iudged of, briefely I thus decipher. Imagine a ſubſtantiall and a palpable appearance of Loue, Wrath, Sorrow, and Deſpaire, acting in their apteſt habites and extreameſt paſſions, and then ſuppoſe *Eliſa* not onely the ſame, but more feruently louing, more furiouſly wrathfull, more confuſedly ſorrowfull, and more impatiently deſperate: Imagine laſtly the firſt three imagined Actors, after long parts occupied, leauing the Stage to the fourth, as to the perfecteſt Imperfection:

perfection: and then from ſuch imagined Stratagem attend this actuall *Cataſtrophe*.

A Wizard or Witch (the two common Oracles of many too credulent women) had inſtructed the Queene, that an Immolation or burnt Sacrifice, offered to the Infernall Deities, of the Armour, Ornaments, and all whatſoeuer the Reliques of *AEneas* left behinde him at his departure from *Carthage*, woulde effectually eſtrange the outrage of her paſſions, and extinct in her the very remembrance of *AEneas*: This Counſell (either for that at the firſt ſhe beleeued it poſſible, or for that oportunitie ſo offered it ſelfe to practiſe the thing ſhe did purpoſe) *Eliſa* entertaining, opened the ſame to *Anna* her Siſter: who ſimply vnſuſpitious of the ſequell, prouided ſecretly (as was giuen her in charge) a pyle of dry Faggots, crowned with Garlands for the diſmall Sacrifice: which and *Eliſa* her ſelfe in a readineſſe, *AEneas* his Armour, beeing her eyes Obiect, became in this wiſe her tongues Subiect.

With this, quoth ſhe (eying the Armour) the craking *Troian* boaſted to haue buckled with the gallant *Diomedes*, not ſeldome to haue offended the defenceles *Grecians*, and after many loned blowes at the ſacking of *Troy*, valiantly to haue boorded his thence-bent Nauie: this Armour profitable to my preiudice, there defenſiue to him, to be here offenſiue to me, were it vnneceſſarie to this Sacrifice, ſhould neuertheles burne for the ſame treſpaſſe. This Cup, this *Phrigian* Cup, too guilty of too many *Tyrian* draughts, Aſſiſtants in forming me audaciouſly amorous, ſhall now occupy theſe ceremonial flames as the then Acceſſary to a contrary fire. Theſe Bracelets, and theſe Ear-rings (by too often and officious hands faſtned and looſed with begged and graunted kiſſes, among, and now leſſe precious by the giuer his practiſe) ſhall alſo add Cinders to the repentant payment of mine ouer rated pleaſure. Laſtly are remaining onely two Reliques of that

Recreant, this Sword, and *Eliſa* herſelfe. But what? diddeſt thou *AEneas*) leaue this and thine Armour in *Carthage*, as if in *Italie* thou ſhouldeſt encounter another *Eliſa*? Inconſiderate that thou art, albeit ſuch feareleſſe Conflicts beſt beſeem ſuch effeminate Captaines, yet no climate can affoord thee one ſo fooliſh, & therefore in no countrey expect ſuch Fortune. The Storme (ah from thence are theſe teares) ſheltring vs twaine lately in one Caue, was (no doubt) ominous to theſe euils: for then ſhould I haue remembred, that like as Shelters are chiefly ſought for in ſtormes, ſo men labour our fauours onely in extremities: but their luſts ſatisfied, or wants ſupplied, as of Shelters in Sunne-ſhine they eſtimate our bountie, leauing thenceforth euen to ſeeme ſuch as (in troth) they neuer were. But what is naturall, is of neceſſitie, onely let it be graunted he is a Man, and it followeth neceſſarilie he is deceitfull. Flie, Traiterous *AEneas*, flie vnfollowed and vnfriended of *Eliſa*: euer may the windes be contray to thy Courſe, and the Seas not promiſe thee one houres ſafety, euer be thy Ship drowning, and thy ſelfe neuer but dying, often reſayle in a moment, whence thou wert ſayling a moneth, let no blaſte from the Ayre, or Billow in the Sea, ſtirre but to thy preiudice, and when no horror and miſhap hath failed thee, with thy dead body, to the vttermoſt plagued, periſh alſo may thy Soule vnpardoned. But leaſt mine incharitie proue leſſe pardonable than his Iniurie, I that will not liue to heare it ſo, heartily diſclayme to haue it ſo: pardon therefore, yee Gods, me deſiring it, & him deſeruing it. Troth is it this one Sacrifice ſhall giue end to mine infinite ſorrowes: but not (alas) with theſe burnings (rather found guiltie of newe beginnings) but with my hearts blood, the lateſt Ceremonie wanting to this Exequie. Scarcely had theſe words paſſed her mouth when, with *AEneas* his Sword, ſhe pearced her Breſt: ſo performing on herſelfe a Tragedie ſought for, and to hers a terror vnlooked for.

Whileſt

WHileſt *Dido*, (ſo named of this her death, or as haue ſome, not leſſe probable, of ſo preuenting *Hiarbas* menacing her marriage) was thus paſsionate and did thus periſh, *AEneas*, after wearie Sea-faring, much ſorrowe, manie people and places ſeene and ſayled from, arriuing in *Sicily*, was ioyfully entertained of his auncient friend King *Aceſtes*, and there as the yeere before at *Drapenum*) did ſolemnize an Anniuerſarie at the Tombe of his father *Anchiſes*. The Maſteries, feates, and actiue paſtimes tried heere by the *Troian* and *Sicilian* youth, with lande and ſea Skirmidges, the running, riding, leaping, ſhooting, wreſtling, and ſuch like, with Bacing on foote and on horsback (this laſt, a ſport lately vſed of our Engliſh youthes, but nowe vnpolitickly diſcontinued) Or how the Women of *Troy* (whereof manie were alſo imbarked from thence) tyred with the perils of the Sea, and intiſed with the pleaſures of *Sicily*, to preuent further ſayling, fired their Ships (not without great loſſe reſcued) Or how *AEneas* building there the Citie *Aceſta*, peopled the ſame with his women and impotent *Troians*, Or of the drowning and Reuiſe of *Palinurus*, and many Occurrents hapning here, at *Cuma*, *Caieta*, and elſe-where I omit, as leſſe pertinent to our purpoſe, then the haſtning of *AEneas* into *Italie*. Wherefore ſhipping him from *Sicilie*, I now lande him in *Latium*: in which part of *Italie* raigned and was Reſident in his Citie *Laurentum* the King *Latinus*: to whom *AEneas* addreſſed an hundred Knights, one of them deliuering this Ambaſſie.

Ignorant are we not, moſt gratious King (for in that Title art thou famous, and in that triall may we prooue fortunate) of thy Conſanguinitie with the *Troians*, by noble deſcents from *Dardanus* our auncient Progenitor, neither canſt thou but knowe that *Troy* is ſacked, and her people for the moſt part ſlaughtered; onely knowe (if already thou knoweſt it not) that *AEneas* our Duke with a few his Followers, after

more than ſeauen yeeres ſayling, are laſtly (and luckilie I hope) arriued in thy Countrie: Howbeit of many places, for pleaſure and fertilitie moſt worthy manuring, haue wee abandoned the quiet poſſeſſion: yea many, the greateſt Princes of *Europe* and *Affrica*, haue voluntarily deſired our Tariance, denied: onely infinit Seas haue we ſayled, and more ſorrowes ſuſtained to ſeeke this Clime, from whence wee *Troians* deriue our Originals, and whither our Gods haue directed vs by their Oracles. This thy Countrie, in reſpect of the bigneſſe, may eaſily affoord roome for a new *Troy* to be builded: A plot more ſpatious wee doe not aske, A ſmaller ſuite thou canſt not graunt, if with our preſent extremities thou alſo peiſe our purpoſed loyalties: Neuer were we thy foes, and euer will we continue thy friends. Seated wee muſt be, and here wee would be: We dare not diſobey the Gods, commaunding it, nor would we diſcontent thee in demaunding it: graciouſly therefore conceiue of our Petition, and gratefully receiue from *Aeneas* theſe Preſents.

Hauing thus ſaid, he in the name of *AEneas*, preſented the King with a moſt rich Mantell or Robe, with an inualuable Crowne of Golde enchaſed with precious Stones, with the late royall Scepter of King *Priam*, and with other Treaſure: which *Latinus* cheerefully receiuing, returned the *Troians* this anſwere.

Had not the Gods commanded your hither repaire, which I gainſay not, were we not of conſanguinitie, wherein I diſclaime not, Or my Kingdome not roome-ſome enough to receiue you, as it is, Or had yee not brought precious and peaceable Preſents, as yee haue, yeat to diſmiſſe Wayfarers vnreſted and vnreleeued were contrarie to the Gods of Hoſpitalitie, and (which they defend that I ſhould therein offend) *Latinus* his honour. Ouer-faſt he ſitteth that ſecurely ſitteth: for as he that is timorous hath too little prouidence,

ſo

ſo he that is feareles hath too much preſumption: yea leſſe grieuous are expected than vnlooked-for euils. I ſpeake not this as I feare to fall, but as I fore-ſee I may fall: for the vnpearching of others ſhould be fore-preachings to vs. Priuie am I vnto your diſtreſſe, applying the like poſſibilitie for me ſo to decline: for who is priuiledged from becomming ſuch? And who is ſuch that would not haue ſuccour? Sorrie I am that ye haue ſo ill cauſe to eſtrange your ſelues from home, but glad that I am in ſo good caſe to entertaine you here: Let *AEneas* ſeate him, and proſper yee in *Italie:* my lande well may abide it, and my ſelfe brooke it: Yea more (for the Oracle of my minde conſorts no doubt with thoſe of our Gods) *Lauinia* my ſole daughter and heire, forbidden a Natiues and behighted a ſtrangers Marriage, hath found a Husbande, and I a Sonne-in lawe: at the leaſt I wiſh it would bee, and hope it will bee. Make my thankes to *AEneas* for his Preſents, and bee you Maſters of your Petitions.

The *Troians* being then ſumptuouſly feaſted, euery man vpon a giuen Courſer brauely and richly mounted, diſmiſſed, returned, and *Latinus* his anſwere and Preſent deliuered, *AEneas*, neuertheleſſe as farre from being ſecure as ioyous of ſuch Tidings, knowing the good ſpeede of a Stranger to bee an Eye-ſore to the people, and therefore not careleſſe ſuſpitious of it that might cauſeleſſe ſuccede, ſtrongly inmured his Men in a new-built Fortreſſe. In the meane while their Arriuall and Entertainement with *Latinus* occupied, and, for the moſt part, offended all *Italie.* Enuiouſlie ſtormed *Amata* the Queene that *Lauinia*, her Daughter and Darling, ſhould bee wedded to a Stranger, an Exile (as ſhe termed him:) and therefore, when ſhe could not diſſwade the King by flatterie, ſhee incenſed his Nobles and Subiects to reſiſt it forcibly. On the orher ſide,

Turnus, Prince of the *Rutiles* (in perſon exceeding all for comelineſſe, and in Armes equall to any for his courage, to whom *Lauinia* was before promiſed in Marriage) as malcontent as any for being thus circumuented by *Aeneas*, held a Counſell in his ſumptuous Citie *Adea*, ſcituate in the territorie of *Latium*, how to intercept the *Troians* by wiles, expell them by Warres, weaken them by wants, diſappoint *AEneas*, and poſſeſſe himſelfe of *Lauinia*. Often ſent he Meſſengers and ſometimes Menaces to aduertiſe *Latinus* that he was promiſed hee ſhould, and to aſſure him hee purpoſed hee would enioy her or anger him. But by how much more *Latinus* was religiouſlie vnremooueable in his Reſolution for *AEneas*, by ſo much the more did *Turnus* giue looſe raines to his headie anger: Howbeit ſufficient matter wanted for his malice to worke vpon, vntill, by euill happe, his choler tooke aduantage of this colour. *Aſcanius* with diuers *Troian* Gentlemen his Friendes and others his Attendants, hunting in a Forreſt not farre from their Fortreſſe, by chance did incounter, ſtrike, and chace a fayre and well ſpread Stagge, which the Children of one *Tyrrhus* (the Kings Raunger and Stewards of his Grounds, a Man of no meane account amongſt the *Latines*) had from a Fawne nouriſhed, and ſo intreated that no Beaſt might be more tamer: This Stagge thus ſtroken and followed of the *Troians*, taking the readieſt way to the houſe of *Tyrrhus*, and with bleeding haunches entring the Hall, was firſt eſpied of *Syluia* or *Ilia*, a young Gentlewoman, in whoſe lappe hee ſleeping had often layd his head, and at whoſe hands hee had many a time taken Brouſe, beene kemmed, and trimmed: She ſeeing the Stagge in ſuch a plight, almoſt ſwouned ere ſhee could weepe, wept ere ſhee might ſpeake, ſpoke ere ſhee was comforted, and was comforted onely in promiſe of [illegible]. At the winding of an Horne, came flocking thither

thither in a trise the Heardſ-men, Sheapheards, Plow-men, and Hinds: this Anticke of Groomes, finding *Almon*, the eldeſt Sonne of *Tyrrhus*, and their young Miſtris *Syluia* grieuouſly paſſionate, and the Stagge bloodie and braying his laſt, queſtion no further what ſhould be done, but were furiouſly inquiſitiue after the Doers. In this meane time, by euill happe, *Aſcanius* and his Companie drawing by Parſie after the Stagge (which they knew not for tame) were entered the view of this Shoole of inraged Clownes: who all at once and ſuddenly, with ſuch weapons as they had or found neereſt at hand, as Staues, Sheephookes, Dung-forkes, Flayles, Plow-ſtaues, Axes, Hedging-Beetels, yea Libbats newly ſnatched from burning, and what not? fiercely aſſayled with downe right blowes the amazed *Troians*: who not hauing leiſure to aske queſtions, couragiouſly entertaine the vnknowen Quarrell: and ſo long and dangerouſly for either part continued this confuſion of blowes and effuſion of blood, that by now it was bruted at the Fortreſſe and at *Laurentum*, and was anone increaſed by reſcue from either Faction: neither had this Skuffling an end vntill night was begunne: at what time the *Latines*, *Rutiles*, and *Troians* left the wilde Medley, howbeit not diſcontinuing their malice. Of chiefe account amongſt the *Latines*, were ſlaine luſty *Almon*, and aged *Galeſus*, (this latter a man of an honeſt and wealthie condition) whileſt he vnſeaſonably amongſt blowes deliuered vnregarded perſwaſions of Peace. The wounded Corſes of theſe twaine did *Turnus* cauſe to bee conuayed to the viewe of *Latinus*, as Arguments of their common dammage, himſelfe, with an enuious heart and an inuectiue tongue, amplifying the ſame to the vttermoſt, not vnaſſiſted therein by the yrefull Queene *Amata*, or vnfurthered by the hurlie burlie of the impatient People, all

labouring

labouring the King to denounce Armour againſt the *Troians*. *Latinus* in this tumult of his Subiects, and trauell of his Sences, aſſuring himſelfe that *AEneas* was the man propheſied to the Marriage of *Lauinia* and ſucceſſion of *Latium*, diſſwaded, but might not perſwade, with the headie multitude. In fewe, with ſuch efficacie did the dead Corſes inuite it, the Queene entreate it, *Turnus* affect it, and the People follow it, that laſtly, though againſt his minde, the King did ſuffer the *Laurentines* to reare on their Walles abſolute Tokens of imminent Warres: Thus founde *Turnus* that which hee longed for, and *AEneas* no leſſe than hee looked for, and either ſolliciting ſuccours, were not long vnfurniſhed of hardie Souldiours: yea, in reſpect of their multuous Armies, the Warres lately ceaſed at *Troy*, might now haue beene ſaide to bee reuiued in *Italie*. But as in his Wandrings, ſo in his Warres, my purpoſe is breuitie: either of which the Lawriat Trumpetor of his glorie hath ſo effectually ſounded, that many might amplifie, I could iterate, but not any amend it: neuertheleſſe in remembring of this Hiſtorie I haue alſo vſed other Authorities.

IT followeth, After long Warres valiantly on either part performed, many great Kings, Princes, and Perſonages periſhed, when laſtly the *Rutiles* begunne to bee repentant of their wrong, and the *Troians* wearie of the Warres, *AEneas* and *Turnus*, meeting, had theſe words: And firſt *AEneas*.

Often Truces haue wee had (*Turnus*) for the buriall of our dead, neuer treaties of peace for the welfare of thoſe aliue: onely once (as I haue beene euer) diddeſt thou ſeeme (thou diddeſt but ſeeme) prouident that no moe ſhould miſcarrie, offering me Combate, which I accepting haue in vaine

vaine expected a for ſince thy minde changed, I wot not by what meanes, hath changed the liues of I wot not how many. But now, when for the palpable leaſing thou ſhouldſt not ſpeake like *Turnus*, ſhouldſt thou denie the better of the wars to abide with *Aeneas*, and yet I ſtill be *Aeneas*, though playing vpon that Aduantage with *Turnus*, euen now, I ſay, my ſelfe doe requeſt thee of that Combate, whereby further Blood-ſheds may happily be concluded. Beleeue mee, were thou a Begger and I a Monark, yet (ſo much doe I emulate, not enuie thy glorie) I would hazard all in a Combate requeſted by thee ſo valerous a Competitor. But leaſt (perhaps) I ouer-breath thy tickled Conceit with more ſelfe-liking than is expedient, know man, *Turnus*, know, Nature, Birth, Arte, Education, nor whatſoeuer els are in any thing more beneficiall to *Turnus*, than that iuſtly he may enuy as much or more in *AEneas*.

To this anſwered the *Rutile* thus: Whether thou ſpeakeſt this (*AEneas*) as inſulting ouer mine infortune, or as inſolent of thine owne felicitie, or emulous (as thou ſayeſt, and I beleeue it) of my glorie, truſt me, onely if thus, in thy better ſucceſſe, to abandon thy ſelfe to ſuch offered diſaduantage bee not indiſcretion, neuer heard I wherein to derogate from thy policie: but ſay it indiſcretion, yet, by *Iupiter* (*AEneas*) it is honourable indiſcretion. Not to encounter ſo heroicall (for in thee I enuie not that Epitheton) a Combattant, is as contrarie to my thought as contenting to my very Soule, and as contenting to my Soule, as if *Aeneas* were alreadie conquered, and *Turnus* Conquerour: either which I deuine, at the leaſtwiſe I am determined to aduenture. Be prouided therefore (*AEneas*) of courage, for thou prouokeſt no Cowarde, but euen *Turnus*, that would haue asked no leſſe, had he not doubted *AEneas* not to haue dared to anſwere ſo much. Thus, and with theſe Conditions:

that

that further warres ſhould finiſh, that the Eſpouſall of *Lauinia* and Succeſſion of *Latium* ſhould bee the Prize to the Victor, a Combate, to be tried by theſe twaine body againſt body, was (vpon Othes taken and other Circumſtances) agreed vpon. Now were they Armed, Mounted, did Encounter, and, after long fight, their Courſers becomming breathleſſe, the Riders, diſmounting, vigoriouſly buckle on Foote: Laſtly (not with vnrequited blowes) was *Turnus* diſarmed, the Vanquiſhed pleading for life, and the Victor not purpoſing his death, had he not eſpied, on his Shoulders, the ſometimes Baldrike of his once eſpeciall Friend *Pallas* Ring *Euanders* Sonne, whom *Turnus*, in Battell ouercomming, had put to Sword: then *Aeneas* ſaying, onely in this Spoyle thou ſhalt not triumph, and onely for his ſake am I vnintreatable, ſhoffed his Sword through his breaſt: *Turnus* ſo ending the World, and *Aeneas* the Warres.

Then was he peaceably wedded to *Lauinia*, and ſhortly after poſſeſſed of *Latium*. After which, about three yeeres, he, dying, left his Kingdome to *Aſcanius*, and *Lauinia* with childe. She at her time, and at the houſe of the before remembred *Tyrrhus*, was deliuered of *Syluius Poſt-humus* (ſo called of his being borne amongſt the Woods, after the death of his Father.) To him (becauſe in right it was the inheritance of *Syluius* from his Mother) did *Aſcanius* voluntarily reſigne the Kingdome of *Latium*: and of him (for his honorable Regiment) were all the after-*Latine* kings called *Syluij*: Finally he hunting and miſtaken amongſt the Thickets for a Stagge, was ſlaine with an Arrow by his Sonne *Brutus*. This *Brutus*, for ſorrow and his ſafetie, accompanied with many luſtie Gentlemen and others of *AEneas* his *Troians* Ofsprings, imbarking themſelues, after long Sayling arriued in this Ilande then called *Albion*: whoſe Giant-

Giant-like Inhabitants (in reſpect of their monſtrous making and inciuill Manners ſaid to haue bin engendred of Diuels) he ouercomming, manured their Countrey, and after his owne name called it *Brutaine*. And thus hauing begotten *Brutus* an Originall to our *Brutons*, I conclude this abridged Hiſtorie of his Grandfather

Æneas.

FINIS.

To the Reader.

OFten haue I obſerued, euen Parſons, largely read in our Chronicles of this Land, to haue been intricated onely in paſſing a long their natural Channels: No marruell then (the common Currants being alſo choked with ſo many impertinent digreſſions, and ſome meere nugations) that the moſt of vs, leſſe litterate, hold not at all any direct Courſe in ſo an incombred, confuſe, & crooked a Mæander. To helpe therefore theſe latters I haue, as yee ſhall now heare, opened to them ſo ſhort and facile a Paſſage, that whoſoeuer, in one or two howers, may cut thorough, vninterrupted, the whole Legend of the maine. State-Occurrants hapning howſoeuer, and whenſoeuer in England. If any ſhal hereafter either amend this, or adde new Epitomes of the Hiſtories of Ireland, Pict-Land, the Iſle of Man, and of Wales (ſometimes alſo Ancient Kingdomes, whoſe Territories are preſently vnder Englands Monarchie) gladly ſhall I applauſe that Penne: confeſſing in mine a Pouertie of Arte, worthy no better than the anſwerable patronizing of ſome my former thanks-ſtarued dedications.

Yours in aught erred to be conformed,

W. WARNER.

An Epitome of the whole Hiſtorie *of England.*

WHether that this our Iland was firſt called *Britaine*, after the name of *Brute*, or he the Patriarch of our *Britons*, or that the tripartite deuiſion thereof, after the names of his three Sonnes, *Locrine*, *Camber*, and *Albanack*, into *Loegria*, *Cambria*, and *Albania*, afterwards the ſeiunct Territories of the *Engliſh*, *Welch*, and *Scots* be true or not, I leaue it diſputable to the Cenſurors of our by-paſſed and moderne Hiſtoriographers: onely adding, that before the firſt entrie here of the *Romaines*, our Hiſtorie auoydeth not the ſuſpition of ſome fabulous Errors. Neither let it be offenſiuely ſpoken, or as preiudicating others in their opinions, that touching the Originales, and firſt denominations of the firſt Incolents, and of this our Iland, I concurre with our learned and ſtudious Antiquarie Maſter *Camden*, in ſuch as is by him circumſpectly ſet downe in his well-merriting worke, intituled *Britannia*: out of which, I confeſſe my ſelfe, to haue gleaned not a little apting to this our abridged Hiſtorie. Howbeit, to auoide Nouelties (leſſe nugations, perhaps, than many Relations, for their onely antiquities, receiued for verities) I purpoſe no other, or not a much different courſe, than thorough the Currant of our common Chronicles.

Brute

Brute is authored to haue ariued in this Iland, then named *Albion*, which he conquering, cauſed to be called after his owne name *Britaine*, in the yeere of the worlds age 2855. and before the incarnation of *Chriſt* 1108. yeeres. At *Ferrex* and *Porrex*, brethren, & ioynct-Kings, in lynial diſcent eighteene from *Brute*, 616. yeeres after that this Land had beene gouerned by *Brute* and his Linage, was that royal blood and Houſe tragically diſtroyed: *Ferrex* ſlaine in battell by his brother, and *Porrex*, in reuenge thereof, murthered by their Mother. After which, this Iland continued in ciuill diſcention by the ſpace of about fiftie yeeres, vnder fower, and ſometimes fiue Kings or Dukes, of whom remaineth neither number nor names: and was laſtly reduced into a Monarchie, vnder *Mulmutius Dunwallo*, Duke of *Danmonia* or *Cornewaile*.

Gorboman was the twelfth in lyniall diſcent, from *Dunwallo*: betwixt whom and *Caſſiuilan* raigned 31. Kings: of whoſe diſcents, acts, & times of their Raignes (*Hely*, *Lud*, and one or two moe excepted) are authorities ſo barren, that, touching them, I rather prepoſe ſcilence, than to ſet downe incertainties: Howbeit find I not to the contrarie, but that yet, and long time after, the Scepter continued in the blood of *Dunwallo*. Of the Britiſh Kings is *Caſſiuilan* accounted, with *Brute*, the 73. King: but in troth, not recconing the Protectorſhip of *Guendoleyne* in the Nonage of her ſonne *Madan*, nor any ioynt-Raignes, as that of *Cunedage* and *Morgan*, *Ferrex* and *Porrex*, with others ſuch, nor the depriuations and Reſtaurations of *Archigallo* and *Elidure* (which are by moſt ſeuerally accounted) *Caſſuilan* was but the 64. King from *Brute*. In the Raigne of this *Caſſuilan*, before the yeare of grace about 55. yeeres, and after the ariuall of *Brute* about 1057 yeeres, did *Iulius Cæſar* winne, for the *Romaines*, the firſt Tribute euer payed vnto any by the *Britons*.

Heere, before we write further of the proceedings of the

Romaines

Romaines in this Land, it ſhall not be impertinent to remember, into what and how many Regions, and diuerſly-named Peoples the firſt Romaine diſcouerers found it deuided. Ancient Authors, Latine and others (of whom *Iulius Cæſar* him ſelfe is one, and before whoſe entrie heere our Hiſtorie hath few or none of autenticke authorities) in their hiſtoricall and Geographicall deſcriptions of that part of this Iland which is now *England* (howbeit concluding the whole vnder the common name of *Britaine*) diſtinguiſh the ſame by ſeuerall parts or Colonies, hild, deuiſiuely, by ſeauenteene different peoples: that is to ſay, thoſe parts which we now call Cornewall and Deuonſhire, by the *Danmoines*: Dorſetſhire, by the *Durotriges*: Somerſetſhire, Wiltſhire, and Hampſhire, by the *Belgies*: Barkeſhire, by the *Attrebates*: Suthrie & Suſſex, by the *Regnes*: Kent, by the *Cantes*: Gloceſterſhire & Oxfordſhire, by the *Dobunes*: Buckinghamſhire, Bedfordſhire, and Hertfordſhire, by the *Catieuchlanes*: Middleſex and Eſſex, by the *Trinobantes*: Suffolke, Norfolke, Cambridgſhire, and Huntingtonſhire, by the *Iceines*: North-hamptonſhire, Leiceſterſhire, Rutlandſhire, Lincolnſhire, Nottinghamſhire, and Darbyſhire, by the *Coritanes*: Warwickſhire, Worceſterſhire, Staffordſhire, Shropſhire, and Cheſſhire, by the *Cornauies*: Herefordſhire, Radnorſhire, Brecknockſhire, Mommothſhire, and Glamorganſhire, by the *Siluries*: Caermardenſhire, Penbrokeſhire, and Cardiganſhire, by the *Dimetes*: Montgomeryſhire, Merionethſhire, Carnaruonſhire, Denbighſhire, and Flintſhire, by the *Ordouices*: Yorkſhire, Richmondſhire, Biſhopricke of Durham, Lancaſhire, Weſtmerland, and Cumberland, by the *Brigantes*: and Northumberland, by the *Ottadines*. Afterwardes when the *Romaines* had all here at their deuotion, they altered at diuers times, theſe old, and erected new Partitions: diſpoſing laſtly their whole Prouince into a *Pentarchia*, or fiuefold Diuident: which they called *Britania prima*, containing the South parts:

Britania ſecunda, which we now call *Wales*: *Flauia Caſarienſis*, extending from the Riuer of *Thamys* to *Humber*: *Maxima Caſarienſis*, from *Humber* to the *Tyne*: and *Valentia*, which contayned from *Tyne* to *Grameſdicke*, neere vnto *Edenborough*.

Returne we now to *Caſſiuilan*, yeelding hence, as is aforeſaide, Tribute to the *Romaines*. To him ſucceeded in Raigne his Nephewe *Theomant*, to him *Cymbeline* his Sonne: in whoſe raigne *Calphurnius Agricola* being then heere for the *Romaines*, was borne our Sauiour Chriſt Ieſus: after the ariuall of *Brute* 1107. yeares.

FRom *Cymbeline* was *Lucius* the fift King. This *Lucius* (albeit diuers wel approued & reuerent Authors giue Antedates to the preaching & receite of the Goſpell here, euen in the Infancie thereof) was the firſt of the *Britiſh* Kings that by publique Auctoritie intertained the Chriſtian Faith: and was, with his, Baptized about the yeere of our Lord God 188. after *Brute* 1294. yeares. From this Baptiſme of the *Britons* Chriſtianitie (though ſometimes perſecuted) floriſhed about 216. yeares after: vntill the *Saxons*, preuayling, reduced Paganizme: which for long time after had continuance heere.

Lucius dying without Iſſue, not onely ceaſed the Raigne of the *Dumvallones*, after 54. Kings of that lynage: but alſo, after 82. Kings from *Brute*, according to the former of the accompts, was the Scepter firſt diſcōtinued from the *Britons*, & intirely transferred to the *Romaine* Emperors. For although, from about twentie yeeres after the firſt Tribute wonne hence by *Iulius Caeſar*, the *Romaines* had for the moſt part in this Land their Conſuls, Preſidents, or Lefetennants, yea, vntill now, were the *Britons* gouerned by their naturall Princes. And be it remembred, that albeit, in the time of the Emperour *Claudius*, part of this Iland became Prouinciall to the

Romaines,

Romaines, yeat to compaſſe the whole ſuch coſt them not leſſe than an hundred and thirtie yeeres trauell, euen to the Emperie of *Domician*: when *Iulius Agricola*, in effect, made this whole Iland imperiall: thence continewing to the *Romaine* State (the Impacabilitie of the *Pictes* and *Scotes* excepted) A perfect Prouince, vnto the death of thafforſaid *Lucius*. Whence, after fifteene yeeres diſcention amongſt the *Britons*, and in the meane time no King, did *Seuerus*, then Emperor of *Rome*, vndertake heere perſonall and abſolute Soueraintie. Whereby the Gouernment of the naturall *Britiſh* Kings, or rather of long time before but Vice-Roies to the *Romaines*, was for many yeeres ſuſpended.

To him ſeuerall ſucceeded eight Kings *Romaines*: howbeit not vninterrupted among by ſome noble *Britons*, that maugre thoſe, at ſeuerall times poſſeſſed themſelues of inconſtant Regalitie heer. The laſt of the nyne *Romaines* (whoſe whole Empire, through their owne ciuill warres, and Inuaſions of the *Barbarians*, began now palpably to decline) was *Gracian*. After whom, to the *Britons* (now againe headleſſe, and in ciuill diſcention: that of long time had, and then ſtil did wholie relie on the tuition of the *Romaines*, who in their pollicie, ſtill to hold this Land theirs, had diſarmed it of munition, and vnapted the people to proweſſe and warlike diſcipline) ſucceeded many yeeres turbulent and moſt miſerable: For the *Pictes* (of whom followeth an abſtract of their peculiar Hiſtorie) A warlike and terrible people, then occupying thoſe parts which we now call the middle Marches, betwixt the *Engliſh* & *Scots*, or rather, the more part of that which is now *Scotland*, aſſiſted by the *Iriſh-Scots*, ſo debelled and oppreſſed the *Britons*, that neuer were they ſo tyrannized, or their State ſo deſperat.

Of the elſ-where diſperſed *Romaine* Prouinces, none than this could boaſt more politike and martiall Preſidents and Liefetennants: of whom many, and ſome of them heere-

borne Incolents, became afterwards the moſt magnificent of the Emperors: yea diuers of the powerfulleſt *Romaine* Emperors, to hold this Iland theirs, were often perſonally forced hither. Wherefore, euen now, when their owne ciuill warres were moſt inteſtine, and the *Barbarians* moſt infeſtiue to their Empire, *Britaine* was neuertheleſſe by them not neglected. Witnes (beſides the often tranſmitting, euen in thoſe then troubleſome times, of Legions in defence of this Land) their admirable works and prouiſions heere againſt the impacable Incurſions of thoſe barbarous & vndanted *Pictes* then threatning, in part not vnacted, the extirpation hence both of the Emperiales and *Britons*. To paſſe by in ſilence *Iulius Agricola*, *Adrian*, *Lollius Vrbicus*, *Seuerus* and others their ſeuerall workes and walles, erected heere in the Northern Regions for the ſame purpoſe: of which, beſides *Seuerus* his forced vallie, with other ſtrong and huge labors and fabrications, were reared at ſeuerall times two walles, the one of Turffe, and the other of Pyles and Tymber ſtrongly and artificially interpoſed, extending from Sea to Sea ouerthwarts the Countrey, eſtimated in length fowerſcore, or, as haue ſome aboue fiueſcoore myles, incredible may it ſeeme that out of autenticke Authors is extant, were it not euen vnto this day to bee ſeene in the Ruines, of the wall yet called the *Pictes* wall, raiſed of firme ſtone, containing in length as is aforeſaid, in bredth throughout eight foote, and in height twelue. At euerie myles diſtance thereof was a ſtrong and ſquaire-built Caſtell, well furniſhed with men and munition: betwixt the Caſtels were diuers watch-Towers, and through the walles of euery Tower and Caſtell was ſo artificially conueied a trunke or pipe of braſſe, that from which ſocuer of the Caſtles or Towers was but wiſpered into the Pype, the voice diſtinctly and without interruption was ſpeedely receiued from watch to watch, and thereby the whole Gariſon, ſo many myles ſundered, were ſuddenly aduertiſed of their

expeditions,

expeditions, or of the approch of the Enimie. *AEtius*, then for *Rome* in *Fraunce* (for defence of which Prouince, the Forces for *Britaine* and flower of our heer-Incolents, were then withdrawen hence thither) importuned by the miſerable *Britons* for ſuccour againſt the mercileſſe *Pictes*, transfreting hither, in their aide, a Legion of Souldiours, cauſed this marueilous and millitarie Wall then to be builded. After which, the *Romaine* Empire it ſelfe extreamely languiſhing in an incurable Conſumption, the Warr-intricated *Romaines* vtterly left *Britaine* to the vndiſciplind *Britons*: againſt whom, the defenſiue prouiſions aforeſaid notwithſtanding, the *Pictes* continewed tyrannouſly infeſtiue: Inſomuch that, for protection, the *Britons* ſuppliantly offered themſelues and became vaſſals to *Conſtantine*, brother to the King of little *Britaine*, which Countrie in former times was called *Armorica*. He accepting the voluntarie ſubiection of this then imbellious Countrey, and his proweſſe and Pollicie deſtinate to his newe Subiects fortunate, the Crowne of this Land, thus the ſecond time ſetled in a Forriner, inured to him and his poſteritie: And the *Romaines* were thenceforth vtterly outted their woonted Tribute and Dominion heere: which from *Iulius Cæſar* had had continuance for about the ſpace of fiue hundred yeeres: *Theodoſius* the yoonger and *Valentinian* being then Emperors.

AFter the deceaſe of the aforeſaid *Conſtantine* the *Armorican* or *French-Briton*, raigned here his eldeſt ſonne *Conſtance*, formerly ſworne a religious Recluſe, of whoſe puſilanimitie and milde dulneſſe *Vortiger*, Duke of *Cornwall* taking aduantage, vnderhand procuring his death poſſeſſed his Diademe. For which ſuſpected Regecide he, growing odious to his Subiects, and intangled with more than dangerous buſineſſe with the impacable *Pictes*, entertayned in his

ſupport a valiant people of Germany called *Saxons*: of whom ſhall be anone more largely ſpoken.

Ambroſe and *Vter*, the two brethren of *Conſtance* as before murthered, hauing now gotten an Armie, purſued *Vortiger* vnto his Caſtel, which he had built in the parts afterwards and now called *Wales*, whether the Saxons had debelled him. Who therefore may be ſaid the laſt Monarche of *Britaine* of the *Brittiſh* blood, for that at the chaſing of him thither, the *Saxons* founded the firſt of their Kingdomes heere: and the Kingdome of the *Brittiſh* Kings him ſucceeding (though diuers of them indeed valiant Princes, & mauger the *Saxons* delating their dominion, and all of them retayning the title of Kings of *Britaine*) extended no farther, or to little more than that which is now called *Wales*. *Vortigers* Caſtell, and he in it burned by *Ambroſe* and *Vter*, they then ſucceedingly raigned, who with *Arthur* (ſurnamed the Worthy) ſonne of *Vter*, and two or three more of that Streene, of whom *Malgo* the ninth and laſt King of the linage of the aforeſaid *Conſtantine* the *Armorican*, was one, in their ſeuerall Raignes awed not a little the *Saxons* by armor and Stratagems. To *Malgo* ſucceeded in Raigne *Carrtick*, of an vnknowen Pedegree: who, through his euill gouernment, grew ſo disfauoured of his Subiects, that the *Saxons* (who at ſeuerall times, in ſeuerall places, from their firſt intertaynment heere by *Vortiger* had planted themſelues in this Land) got opportunity of ſo many victories, that *Caritick* with his *Britons* (in their Countrie ſeeking them a Countrie) were laſtly chaſed and bounded by them from out all parts into the mountanous Weſterne Regions of this Land, where he died. Thence, for the ſpace of about 24. yeeres after (in which time was an intermiſſion of *Brittiſh*, Kings) the *Welch-Britons*, as before hence debelled, made diuers more valiant than gainefull Out-roades, vnder diuers their Leaders, againſt the *Saxons*. Laſtly *Cadwane* Duke of *Venedocia*, afterwards called North-*Wales*, *Cadwallyne* his

his ſonne, and *Cadwallader*, as write ſome, his ſonne, but deſcended linialy, as write others, of the blood of *Cerdicus* the firſt King of the Weſt *Saxons*, ſucceedingly raigned ouer the ſame *Welch-Britons*. Of euery of theſe three great proweſſe and prayſes are recorded by all Authors.

Cadwallader, about the yeere of grace 686. forſaking kingly authority, became a religious man, &, as haue ſome, departed hence in Pilgrimage to *Rome*, where he died. In him abſolutely ended the Raigne and title of the Kings of great *Britaine*: that, vnder 106. ſeuerall Kings from *Brute*, had continued, as write ſome, 1792. others 1822. yeeres. From thencefoorth the Remaines heere of the *Britons* were called *Welch-men* (which, Saxonly, ſignifieth Aliens or Strangers) and the aforeſaid Land which they hild and hold in this Iland *Wales*. Amongſt whom was a ſucceſſion of Naturall Kings by the onely Stile of Kings of *Wales*, vnto the Raigne of *William Rufus*, that *Rice* or *Rees* their laſt King was ſlaine: howbeit long time after impacable, vntill that King *Henry* the Eight, exact of their blood, incorporated them and the *Engliſh* in lawes and Protection one People. Of the Progreſſe of that moſt ancient and valiant Nation, that vnder the altered name of *Welchmen*, euen at this day in all Loyaltie towards her Maieſtie poſſeſſe where *Cadwallader* then left them, hath Doctor *Powell* wel and compendiouſly written a peculiar Chronicle, whereunto I refer the Reader.

After this Eiectment of the *Britons*, and Period (*Wales* excepted) of their ancient dominion in this Iſlande, hapning about 236. yeeres from the firſt receiuing of the *Saxons* vnder the conduct of *Hengeſt* by *Vortiger* thus related, it followeth in fewe to be ſpoken in order as the ſame, not without more than much blood and buſineſſe, during the aforeſaide 236. yeeres or ſomewhat more begunne, continued, and commenſed of the *Saxon Heptarchia* or their ſeauen Kingdomes, Cantons or Colonies here erected. For when the *Saxons* (as

before called hether by yll-aduiſed *Vortiger*) had gotten vnto themſelues the glorie of many victories againſt the *Pictes* and other the enemies of this Land, and that the King, repudiating his lawfull wife, had married the beautifull daughter of *Hengeſt* the *Saxon* Captaine, it was couenanted, that the *Britons* ſhould onely attend their priuate affaires and profits, and the *Saxons*, for competent viande and ſallarie to vndergoe the defence of the Realme againſt whatſoeuer Enemies.

Vnder this pretext multuous and warklicke Supplies of theirs daily repaired hether: who, long time affecting the ſubiection of ſo glorious and fertile a Countrie as this, and now finding themſelues ſufficiently powerfull, and the *Britons* alienated from themſelues through eaſe and effeminacie (a confederacie betwixt them, the *Pictes* and *Scots* firſt concluded vpon) they quarrelled the *Britons*: as pretending a breach of the aforeſaid Couenant. Whereupon, for many following yeeres, they purſued ſuch vnapeaſable and tyrannous warre that (as ſaieth one of the like perſecution afterwardes by the Danes here) the oppreſſed *Britons* ſuffered whatſoeuer the Subdued could feare or the victors afflict. Laſtly, the *Britons* being forced, as is aforeſaid, into *Wales*, they reared thence vnto the *Saxons* ſuch aweſull armies, finiſhing in often victories, vnder Princes valienter than whom no paſſed ages could honor that, had not *Britaine* beene deſtinate vnto the *Saxons*, neuer had they erected here an *Heptarchia*, or altered it into a *Monarchie*, of either of which be it now ſeuerally ſpoken: and firſt, becauſe firſt, of their *Heptarchia*.

THe firſt Kingdome or Canton thereof was *Kent*, and the Iſle of *Thanet*. It ſetledly began about the yeere of the word incarnated 475. in the reſtaured Raigne of the aforeſaid *Vortiger*, vnder the before named *Saxon* called *Hengeſt*:

geſt: who, after his firſt Entrie, which was about *ann.* 450. or ſomewhat more, had beene hence expulſed, but eftſoones returned, and laſtly hild *Kent* for his Dominion. The firſt Chriſtian King thereof, *an.* 596. or thereabouts, was *Ethelbert*: the laſt King was *Baldred*: in whoſe time *Egbert*, King of the *Weſt-Saxons*, ſubdued this Dominion of *Kent* and ioyned it vnto his owne Regement: after it had continued, vnder the ſucceſſion of eighteene Kings, by the ſpace of about 320. yeeres.

The ſecond Dominion was of the South-*Saxons*, and contayned *Suſſex* and *Southrie*. It began about *ann.* 536. in the ſecond yeere of *Aurelie Ambroſe* King of the *Britons*, vnder a *Saxon* called *Hella* or *Ella*. The firſt Chriſtian Prince thereof was *Edilwaleh* or *Ethelwold*: the laſt of the Kings was *Aldine*: in whoſe time the Weſt-*Saxons* alſo added it to their Signorie, after it had continued vnder the ſucceſſion of ſeauen kings 112. yeeres: howbeit ſome adde a more number of Kings, and account 306. yeeres, for touching this Dominion Authors greatly differ.

The Third was of the *Eaſt-Angles*: contayning *Northfolke*, *Suffolke*, *Cambridgſhire*, and the *Iſle* of *Elye*. It began about the twelfe yeere of the aforeſaid *Aurelie Ambroſe*, vnder a Saxon called *Vffa*. The firſt Chriſtian King thereof about *ann.* 630. was *Orpewald*: the laſt of the Kings was Saint *Edmund*, ſlaine about *ann.* 869. by the *Danes*: who for many yeeres before had pillaged, tyranniſed, and in ſome parts inhabited this land: concerning whoſe achieuements here ſhal be anone, in it due place intreated. From thencefoorth the *Eaſt-Angles* were ſubiected to the *Danes*, vntill laſtly *Edward* the elder alſo annexed it to the *Weſt-Saxon* Gouernment: after the continuance thereof vnder ſeuenteene Regents, *Saxons* and *Danes*, 418. yeres. Of the Progreſſe of this Kingdome is alſo diſagreement in Authors.

The fourth and preuailing Kingdome was of the *Weſt-Saxons*,

Saxons, occupying Cornwaile, Deuonſheir, Dorſetſheir, Somerſetſheir, Wyltſheire, and Barkſheir. It began in the raigne of King *Arthur* ouer the *Welch-Britons*, vnder a *Saxon* called *Cerdicus*. The firſt Chriſtian King thereof *ann.* 636. or thereabouts was *Cyngill* or *Kyngill*. Now when King *Egbert* had by proweſſe and pollicie obtained Raigne ouer the *Weſt-Saxons*, and beſides his victories ouer the *Welche*, was poſſeſſed of fiue of the *Saxon* Regiments heere, and of the other two hoped the like, he gaue foorth a generall Edict, whereby he commaunded that his whole Dominion heere ſhoulde be called *Angel*, or Saxonly, *England*, and the Inhabitants *Engliſhmen*, or *Angles*: in Reuiuor of the name of the Countrie from which his Aunceſtors that firſt got poſſeſſions in this Lande ſcaled: which is called, euen vnto this day, *Angel*: and is now in ſubiection to *Denmarke*. For it is to be noted, as warranted out of vncontrowlable Authors, that in the farther parts of that which was aunciently called *Cymbria*, now *Germanie*, was a ſpatious Terratorie, diſtinguiſhed by three Regions and people, (in their originales *Scythians*) that is to ſay, *Saxonie*, *Anglia* or *Angel*, and *Iuta* or *Iuitland*: whoſe Inhabitants were called *Saxons*, *Angles*, or *Engliſhmen*, and *Iutes* or *Getes*: all that whole Countrie and thoſe people neuertheleſſe knowen and called by the common names of *Saxonie* and *Saxons*. Of theſe, the *Angles* or *Engliſh-Saxons*, after that *Hengeſt* with his *Iutes* or *Getiſh-Saxons* and the *Saxons* ſo meerely named had enterpriced an Inuaſion heere, ſo affected habitation in this Lande, that, leauing their owne Countrie in *Germanie* Deſart, they ſwarmed hither at ſeuerall times with ſuch multious ſupplies that the *Britons* hence expulſed, in the *Heptarchia* three of the Deuidēts, that is, thoſe of the *Northumbres*, *Mercians*, and *Eaſt-Angles* conſiſted of thoſe *Angles* or *Engliſh-Saxons*: in regard of whoſe ample Prouinces, and numerous people the other fower were much inferior. Vpon which motiue, and for that himſelfe was

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hence exact, King *Egbert* cauſed this Land, as is aforeſaid, to be called *England*, not that it had that name of *Hengeſt*, as are ſome oppinions. For many, and not to be gainſaid, are the Hiſtories intreating how theſe three people, vnder the common name of *Saxons*, before then, and after infeſtious toalmoſt the whole world, gaue euerie where their aforeſaide diſtinguiſhed names to their deuiſiue conqueſts: and that of theſe *Angles* or *Engliſh-Saxons* who (as before) firſt called this Land *England*, were and are the denominations of diuers Countries and Townes elſewheare: as of the aforeſaid Countrie called *Angel* or *Angulus*, now prouinciall to *Denmarke*, *Engern* in *Weſtphalia*, *Sueui-Angli*, *Angloen* a Towne in *Pomerania*, *Engelheim*, *Ingolſtadio*, *Englburg*, and *Englerute* in *Germanie*, and *Angleria* in *Italie*: as heerof by Maſter *Camden* is commendably obſerued and ſtudiouſly collected. In this kingdome of the *Weſt-Saxons* were the other ſixe States in proceſſe of time, as anon ſhall be ſaide, reduced to a Monarchie: as alſo in the royall blood thereof, now combyned with that of the Normain, the Scepter inureth euen vnto this day. Thus of this fowerth Dominion in this *Heptarchia*: of the other three it now followeth.

The fifth was of *Northumberland*: containing Lancaſheir, Yorkeſheir, the Biſhoprick of Durham, Cumberland, Weſtmerland, and ſo to Edenborough. This Signorie was in the beginning deuided into two, that is to ſay, *Bremcia*, and *Deira*: this contained from *Humber* to *Tyne*, and that from *Tyne* to the Scottiſh Sea. Both were begone ſeuerally within the compaſſe of three yeeres, to wit, about *anno* 547. vnder two *Saxons* named *Ida* and *Ella*: and were laſtly vnited vnder *Ethelfride* by the name of the Kingdome of *Northumberland*. The firſt Chriſtian Prince thereof, about *ann.* 627. was *Edwyn*. This Kingdome, intierly and deuiſiuely, continued vnder the ſucceſſion of 20. or after ſome, of 23. *Saxon* Kings 321. yeeres, and afterwards deuiſiuely vnder *Saxons* & *Danes*

vnto

vnto about *ann.* 954. when *Eldred* King of the *West-Saxons* also subdued it to his kingdome: *Adelred* holding then for the *Saxons*, and *Hyreus* for the *Danes*. So, it may seeme, from the first to the last, that this ioyntly and seuerally, as before, gouerned endured 409. yeeres. But this *Hyreus* is saide of some to be appointed to that gouernment in the raigne of *Canutus*: which began long time after, that is, about *anno* 1019.

The sixt was of *Essex*, or of the *East-Saxons*, containing Essex, Middlesex, and in it London, and part of Hertfordsheir. More diffringly & doubtingly than of the other sixe is it that Authors set downe of the beginning and progresse of this dominion: being for the most part but prouincial, sometimes to *Mercia*, and sometimes to *Kent*. Howbeit those Authorities that carrie most probabilitie write, that the beginning thereof was about *ann.* 614. that the first Christian Prince there about *ann.* 603. or 624. was *Sebert*, the last there raigning *Suthred*, the succession of Gouernors 17. the yeeres of the continuance 281. and that the Subdewer of the same also to the *West-Saxons* was *Egbert*.

The seauenth, and greatest, was of *Mercia*, or the *Midle-Angles*: including the Sheires of Glouceſter, Hereford, Worceſter, Warwicke, Leiceſter, Roteland, Northampton, Lincolne, Huntington, Bedford, Buckingham, Oxenford, Stafford, Salop, Nottingham, Cheſter, and the other part of Hertfordsheir. It began about *ann.* 626. in the raigne of *Cadwane* ouer the *Welch-Britons*, vnder a Saxon called *Penda*. The first Christian King thereof about *ann.* 647. was *Peada* the last of the kings there *Cenolphe*. About *ann.* 876. *Alured* subdewed it to the *West-Saxons*: after the continuance thereof vnder 18 *Saxon* Kings 250. yeeres. After which the *Danes*, and lastly *Elfleda* a *Saxon* Princesse gouerned there, vntill *Edward* the elder about *ann.* 917. recouered the same againe to the *West-Saxons*. Adding which latter Rulers and yeares to the former

mer were from the firſt to the laſt 22. Princes and at the leaſt 280. yeeres.

THus was the progreſſe to and in this *Heptarchia:* wherein if, perhaps, ought be omitted or erred, let it ſuffice for an excuſe that, having ſearched the moſt and beſt Hiſtories Eccleſiaſticall and others intreating of theſe matters, hardly finde I heerein a concordance in any two Authors. Alſo much more, of much moment might be heere ſpoken of the State of things vnder this *Heptarchia* or ſeauen-fold Dominion. As of their continued ciuill warres amongſt themſelues: often fights with the inuaſiue *Danes:* their perſecuting of the Chriſtians heere whilſt themſelues were Pagans: their rare ſanctitie when they were Chriſtians: their edifying and ſumptuous Erections of all our chiefe Minſters, Monaſteries, and Monuments: wherein was more than done by one of thoſe pettite Princes, or, perhaps, by ſome their Subiects, than by any of all, or (two or three excepted) by all together of our following Monarkes. But of theſe onely thus: haſten we to our purpoſed proſecution of State-matters, mainer and of more note.

Hauing thus, briefly and deuiſiuely ſpoken of this ſelfe-ſhouldering *Heptarchia* or ſeauen *Saxon* Principates at one time and of long time on foote in this Land after the expulſion of the *Britons* into *Wales*, and of the ſeuerall incorporating by degrees, of all by the *Weſt-Saxons* into one Monarchie called *England*, not impertinently it enſueth to be ſaid how King *Alured*, of ſome called *Alfred*, diuided the Lande into bounded parts, Saxonly called Shyres, Engliſhly Shares, which about *ann.* 1016. were numbred onely 32. But, after the Euiction from the *Scots* of thoſe Countries which we now call the Biſhopricke of Durham, Lancaſhire, Northumberland, Weſtmerland, and Cumberland, and the like Deuiſion.

ſion of them, as alſo of *Wales*, the number of Shires increaſed to 49. The Shires alſo *Alured* deuided into Hundreds and Tythings or Bocres, in ſome part of the land termed Wappentakes and Lathes: touching which, as firſt whence theſe termes were founded, why theſe Deuiſions and Subdeuiſions were inſtituted, and what, for the publike Pollicie, was the ſeuerall Practiſe within euerie of them, my Referment of the vnread in our Lawes is, amongſt others, to Maſter *Lambards* Treatiſe of the Dueties of Conſtables, and Maſter *Camdens* aforeſaid *Britannia*: either of which ſignificantly enough touch vpon theſe matters, onely I adde this note, that the like preuentions of Miſchiefes and effecting of publike peace and profit, as when theſe Erections were practiue in their created Natures, may, in our times be rather wiſhed than any wiſe hoped for. Neuertheleſſe hence may groundly be ſaid deriued our beſt and ſtill experienced Method wherein we now execute lawes & diſpatch, with leſſer intricacie, the Collections and buſineſſes for the Wealepublike.

IN thoſe daies in this Land, (then conſiſting, as we haue ſaid, but of 32. Shires) was a triple difference and practiſe of Lawes, called *Weſt-Saxenlage*, *Merchen-lage*, and *Dane-lage*: peculiar in times then by-paſſed to the before diſtinguiſhed Meere Saxons, Angles or Engliſh-Saxons, & to the Danes: who of the 32. Shires had formally inuaded fifteene. As for the *Iutiſh-Saxons* they held onely *Kent* and the Iſle of *Wight*, and had, as may be collected lawes in ſome things different from the other Saxons: Concerning which three Lawes more ſhall be ſaid hereafter.

Alſo about thoſe times were ordained Iudges, becauſe of their Circuites called *Itinerantes*, ſuch in effect as now are our Iudges of Aſſiſes. Likewiſe in euery Shire of the Nobler and of chiefe note was a yeerely choiſe of a Shire-Reeue, whom

whom we now call a Shiriffe: in thoſe daies within his deuiſion of no leſſe authoritie than a prouinciall Vicar or Vicegerent. To conclude this relation, much of high importance. by tradition from thoſe times, continueth the like or but little different practiſe in our preſent Pollicie: wherein alſo reſts a remaine of diuers Lawes and Cuſtomes, yet currant heere, deriued from the *Danes*: who (as ſhall be now digeſted) during the precedent *Heptarchia* forewarded, and in this ſucceeding Monarchie finiſhed a next and new alteration in the State of England.

ABout *ann.* 787. *Brithrick* then raigning ouer the *Weſt-Saxons*, (for our accounts of tymes ſhall now followe that predominant kingdome) the *Danes* firſt entred this Lande: whence by the *Saxon* Princes, concurring in armes, they were valiantly for that time auoided. About *ann.* 808. in the Raigne of *Egbert* with a much greater power they ſecondly arriued heere, ſpoiling *Kent* & the Iſle of *Sheppie*. Whom, albeit the King vigoriouſly withſtood, yet they being then victorious, forceably helde themſelues in greater or fewer numbers in one or other place in the Land, by the ſpace of about 200. yeeres after: to the extreame perſecution of the *Engliſh*. In which circuit of times, albeit the *Danes* were often brought vnder by the *Saxons*, yet through continued ſupplies of their owne nation, conuerſings, intermarriages, and confedracies with Ours they grew ſo audatious, broodious and powerfull in *England* that, about *ann.* 863. in the raigne of King *Etheldred* (*Osbright* and *Ella* two his Tributories then gouerning the *Northumbers*) they, who hitherto had had not ſetled Dominion here, but had roomed about, without pittie pyllaging and diſpeopling by ſea and ſhore, hauing firſt in battle ſlaine the ſaid two pettite Kings, poſſeſſed themſelues intierly of that kingdome of *Northumberland*

and

and of the Citie of Yorke: which they held by the ſpace of 60. yeeres after: and in ſhort time following alſo ſubdued and ſlaughtered *Edmond* King of the *Eaſt-Angles*, and *Burdred* King of *Mercia*: holding alſo for a while that Prouince, and perſeuering in many Pagaine cruelties: vntill about *ann.* 884. that the aforeſaid *Alured*, then King of the moſt part of that which is now *England*, after many battailes, not onely recouered from them much of their former Conqueſts, but exiled hence whoſoeuer of them refuſed to be chriſtened: the reſidue with *Guthor* or *Gormond* their Prince receiuing Baptiſme, retained as Tributaries (with other peeces) the dominions of *Northumberland* and *Eaſt-Anglia*.

By theſe partly, but chiefly by the returne of the *Danes* as before exiled, newe but bootleſſe attempts were eftſoones practiſed againſt this Land. *Edward* ſurnamed the Elder, ſucceeding *Alured* his father, about *ann.* 910. eſpiſted from the *Danes* the Prouince of *Eaſt-Anglia*: ſo that then remained to them onely the Dominion of *Northumberland*. Albeit the warlike princes *Adelſtane* and *Edmond* the two next ſucceeding Kings ſeuerally had ſundrie ouerhands of the *Northumbrian Danes*, yet it ſeemeth that that principalitie remayned to them vndiſſolued (as is before touched) vnto the raigne of *Eldred* then next ſucceeding: who, about *ann.* 946. ſubduing this Regiment, and ioyning it to the reſt of his Empire, *England* (as before) dilacerate and infeſted aſwell by the *Saxons* themſelues as by the *Danes*, returned to a perfect Monarchy: ſo continewing by the ſpace of about 50. yeeres after: that is, during the ſeuerall raignes of *Edwyn*, *Edgar*, and *Edward*, ſurnamed the Martyr: in whoſe times the *Danes* were either quiet, or their interpriſes of ſome fewe incurſions quayled. But in the raigne of king *Egelred* (of ſome called *Etheldred*) that next ſucceeded, newe forces of *Danes*, incouraged through the ſhallow and euill carriage of the King, alſo inuited and aſſiſted by their Countrymen, that of long time had

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heer ſcatteringly inhabited, allied themſelues, and growen into one blood with ours, and (whereby they chiefly preuayled) bribing trecherous *Elfrick* or *Edrick* the Engliſh Admirall, at ſundry times, and ſometimes with ſeuerall Fleetes and forces at one ſelfeſame time in ſundrie places, ſailed about and inuaded the Land, burning and doing moſt inhumane execution whereſoeuer and vpon whomſoeuer they were victorious. Inſomuch that the King, in theſe extremities not knowing whom to truſt nor what to trie, after he had fiue ſeueral times with great ſummes, al amounting to 113000. pounds, bought his peace of his enimies, and neuertheleſſe found them ſtill armed againſt the Land and of pray or pay inſatiable, he yeelded laſtly to the payment of a yeerely Tribute: increaſed in ſhort ſpace from tenne to fortie, or (as haue ſome) to 48000. pounds: which many yeeres after, by the name of *Dane-gelt*, was leuied of the Engliſh Subiects. The payment whereof was afterwards continued to the *Dane*-Kings, remitted by *Edward* the Confeſſor, renewed by *William* the Conqueror, and vtterly releaſed by *Henry* the firſt.

This *Dane*-gelt was in the beginning, before the imployment thereof for the paiment of the aforeſaid Tribute, an impoſition of twelue pence vpon euery Hide, that is, twentie acres of Land, throughout *England*, to be then expended only vpon continued forces againſt the ſudden Inuaſions, Pillages, and Inſolences here of the then incorrigible *Danes*: but afterwards, vntill (as before) releaſed, collected into the Treaſuries of the Kings.

England, by payment of this Tribute, breathing a while a miſerable peace, *Egelred* ſent forth ſecreat Edicts, that in the Night of Saint *Brictes* day in one ſame hower all the *Danes* inhabiting throughout the Land ſhould ſuddenly be ſlaughtered. This Stratagem was not more priuilie authorized and publiſhed than generally and plauſibly entertayned and executed by the Engliſh, that of long time had thirſted their de-

liuerie from the intolerable Thraldome of the proude *Danes*: of whom ouer euerie Houſhold Lorded one, awing all in behalfe of the Daniſh-State at his Deuotion. Shortly after *Swano* King of Denmarke, in reuenge of ſuch Maſſacre of his People, at three ſeuerall times landing heere three mightie and reſolute Armies, and not ſparing whatſoeuer by ſword & fire might be deſtroyed, laſtly, and eſpecially through the trecherie of the aforeſaid *Elfricke* the Engliſh Admirall, returning ſo preuayled that *Egelred* was debelled into *Normandie*, and *Swano* poſſeſſed himſelfe of *England*.

Swano, dying, left the ſucceſſion of this Realme to his ſecond Sonne called *Canutus* or *Knout*: vpon whom diſaſterous *Egelred*, now called out of *Normandie* to the Repoſſeſſion of his Kingdome, vnto his dying day warred. After whom *Edmund*, for his toleration of Trauels ſurnamed *Iron-ſide*, eldeſt Sonne of deceaſed *Egelred* (for *Egelred* left three ſonnes, that is to ſay this *Edmund*, with *Alphred* (afterwards murthered by one *Goodwine*) and *Edward*, afterwards King, and ſurnamed the Confeſſor, of whom hereafter more) became Competitor with *Canutus* for the Kingdome. Betwixt which two braue Princes, with equall fortune, continued a noble warre, vntill laſtly they concluded a Diuident of the Land: Either thencefoorth enioying their allotted Dominion in all firme and mutual friendſhip. Which *Elfrick* (the perſeuerent Traytor to his naturall Princes and Countrie) enuying, drifted the murther of King *Edmund*: and hoping thereby high preferment, preſented his head to *Canutus*: who, abhorring the ſight, commanded the Regecide to a condigne death.

This *Edmond* left two infant Sonnes, *Edmond* and *Edward*: to ſecure himſelfe of whom *Canutus* diſpoſed of them beyond the Seas, where *Edmond* died without iſſue, and *Edward* (who becauſe that from his firſt preſcription hence, as haue ſome, he neuer after returned, was ſurnamed the Out-law) had by *Agatha* his wife (daughter of the Emperor *Henry* the third,

third, or after ſome, of *Solamon* King of *Hungarie*) iſſue a Sonne called *Edgar Adeling*, and two daughters called *Margaret* and *Chriſtian*: of which *Margaret* alſo ſhall be heerafter opportunely ſpoken.

Now was *Canutus* abſolute king not onely of *England*, but alſo, by death of his brother, of *Denmarke*, and by armor, of *Scotland*: becomming hencefoorth ſuch as *England* cannot boaſt a more magnificent and vertuous Monarke. After his death him ſeuerally ſucceeded in Raigne heere his two Sons, *Harold*, and *Canutus* the ſecond or *Hardy-Knought*: Either of them implauſable and burdenous to the *Engliſh*, and dying without iſſue. After the death of the laſt of theſe fower *Dane*-kings, that ſucceedingly with *Swano* vnto now had raigned heere in *Monarchia* by the ſpace of about 28. yeeres, the *Engliſhmen* (obſeruing by too deere experience a difference betwixt the Soueraigntie of an Alien & of a Natiue) Engliſhly chaſing hence the *Danes*, and vtterly reiecting their gouernment, effected a reſtauration of the Crowne in the royall blood of the *Weſt-Saxon-Engliſh*: that is, in *Edward* yongeſt, but Suruiuor Sonne of the aforeſaid *Egelred*: whom *Normandie* had from the declyning daies and death of his aforeſaid Father vnto nowe, maugre whatſoeuer conterdrifts ſecured.

Of the *Danes* therefore, that at times from their firſt entrie vnto then had tyrannized in *England* by the ſpace of about 255. yeeres, then and euer after euen in their verie name (howbeit more than many Modernes of vs ſhould falſly diſclaime propagation in their blood) thus extinct let vs here finiſh, and in few proſecute from this preſent Reuerture of the *Engliſh* Diademe to the next Innouation the State of this Realme.

THe *Danes* thus outed hence, and the *Weſt-Saxon* or *Engliſh-blood-royal* reinthronized in the perſon of the aforeſaid *Edward* ſurnamed the Confeſſor, he the very Mirror of pietie, courage, and Iuſtice) raigned moſt proſperouſly to the lately afflicted *Engliſh*, had not the bleſſings of God in a good Prince beene too much abuſed by impious Subiects. For notwithſtanding ſo religious a king, it is thus ſet downe by Authors of the wickedneſſe of that time: *Sic ad mala perpetranda feſtinatur, vt neſcire crimina, crimen eſſe videatur.* And that the Churchmen, admoniſhed of their Pride, Remiſneſſe, and Miſdoing vſed this for a common Anſwere: *Nunc aliud tempus, aliꝫ pro tempore mores.* Neither maruell we that this good King fayled in reforming the Pope-imitated pride and Inſolencie of his Clergie, ſeeing it was then the common and cumberſome Caſe of all Chriſtendome.

For the publike good and Pollicie out of the three ſorts of all the aforeſaid Lawes called *Marchenlage*, *Weſtſexenlage*, and *Danelage*, he culled and corrected the beſt and moſt reaſonable, founding of all one Vniuerſal Law whence our now-common-Law hath Originall. For the abrogating from which, and adding ſome new, for priuate prerogatiue and profit by the Conqueror, who alſo committed the whole to be wrirten in his Normaine French, wherein the ſame is now extant, were afterwards many Inſurrections heere vntill that in the Raigne of *Henry* the firſt was a Reformation therein neerlier to the Confeſſors Patterne, which ſo continueth vnto now: howbeit ſometimes by ſome in our daies (vnworthily me ſeemeth) threatned *Procuſtes* his intertaynment.

Alſo to preuent a litigious Succeſſion (for of him and his Queene, notwithſtanding bed-Companions, is written profeſſed and performed Virginitie: or, as haue others, that the King her repudiated by occaſion perhaps of Earle *Goodwyns* her

her fathers trecheries) he ſent for hither *Edgar Adelinge*, ſonne and heire of the aforeſaid *Edward* the Out-law, which *Edward* was, as yee haue heard before, the ſuruiuing ſonne and heire of king *Edmund Iron-ſide* before remẽbred. Which *Edgar*, with the aforeſaid *Margaret* and *Chriſtian* his Siſters, and *Agatha* their mother accordingly came, of the king moſt ioyfully receiued and thenceforth nouriſhed as his owne: for the Expectance of the Crowne in Right and all Opinions reſted in this *Edgar*. Some write that himſelfe *Edward* the Out-law then alſo came hether, the king then preferring vnto him, which he (a wonder on either part) refuſed, the preſent Soueraingtie: being, in deed, as ſonne and heire of *Iron-ſide* the eldeſt ſonne of the afforeſaid king *Egelred* to be preferred. But howſoeuer, neither to him, whom the King ſuruiued, nor to *Edgar* his ſaid ſonne, who ſuruiued the king, but he to an alien was England deſtinate. King *Edward* for his holineſſe, ſurnamed the Confeſſor, hauing bleſſedly raigned 23. yeeres and vpwards, leauing this tranſitorie life and the ſame *Edgar Adelinge* in minoritie, openly then appeared what of long time had beene ſecretly firſt plotted by Earle *Goodwyne* or *Godwine*, and after his and King *Edwards* deaths effected by *Harold* the ſame *Goodwyns* eldeſt Sonne: whereof thus is the proceſſe.

This *Goodwine*, of *Engliſh blood*, and in his life time a ſubiect of the greateſt pollicie, power, and commaunde in this Lande, had by the Daughter of King *Canutus* the *Dane* fiue Sonnes, mightie all by his meanes and by forren marriages. Wherefore *Goodwine*, after the death of *Hardy-Knought* the laſt of the *Dane-kings* heere, who died without iſſue, and whoſe life perhappes ſtoode in his light (for an intereſt in the *Daniſh* title was not vnminded as idle in the partie-blood of *Harold* his eldeſt ſonne) propoſing a contriuall of the Crowne into his Houſe, had perſwaded (and that eaſily) the vter Electment hence of all the *Danes*. This performed, and

neuertheleſſe finding the Eies of the people (with whom, whatſoeuer hath beene at any time counterdrifted, a true title in a knowen diſcent hath euermore prooued a preuayling or chiefe Argument) generally fixed on the aforeſaid *Alphred* and *Edward* the two ſonnes of the aforeſaid King *Egelred* and bretheren of king *Edmund Iron-ſide*, that from their fathers death had remained and then were in *Normandie*, with an outward face therefore of conſent to their Induction, but, in deed, with an inward Purpoſe to remooue from his aſpiring attempt that impediment, he imbarked for *Normandie* to waffe them into *England*. But whether thear or heere or howſoeuer (wherein are Authors, touching the place and manner, diſſonant) currant it is that by his meanes *Alphred* was murthered, and *Edward* hardly eſcaping his trecherie was, as before, crowned and continued king, and *Goodwine* for the murther aforeſaid baniſhed. Who after about 4. yeeres preſcription was not onely reuoked home, but the king, hauing alſo married his daughter, added to his former Greatneſſe: wherein and in his former plotting he continued vntill (as is ſtoried of him) in maintenance of a falſehood, touching the murthering of the aforeſaid *Alphred* the kings brother, euen in the kings preſence, he execrated vpon himſelfe a choaking.

Goodwine thus dead, as alſo king *Edward* the Confeſſor, ſpeake we now of *Harold*, that in the deceaſed kings fauor and continued greatnes was no whit leſſe, in popular loue & applauſe much more than his father: on whom reſted the Euent of all the former & after-driftings, & in whom Nature, Education, & Art had couched whatſoeuer might be in a Nobleman commendable: onely his golden thoughts would not be worſer Dioted than with a Diademe. Much was it cõſulted of the choiſe of a new king: *Edgar Adelinge* his title was without controuerſie, but his nonage and forren Education held his Election in ſuſpence. *William* Duke of *Normandie* his claine,

claime, by adoption of king *Edward* & otherwiſe, was neither vnminded nor vnfeared, and for the combination of either Principalitie of many of Ours earneſtly affected. A third that ſtood for the Soueraignтie was the aforeſaid *Harold*: for whom by diuers the cheifs of the Nobilitie (vnto whom before time, diſtreſſed, he had beene firme) was alledged his *Engliſh*-Birth and Breeding, the neceſſarie Election (forren armor being then threatned) of a Prince ſo practiuely warlike: in few, his approoued valour and vertues ſuch as Enuie it ſelfe could not quarrell. Neither wanted he a Title, ſuch as it was (then the rather liſtned vnto and ſomewhat fauored, in preuention of the *Danes* then arming for an heere-Inuaſion) that is, that on the mothers-ſide he was deſcended of the *Daniſh*-blood-royall. But for that he had formerly vowed the Cuſtodie of the Land after the death of king *Edward* the Confeſſor to the vſe of *William* Duke of *Normandie*, was had a ſcruple. In the meane time, whileſt this tripartite Election was thus doubtfully handled, with *Alexanders* ſword was ſundred *Gordions* Knot: *Harold* without expecting what would be concluded, or tarying the woonted Ceremonies of a Coronation, ſuddenly had ceazed the Crowne and exerciſed kingly authoritie. This vnexpected Peremptorineſſe in him amazed and miſliked not a few: but generally hereupon, ſuch were his alacrious Intertainements and vpright gouernment, that where his Dignitie was before moſt contradicted the ſame afterwards as much contented.

Scarcely was he warme in Regalitie, when *Harold* ſurnamed *Harefager* King of *Norway* or of the *Nore-Danes*, with *Toſto* an *Engliſh* arch-Reble brother of our *Harold*, with confederate Peweſance inuaded this Land: Ouer whom, either of the confederates being then ſlaine in battle, Ours through the braue conduct of *Harold* obtained a glorious victorie: when for vnequall diuiſion of the ſpoyle (in our daies alſo murmored a fault) diuers of the Nobilitie became Mal-

Contents towards the King: and ſo, ſundering, weakned not a little the cauſe of *England*. For preſently heereupon *William* Duke of *Normandie*, disbarking heere a multitious and compleate armie, and publiſhing reuenge of wrongs and right of Raigne, quarrelled *Harold* and the *Engliſh* Scepter.

THis *William* was the ſeuenth Duke of *Normandie*: lynially diſcended from *Rollo* the armipotent *Scythian* on whom, vrged by armor, *Charles*, ſurnamed the Symple, King of *Fraunce* had beſtowed in marriage his Daughter, with the Donation of that Duchie to him and his heires for euer. This *Rollo* (who turning Chriſtian was Baptized *Robert*) was ſucceeded in that Dukedome by *William* his Sonne, he by *Richard* his Sonne, he by *Richard* the ſecond his Sonne, (whoſe Syſter *Emma* thafforeſaid King *Egelred* marrying had iſſue by her the aforeſaid *Edward* the Confeſſor,) To this *Richard* the ſecond ſucceeded in that Dukedome *Richard* the third his Sonne, to him *Robert* his Brother, and to him the aforeſaid *William* his baſtard Sonne: who afterwards ſubdewing *England*, was ſurnamed the Conqueror. So *Emma*, being Aunte to *Robert William* Conquerors father, the ſame *William* and *Edward* the Confeſſor *Harolds* Preregnant were, by the fathers ſide, Coſen Iarmaines remooued. By which Conſanguinitie, ſuch as it was, as alſo by adoption of the ſaide *Edward* the Confeſſor, he made his title to the Crowne of *England*. Adding alſo pretenced reuenge for diuers by-paſſed iniuries: that is, for the murther of thafforeſaid *Alphred* his kynſman and of diuers *Normaines* his attendants, contriued (as the Duke quarrelled) not without *Harolds* conſent by *Goodwine* his father: for *Harolds* repudiating and abuſing (as haue ſome) or rather (as haue others) for his Receancie in a marriage contracted betwixt him and *Williams* Daughter: for his periurious appropriating to himſelfe of the kingdome, hauing

hauing formerly taken an oath not to intermeddle therewithall but to the vſe of *William:* and, with other challenges, for the exile of one *Robert* a *Normaine* Arch-Biſhop of Canterburie, procured, as he pretended, by *Harold* in the raigne of king *Edward.* This Byſhop *Robert* (leaſt in any notable attempte againſt the State ſhould be wanting the Coniuration of a Clargie-man) in reuenge of his exile ſo incenſed the Pope or Popes (for about that time was not onely pluralitie of Popes, and amongſt themſelues Schyſmes and quicke riddance by poyſoning and vn-Poping one of another, but alſo their firſt audatious arrogating of ſupremacie eccleſiaſticall and ciuill ouer Princes, to the vnquieting of all nations Chriſtian) this *Robert*, as I ſaid, ſo incenſed the Sea of *Rome* againſt *England* and the houſe of *Goodwine*, that Pope *Alexander* the ſecond had ſent vnto Duke *William* an hallowed Banner, conceited (ſuch was and is the blinde ſuperſtition of Pope-ſeduced people) ominous to his affected expedition and victorie.

Omitting the particulars of king *Harolds* anſwer to thoſe the Dukes greeuances, the parcloſe was, that by his ſworde he would maintaine his Scepter. Whereupon the Duke taking iſſue, was ioyned a vigorious and blooddy Battle: whereof the better a long time inclined to the *Engliſh* part. Vntill the Duke by a pollitike Retreate of his, and by too ſecure purſute of ours, that opening their Battle gaue entrie to the aduantagious enimie, was laſtly victorious: and King *Harold*, not without the note of a moſt compleate warrior, amiddeſt 66654. of his ſlaughtered people, and 6013. ſlaine *Normaines*, left his life and to the Victor his kingdome: when he had raigned but nyne monethes and odde daies, and was buried in the Monaſterie of Waltham Holly-Croſſe in Eſſex, whereof he was Founder. After this great ouerthrow diuers of the *Engliſh* Nobilitie (amongſt whom of chiefe accompt and Conduct were *Morcar* and *Edwine* Earles of Northumberland and Mercia, that ſtomacking, as is before ſaide, the vnindif-

vnindifferent ſharing of the *Nordaine* Bootie, had either not at all or not like themſelues aſſiſted *Harold* in the aforeſaide battle) conſulting to make head anewe were therein hindred: partly through a ſuperſtitious preſage then poſſeſſing the people of an ineuitable alteration in the State to be purſuant (as they fantized) a Commeat that had lately appeared: partly through the Prelates and the Popes creatures, who knowing his Hollineſſe to hold for the *Normaine*, aduiſed no croſſing ſo to auoide his curſſing: partly through a ſeuerance in mindes about the choyſe of a newe King, ſome ſtanding for the aforeſaid *Edgar Adelinge*, whilſt *Edwine* and *Morcar* propoſed themſelues that dignitie: and laſtly vtterly put beſides all ſuch purpoſes through neceſſity & terror of the *Normaine*, that in this meane time with ſword and fire pearced the Land as a perſeuerant tempeſt. Wherefore, after a generall ſubmiſſion of the *Engliſh*, was *William* Duke of *Normandie* crowned King of *England*: who from thenceforth, diſclaiming all other Titles as letigious, interreſſed himſelfe heere by the onely Tytle of Conqueror: whereunto the ſoone alteration of all things in the State to his opinion had anſwerable affinitie.

This hapned in the yeere of grace 1067. about 2202. yeeres from *Brute*: 591. yeeres from *Hengeſt* the *Saxon* firſt raigned in Kent: 565. yeeres from *Cerdicus*, that firſt raigned ouer the *Weſt-Saxons*: and about 129. yeeres from the *Heptarchia* heere reduced into a Monarchie vnder King *Adelſtane*: And was (omitting the Tyrannie and Oppreſſion, howbeit no perfect Soueraignetie, wherewithall the *Pictes* for manie yeeres had afflicted the *Britons*) the fift abſolute alteration or alienation vnto Aliens of the Scepter of this Land. To wit, firſt to the *Romaines*, ſecondly to the *Armoricans* or *French Britons*, thirdly to the *Saxons*, fourthly to the *Danes*, and nowe fiftly to the *Normaines*. Making good this ſaying of *Seneca*, well obſerued and heerein applied by an Author

before

before named: *Eſt itaque manifeſtum, nihil eodem loco manſiſſe quo genitum eſt. Aſſiduus humani generis diſcurſus eſt. Quotidiè aliquid in tam magno Orbe mutatur. Noua vrbium fundamenta iaciuntur. Noua Gentium nomina extinctis nominibus prioribus, aut in acceſſionem validioris conuerſis oriuntur.*

On the circumſtances inferring to this laſt (God graunt it the laſt) Innouation heere I haue, contrarie to my purpoſed breuitie, the longer and the rather dwelt, for that vnder it we preſently liue and are proſperouſly gouerned. Of diuers the chiefe accidents vnder which State and Gouernment be it nowe briefely touched: and firſt of the reſtauration of the Blood-royall of the *Engliſh-Saxons* or *Engliſhmen*, by vnion with that of the Conquerors.

EDgar *Adeling*, *Margaret*, and *Chriſtian* his two Siſters, (the Remaine as yee haue heard, of the *Saxon* or *Engliſh-blood royall*) finding the new Raigne and Pollicie of the Conqueror dangerous to their longer tariance in *England*, ſhipped therefore, with *Agatha* their Mother, for *Almaine*, or (as haue ſome) for *Hungarie*, but were tempeſtiouſly forced into *Scotland*: Whom King *Malcolme*, then raigning there, honorably intertained: and in yoong *Edgars* behalfe, though in vaine, ſometimes ſolicited and ſometimes warred vpon King *William*. Alſo, for her great Birth, Beautie, and Vertues, hee tooke to wife the ſaid *Margaret Edgars* Siſter, and had iſſue by her two Daughters, *Maude*, and *Marie*: of whom *Maude* was in proceſſe of time married vnto *Henry* the firſt ſurnamed *Beauclarke* King of *England*, ſucceeding *William Ruſus* his Brother that ſucceeded *William* Conqueror their Father. King *Henry* the firſt by this *Maude* left iſſue a daughter his ſole heire (for his other children had miſcarried in croſſing the Seas) named alſo *Maude*, whom her Father had formerly married vnto *Henry* the fourth, or after ſome the fift of that

name

name Emperor of *Almaine*: and ſecondly, after the Empe-rors death, to *Geoffrey Plantagenet* a *Frenchman* Earle of *Angeow*: Of which ſecond marriage proceeded *Henry Plantagi-net* ſurnamed alſo Fitz-Empreſſe. He after long warres and the death of *Stephen* Earle of *Boloyne*, ſonne of the Earle of *Bloyes* by *Adela William* Conquerors Daughter, who after the death of *Henry* the firſt, vſurped the kingdome againſt the ſame *Maude* the Empreſſe and the ſaid *Henry* her Sonne, and had alſo married the before remembred *Marie* the yoonger Daughter of the ſaid *Malcolme* by the ſaid *Margaret Edgars* Siſter, which *Stephen* and *Marie*, becauſe not ſucceeded heer in Raigne by any their iſſue, we blanch from our now-drifted purpoſe, This latter *Henry*, I ſay, Sonne of the Empreſſe by the name of *Henry* the Second, as heire vnto the ſaid ſecond *Maude* his Mother, Daughter and heire of *Henry* the firſt, was Crowned King of *England*, as before, after the vſurpation and death of king *Stephen*: whereby about 88. yeeres from *William* the Conqueror reuiued, from the Vnion aforeſaid in the perſon of this *Henry* the ſecond, the *Saxon* or *Engliſh* blood in like Royaltie with that of the *Normaine*. So that the then, thenceforth, and moderne Blood-royall of this Lande might and may be indifferently ſaid *Engliſh-Normaine* or *Normaine-Engliſh*. Of which vnited bloods and royalized Surname *Plantagenet*, now incluſiue in the Surname *Tuder*, theſe following Aſſentes to their originals yeeld eaſier mani-feſtation. To wit, *Elizabeth* her nowe moſt gratious and ſa-cred Maieſtie was Daughter of *Henry* the Eight, Sonne of *Henry* the Seauenth, Sonne of *Edmund Tuder* Earle of *Rich-mond* by *Margaret Plantaginet* his wife, Daughter of *Iohn* Duke of *Somerſet*, Son of *Iohn* Earle of *Somerſet*, ſecond Son of *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, by birth the fourth, by ſuruiuor the ſecond Sonne of *Edward* the third, Sonne of *Edward* the ſecond, Sonne of *Edward* the firſt, Sonne of *Henry* the third, Sonne of King *Iohn*, Sonne of *Henry* the ſecond, Sonne (as is aforeſaid)

aforeſaid) of *Geoffery Plantagenet* by *Maude* the Empreſſe his wife, Daughter and heire of *Henry* the firſt by *Maude* his wife, Daughter of *Malcolme* King of *Scotes* by the aforeſaid *Margaret* his wife, Daughter of *Edward* the Out-lawe, Sonne and heire of *Edmund Iron-ſyde*, the laſt king heere of the entier *Saxon* or *Engliſh* lyne.

In this Genealogie, beſides the vnion of the *Engliſh* and *Normaine* Bloods in Soueraigntie, and the propagation of Royalty heere in the Surname *Plantagenet*, either perfected (as before) in the Perſon of *Henry* the ſecond, is alſo remembred the Surname *Tuder*: wherein, as may therein be obſerued, that of *Plantagenet* is incluſiuely ſcilenced: howbeit to this latter rather adding than derogating in honor, that former reſting royalized in three Kingly Pedegrees, as thus. *Henry* the ſeauenth, her now-Maieſties Grandfather, the firſt King here of the Surname *Tuder*, deriued his Line on the fathers-ſide from *Cadwallader* the laſt King of the auncient *Britons*. Wherein paſſed Herauldrie, me ſeemeth, would not, becauſe but palpably it could not, vſe adulation, in regard that our *Welchmen*, of all other People, euermore haue had and ſtill haue an ordinarie Care and skilfull Facilitie in collecting and curiouſly conſeruing their diſcents, from how far-ſoeuer paſſed for time or how many ſoeuer for number. Secondly (as before) *Margaret* his mother, vnto whom he was heire, was a *Plantagenet* and heire of the royall Line of *Lancaſter*. Thirdly, *Katherine* his Grādmother, Queene *Dowager* of *Henry* the 5. betwixt which *Katherine* & *Owen Tuder* her ſecond husband was begotten *Edmund* Earle of *Richmond* father of this *Henry* the 7. was daughter of *Charles* the ſixt of that name King of *France*: wherby he was alſo exact of that blood-royal.

Now to wheare we left at *Henry* the ſecond or Fitz-Empreſſe, who beſides that he was as heire to his mother King of *England* and Duke of *Normandie*, by his father Earle of *Angeow*, by his wife Earle of *Poytow* and *Guyan*, and held other

great

great Prouinces in *Fraunce*, as *Gaſcoyne*, *Britaine*, and others, was alſo by Conqueſt Lord of *Ireland* and the Iſles *Oreades*, and in *Scotland* actually poſſeſſed himſelfe of diuers Countries, Townes and Caſtles, and as King-Paramount there had done vnto him for the *Scottiſh* Crowne Homage and Fealty.

A Next memorable Accident in this *Normaine* Alteration, which, and the Proſecution thereof (Popiſh vſurpations, Exactions, and Arrogancies, with the ciuill warres betweene the *Yorkeſt* and *Lancaſtrians* excepted) chiefly buſied moſt of the ſucceeding Raignes, was the quartering or intermedling of the Armes of *England* with the Armes of *Fraunce*: with the Addition of *Fraunce* to the Style of *Englands* Soueraignes, and that not without Conſent of the chiefeſt of the then *French* Nobilitie by King *Edward* the third: who claymed the whole Empier of *France* as his rightfull Inheritance. That is, as Sonne and heire of Queene *Iſabell* his Mother, Syſter and heire of *Charles* the fourth of that name king of *Fraunce*, Brother and heire of *Phillip* the fifth, Brother and heire of *Lewis* the eleuenth, Sonne and heire of *Phillip* the fourth called *le Beau* or the Faier, Sonne and heire of *Phillip* the third. Which third *Phillip* left alſo a ſecond Sonne called *Charles* Prince or Earle of *Valoys*, who had left Iſſue *Phillip* of *Valoys*, that afterwards became king of *Fraunce*. For albeit the aforeſaid three Sonnes of *Phillip* the fourth or the Faier, that is to ſay, *Lewys*, *Phillip*, and *Charles*, after their Fathers death ſucceedingly raigning, died all three without Iſſue and, whereby, after the opinion and Lawes of the *Engliſh*, the Crowne of *Fraunce* ſhould haue diſcended vnto the Iſſue and heire (which was *Edward* the third) of the ſame *Iſabell* their Siſter, daughter, as before, of *Phillip le Beau* the elder of the two ſonnes of *Phillip* the third, the *French* notwithſtanding, in ſupplantation of king *Edward*, by wreſted colour

of

of an old Salicke Law or Cuſtome of theirs which diſabled, as they ſuggeſted, women to be capable of the Inheritance of that Kingdome, ſubmitted themſelues Subiects to the aforſaid *Phillip* of *Valoys*, Cozen German, as before, of *Phillip* the fourth or the Faier, and put by the right of king *Edward*. Who therefore warred ſo puiſſantly and proſperouſly vpon the ſame *Phillip* of *Valoys*, that (notwithſtanding he was a moſt braue and vigorious Prince, and had Confederates diuers Kings and Princes, of whom, omitting many other great Potentates, was ſlaine in this buſineſſe the king of *Boheme*, and *Dauid* king of *Scots* alſo aſſiſting the *French* part taken Priſoner) king *Phillip* himſelfe, after many yeeres war almoſt debelled *Fraunce*, of very Melancholy died. Whoſe ſonne king *Iohn*, that ſucceeded him in Raigne, valiantly mayntayned the warres againſt the *Engliſh*: but being laſtly in Battle taken Priſoner by *Edward* ſurnamed the Blacke Prince our Kings eldeſt ſonne, king *Edward*, beſide the Receit of great Ranſomes for the two kings of *Fraunce* and *Scotland* and the yoongeſt ſoune of *Fraunce* (being all Priſoners here at one time) abſolutely poſſeſſed himſelfe of many great Signories in either Kingdome. King *Iohn* dead, *Charles* the fifth his ſonne that ſucceded him in Raigne, with Pollicie and Fortune more proſperous to *Fraunce* than in many former yeres mannaged the *French* Actions. Howbeit many and honorable were the perſeuerant achieuements of the *Engliſh* there: vntill king *Edward* and the Prince his Sonne Duke of *Aquitaine*, ouergreeuouſly taxing their *French* Subiects, loſt thereby a many hearts to them formerly conſtant: and laſtly, the Sonne firſt and ſhortly after the father, in a ſomwhat declined Fortune, left their liues and to *Richard* the ſonne of Prince *Edward*, then in nonage, the Crowne of this Land and their forrein Conqueſts.

During the minoritie of this King *Richard* the ſecond of that name, brauely was it exployted in *Fraunce* by his Agents,

gents, and much holden there at his oppinion. But yeeres poſſeſſing him of abſolute Empire, what through his owne obſtinate headineſſe and miſgouernment, and what through the turbulent ſeducements of ſeueral ambitious new vp-ſtarts and others his fauorits, oppoſing themſelues againſt and tyrannizing the ancient Nobilitie and weale-publique, *French* expeditions were for many yeeres laide a bedde, and *England* laboured of Iniuſtice, Inſurrections, and ciuill armor: vntill laſtly this King that tragically raigned, being firſt depoſed (whereof more in it due place) tragically ended: and was ſucceeded in Raigne by *Henry* the fourth.

This *Henry* for that he was the firſt, and that by a then litigious Title (as ſhal heereafter be ſaid) that out of the woonted courſe tranſplanted the Crowne in the *Lancaſtrian* famylie, did therefore onely ſo much in the progreſſe of this our *French* Title, as ſhewed him to haue effected that which, likely, he would haue effected, if enuious oppoſites to his heere-Soueraigntie had not croſſed his therein well begonne deſignements. But after his deceaſe *Henry* the fift his Sonne became in Armes ſo tempeſtious to *Fraunce*, that *Veni, vidi, vici* apted not *Cæſar* better then this our victorious *Henry*. Who after he had preuailed in diuers notable Battels, and conquered many the chiefe *French* Prouinces, was by *Charles* the ſixt, the then-King there, and the greater part of the *French* Peeres proclamed, which accordingly he exerciſed, to the preſent Regencie of the whole Empire of *Fraunce*: and after the death of King *Charles*, all the ſame abſolutely to remaine to King *Henry* and his heires for euer: the then *Dolphine* and whatſoeuer this contradicting to be thenceforth both by the *Engliſh* and *French* as a common foe debelled.

King *Henry* the fift, who alſo had married *Katheren* the faire Daughter, and as haue ſome, heire of the ſaid *Charles* (for in the Birth of the then *Dolphine* was murmured Baſtardie) thus eſtabliſhed Regent of *Fraunce*, and the abſolute Crowne thereof

thereof after the death of King *Charles* to him decreed, was ſuruiued by the ſame *Charles*, who alſo ſhortly after ended his laſt day: whereby the infant Sonne of King *Henry* the fift, by the name of *Henry* the ſixt, was King of *England*, and intereſſed (as before in the whole kingdome of *Fraunce*: which for many following yeeres was gouerned and held his, vnder the honorable and victorious Regencie of *Iohn* Duke of *Bedford*, as was likewiſe *England* vnder the ſucceſſull and gratious Protectorſhip of *Humfrey*, called the good Duke of *Glouceſter*, the yoong Kings Vncles: vnder whoſe ſeuerall deputed gouernments well proſpered the *Engliſh* cauſe in either kingdome: and this our yoong King *Henry* the ſixt was triumphantly crowned and inthronized King of *Fraunce*, euen in *Paris*, with the applauſe of all or the moſt of the *French* Peeres and Nobilitie, mauger the *Dolphins* then repugnancie.

But, alas, diſaſterous *England* that (as before) euen from *Edward* the thirde had beene in trauell of *Fraunce* and nowe brought foorth her Birth, that is this happie occaſion, neglected and left it euen in the ſwathing clothes. For the two aforeſaid great and good Princes the Dukes of *Glouceſter* & *Bedford*, dead (with whom *Englands* glory might haue beene ſaid buried) in *England* kindled ſuch flames of ciuill diſcention as occupied well-neere all the following Crownes, and vntill *Henry* the Eight could not be quenched. Whereof *Fraunce* by degrees opportunely taking aduantage (except a fewe Peeces now alſo bereft vs) reconquered there more than our former conqueſts: that is alſo *Englands* aunciently poſſeſſed inheritances.

Thus much of *England* intereſſed in *Fraunce*, which ought to be vnto vs reall and not, as it is, in figure. It followeth now of the before mentioned ciuill-warres the breake-necke of our ſaid *French* enterpriſes: taking occaſion from a former time, but actiue from the aforeſaid *Richard* the ſecond, how-

beit with ſome intermiſſions: and from henceforth, that is, from this *Henry* the ſixt, in whoſe raigne it reuiued, perſeuerent and famous in the two factious and powerfull families *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*.

BEfore is touched how King *Richard* the ſecond for his ſelfe-apt, but rather as may be obſerued, by his ſeducive miſgouernment (for his borne-Nature, noble and debonaire, was too much abuſed by yoong Councell and Paraſites) became diſgratious with his Princes and people. Heereupon *Henry* of *Bolingbroke* (ſo called of his birth-place) Duke of *Hertford*, and then newly by *Iohn* of *Gaunt* his fathers death Duke of *Lancaſter*, and inheritor of many other high Titles (whom wee formerly remembred by the name of King *Henry* the fourth) aduentured a returne hither from vniuſt Baniſhment. Where obſeruing the king (who was then in *Ireland*) to be in *Odium* with his ſubiects, and alſo in them an aptneſſe to an Innouation, he therefore plotted (perhaps before this opportunity not conceited) a deriuation to himſelfe of the kingly Diademe. And as euerie thing is done with facilitie whereof euerie man doth fantaſie the doing, ſo onely to beget colour of a new, ſufficed, at that time to deſtroy the old and vntill then indubitate Title. *Henry* the third (after whom this *Richard* the ſecond was the fourth King) left two Sonnes: To wit, *Edward* that after his father was King by the name of *Edward* the firſt, and *Edmond* the firſt Earle and beginner of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*: from whom this *Henry* of *Bolingbroke* attempted the Throne-royall in theſe diſcents following. That is to ſay: to this *Edmund* Earle of *Lancaſter* ſucceeded to that then Earledome *Thomas* his ſonne, to him *Henry* his brother or nephew, and to him *Henry* his ſonne, whom King *Edward* the third created the firſt Duke of *Lancaſter*: To *Blanche* his daughter and heire diſcended all the great

great Honours and Hereditaments of her aforeſaid Auncеſtors, and ſhe marrying vnto *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, as before, the fourth ſonne of *Edward* the third, he in her right became Duke of *Lancaſter*, and had Iſſue betwixt them the ſame *Henry* of *Bolingbroke*. Who, as before is ſaid, furthered alſo with the Peers and Peoples diſtaſt of the ſaid *Richard* the ſeconds miſgouernment, pretēding for Title the ſaid *Edmund* (whom the Dukes faction for a then-Skill ſurnamed *Crooke-backe*) Great-grandfather to the ſame *Blanche* his mother, to be the elder ſonne of *Henry* the third, and for his deformitie to be couinouſly put beſides the kingdome, interrupted the diſcents of the ſaid *Edward* the firſt at this *Richard* the ſecond the fourth in that Line.

To this the Dukes Tympanie the Commons preſtly became Midwiues, neither did they leaue him vntill laſtly they had brought him a bed of a Kingdome: Howbeit after a better Conception. For the Duke, hauing thus made an Head, he vrged no farther the aforeſaid Title from the ſaid *Edmund* of *Lancaſter* nor his Deformitie (which though the ſhallow Vulgars, credulent of all abſurdities, had ſwallowed for a Veritie, yet wiſe and conſiderate Perſons had ſearched and knew the ſame to be falſed) but gaue it out that his meaning was onely a Reformation in the Weale-publike, that then, in deed, was at a manifeſt miſchiefe. For the King was too credulent, vncircumſpect, waſtefull, and wilfull: his Councellors and Paraſites baſe, ambitious, couetous, and cruell: The ancient Nobilitie by trecherous Deaths, wreſted Attainders, or vniuſt Baniſhment tyrannized: The Commons daily impoueriſhed with ſtrange and vnaccounted-for Exactions and Taxes: The whole Kingdome it ſelfe farmed out, and the Farmers thereof oppreſſing at their pleaſures: forren Peeces through diſhonorable Compoſitions, Bryberie, or Cowardize ſet-ouer, betrayed, or euicted. In few, euery thing was then out of the right Courſe and nothing in euery Eſtate

and Function not to be hated or pittied. No wonder then that *Henry* of *Lancaſter* found now an eaſie Paſſage to the attaynment of his Purpoſe, ſeeing his Purpoſe, tending to ſo publike a Benefite, could not miſſe of being preferred at all hands with Plauſibilitie. To be ſhort, King *Richard*, being newly returned out of *Ireland*, was forſaken of his fearfull and inconſtant followers, and in *Flynt* Caſtell left diſconſolate. Theare was he taken, and afterwards (being articled againſt) as a Pryſoner hild in the Tower of London by Duke *Henry*: vnto whom, by an Iſtrument penned for the purpoſe and confirmed by Parlament, wherein he confeſſed his owne weakeneſſe and the Dukes worthineſſe for Gouernment, he reſigned his whole Kingly Title ouer all his Dominions. Beſides which and *Richards* then adoption of him, the Duke alſo claimed the Crowne by Conqueſt, and as next heire male of the blood-royall to the depoſed King *Richard*. Thus, by Conſent alſo of Parlament, was the Scepter tranſpoſed to the Houſe of *Lancaſter*: and laſtly the depoſed king after 22. yeeres Raigne died in Priſon a death not naturall.

MVch was this diſtraction of Regalitie from *Richard* the ſecond enuied by thoſe of his Lyne and Affinitie: wherefore much was attempted againſt King *Henry* by often warres, acted, and trecheries, preuented: where through manie of the Peeres, and other perſons of name by armor and atrainders of diuers times periſhed. Laſtly, in pollicy aſwell to occupie and withdraw buſie heads from ſedition heere, as alſo in *Fraunce*, to ſtrengthen himſelfe by *Fraunce* with a confederacie, interceſſed thence vnder large offers and profitable conditions, he transfreted thither an armie, in the quarrell of *Iohn* Duke of *Burgoyne* againſt *Charles* Duke of *Orleance*. The which ciuill diſcention betwixt which two powerfull *French* Potentates, chiefly forwarded in proceſſe

of

of time the ſubduing of almoſt all *Fraunce* vnto *England*. For notwithſtanding that it afterwards hapned that this Duke of *Orleance*, taken by Ours, in battle, was by the ſpace of 25. yeeres detayned pryſoner in *England*, and that that Duke of *Burgoyne*, in an interuewe betwixt him and *Charles* the then *Dolphin*, was trecherouſly ſlaine, yet was the ſame inteſtine diſcord ſo ſeconded and continued by the ſame *Dolphin* and *Phillip* Duke of *Burgoyne*, alſo our confederate, who ſucceeded the ſame his murthered Father, as alſo after *Phillips* death, by Duke *Charles* his ſonne, that all *Fraunce* was in effect *Engliſh* before a reconcilement in thoſe factions.

King *Henry* the fourth in theſe and whatſoeuer his former and following expeditions, which were high and many, prouing euermore glorious and fortunate, and by his attractiue vertues hauing laſtly confirmed to him the hearts of all his ſubiects, euen of thoſe who were formerly his enimies, after 13. yeeres raigne left this tranſitorie life, and to *Henry* called King *Henry* the fift his moſt vertuouſly-reformed and victorious Sonne, vpon whom we haue formerly touched, and of whom cannot be more nor ſhould be leſſe ſpoken than that he was a prince abſolutely valerous and vertuous, the ſucceſſion of his kingdome. He in the ſummer of his age and harueſt of his glorious *French* victories, after 9. yeeres raigne, likewiſe finiſhed in the way of all fleſh: leauing the Crowne to King *Henry* the ſixt his Sonne and onely iſſue, being then an Infant aged but few daies aboue 8. moneths. In regard of whoſe minoritie (as before you haue heard) the Protectorſhip of *England* was committed to *Humfrey* Duke of *Glouceſter*, and the Regencie of *Fraunce* to *Iohn* Duke of *Bedford*, Vncles to the Infant King: And like as glorioufly proſpered (as, in fewe, hath beene formerly touched) our *Engliſh* and *French* affaires vnder the ſeuerall Raignes of thoſe precedent two *Henries*, the firſt Kings heere of the *Lancaſtrian* familie, ſo and ſuch was the thriuing progreſſe therein vnto the

ouer-paſſed vnder-age of this their Orphant, the third in that Lyne and the ſixt King heere of that name, vnder the ſaide ſeuerall adminiſtrations of thoſe his magnificent Vncles the Protector and Regent.

But Fortune, that had ſo long time fauored this noble Famelie, now wrought it into a long-laſting implicitie of miſchiefs: euen by thoſe chiefly that for blood & benefits ſhould not, & indeed, had they foreſeen the ſequel, would not as they did, by domeſticke emulations haue authored opportunities for the *Yorkeſts*. For it is to be vnderſtood that *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, beſides the aforeſaid *Henry* the fourth, had alſo three ſonnes, ſurnamed *Beauſordes*, by *Katheren Swynford* his laſt wife: to wit, *Iohn* who became Duke of *Somerſet*, *Thomas* Duke of *Exceter*, and *Henry* Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, called the rich Cardinall: and that not vntruly; for he not onely attained to that dignitie, but through his exceeding wealth hoped alſo the Popedome. Theſe but eſpecially this Cardinall, conſpiring with *William de la Poole* Marques and afterwards Duke of *Saffolke*, enuying that any vnder the yoong king their Coſen ſhould be ſuperior to them, after the deceaſe of the ſaide Regent *Iohn* Duke of *Bedford*, the terror of *Fraunce* and glorie of *England*, (whoſe powerfulneſſe combined with that of his brothers Duke *Humfrey* the Protector, and the Commons generall applauſe of them both had hitherto awed) pitched their Tewe to intangle the ſame protector, his Countries ſurniuing Father and impartiall Iuſticer againſt whomſoeuer of whatſoeuer enormities, euen of the ambition and auarice of thoſe towring *Beauſords*. Who therefore, firſt afflicting him in his by eccleſiaſticall cenſures ſubborned and to the vttermoſt executed euen againſt his beloued *Ducheſſe*, laſtly at a Parlament for that purpoſe conuented at *Bury* himſelfe, good Prince, in his owne conſcience guiltleſſe and therefore ſecure, was ſuddenly areſted as a Traytor, and without examination, accuſation, or anſwere impriſoned, and the verie next

morning

morning found murthered in his bed.

This noble Prince and watchfull Seer for his King and Countrie thus dead, all things reſted then at the deuotion of his enimies, and nothing not out-of-ioynt in the weale-publique. For the king (who ſtudied onely his ſoules health, and than whom for pietie, patience, contempt of the world, meekneſſe, and mortefied affections could not liue a better Creature: and therefore, howſoeuer of a King, not vnworthy the name of a Saint (which long time after his death had bin procured by King *Henry* the ſeuenth, had not the Pope rated the canonizing of a King at too deere a reconing) the King, as I ſaid, after his full age raigned chiefely by Queene *Margaret* his wife: who, being borne *French*, ſo plyantly therefore at ſometimes aduaunced the things of *Fraunce*, and at all times ſo infirmely reſiſted, that after a fewe yeeres, not for want of good Captaines there but good Councell heere, nothing thereof beſides *Callice* and it boundes remained *Engliſh*: whereunto the then diſcord amongſt our Nobilitie alſo afferred opportunities. Moreouer the Queene, ſoothed by her fauorites the Dukes of *Somerſet* and *Suffolke*, did ſprightly & daringly whatſoeuer either her-ſelfe rathly fantiſed or they aduiſed in the adminiſtration of *England*, that was now at too much leaſure for inteſtine and ciuil diſcention. For the aforeſaid intermitted controuerſie concerning the Crowne, founded from *Edward* the firſt and *Edmund* Crooke-backe the firſt Earle of *Lancaſter*, the two Sonnes of *Henry* the thirde, that had had action betwixt their two families from the depoſing, as before of King *Richard* the ſecond by *Henry* of *Lancaſter* him ſucceeding by the name of *Henry* the fourth, in effect during the whole Raigne of the ſame *Henry*, as alſo part of *Henries* the fift nowe reuiued: and henceforth turbulently and tragically proceeded vnder the two diſtinguiſhed names of the Factions of *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*.

Richard Plantagenet Duke of *Yerke*, of high Conſanguinitie

nitie and great Alliance, the then Fauorer of the curbed Nobilitie and diſcontented Commons, whom formerly the Duke of *Somerſet* touching the Regencie of *Fraunce* and otherwiſe had croſſed, betwixt whom therfore and their Fauctors had increaſed grudge and rancorous Heart-burnings, now intertayning Occaſion, had ſecretly giuen and procured to be giuen out hopefull ſpeeches of a Reformation by his prouiſions in the then thriftleſſe Gouernment: alſo not forgetting by the way to preferre, amongſt his priuate Friends openly and the Vulgars cloudiouſly, his Title to the Kingdome. Which Title, he deriuing in the Line from King *Edward* the firſt, with thoſe of his faction paſſed for pregnant, and the two formers and this preſent Raignes of the *Lancaſtrians* (who, for the manifeſt vntroth thereof, had waued their claime to the Crowne from *Edmund* Crooke-backe, and in the other Line, that is of *Edward* the firſt, were deſcended but from *Iohn* of *Gaunt* the fourth ſonne of King *Edward* the third) were, notwithſtanding any Reſignation, Adoption, Conqueſt, Poſſeſſion, or Pretexts whatſoeuer reputed but intruſiue Vſurpations vpon the auncetors of the ſame Duke of *Yorke*, and vpon himſelfe now that demaunded from the third ſonne of the ſame King *Edward* the third. How therefore the Crowne-right of the Houſe of *Edward* the firſt inueſted in the Familie of *Yorke*, and from whom they claymed, and in whom their claime effected it heere followeth.

To the ſame King *Edward* the firſt inherited his Sonne King *Edward* the ſecond, to him his Sonne King *Edward* the third, to him King *Richard* the ſecond, the ſole Iſſue of his eldeſt Sonne *Edward* Prince of *Wales*: which *Richard*, as alſo *Edward* the thirds ſecond Sonne *William* of *Hatfeild*, being either of them dead without iſſue, the right of Raigne of this Lyne reuerted to the houſe of the thirde Sonne of the ſame *Edward* the third, that is of *Leonell Plantagenet* Duke of *Clarence*: whoſe Daughter and ſole iſſue and heire *Phillip* married vnto

Edmund,

Edmund, or after ſome, *Roger Mortemer* Earle of *Marche* had Iſſue by him *Roger* alſo Earle of *Marche*: hee had Iſſue *Anne Mortemer* his Eldeſt Daughter and ſuruiuing heire after Earle *Edmund* her Brother, who died without iſſue: this *Anne Mortemer* by *Richard Plantagenet* her huſband Earle of *Cambrige*, ſecond Sonne and laſtly heire of *Edmund* of *Langley* Duke of *Yorke*, the fift Sonne of *Edward* the thirde had Iſſue this *Richard Plantagenet* Duke of *Yorke*: who by the aforeſaid tytle from the ſame *Anne* his mother, as before, heire of the houſe of *Clarence*, after ſome blooddy fields with diuers change of Fortune, at the laſt in open Parlament aſcending the Throne-royall, made demaund of the kingdome for the houſe of *Yorke*: which was then yeelded to be his and his heires after the deceaſe of King *Henry* the ſixt then raigning. But ſuch were the ſtratagemes and warres proſecuted againſt him by *Margaret* King *Henries* magnanimious Queene, that laſtly he periſhed in a ſore-foughten battle: Whereupon his eldeſt Sonne *Edward* Earle of *Marche* ſo vigoriouſly ſeconded his Fathers Claime, that he depoſed King *Henry*, and after much trouble and many battles poſſeſſed the Crowne by the name of King *Edward* the fourth.

Not long while after the mirror of religious meekeneſſe *Henry* the ſixt, depoſed and impriſoned, was by blooddy *Richard* Duke of *Glouceſter* the preuailing kings Brother, diſpatched hence to the bleſſed ſoule of yoong Prince *Edward*, the ſame King *Henries* once onely childe, alſo formerly vnbodied by that tyrant *Glouceſter*. Thus was the raigne of this Land reduced againe to the Lyne of *Edward* the firſt, now, as yee haue heard, by inter marriage with the heire of *Clarence* incorporated into the houſe of *Yorke*, after it had inured with three applauſed *Lancaſtrian* Kings of the Lyne of *Edmund* Crooke-backe by the ſpace of about 62. yeeres.

Of

OF this houſe of *Yorke* raigned, and that not without much trouble, onely two Kings. For yoong *Edward* the fift, the elder of the two ſonnes of the deceaſed king *Edward* the fourth, neuer crowned, but, vntimely, with *Richard* Duke of *Yorke* his yoonger Brother murthered by the procurement of the aforelaid *Richard* Duke of *Glouceſter* their degenerate Vncle, hath onely a number in the Catalogue of our kings. The latter King therefore of the two crowned *Yorkeſtes* was this *Richard* Duke of *Glouceſter*, called King *Richard* the third: A moſt faithleſſe Vſurper and blood inſatiat Tyrant, of whom to be deliuered, to God-wards or the Diuel, were wanting neither praiers nor curſes. This God-left man hauing by exquiſite hypocriſie, numerous and execrable murthers, (wherein he neither ſpared the other nor his owne Lynage, nor whomſoeuer elſe he anywhit ſuſpected to be neuer ſo little in oppoſition with his aſpiring) opened vnto himſelfe way to the Kingdome, raigned with like continued tyrannie. Inſomuch that of the Nobilitie many fledde the Lande, moſt the Court, and all ſtudied better times and their owne ſafeties.

Reuerent *Morton* Byſhop of *Ely*, conſulted of the Duke of *Buckingham* (in whoſe houſe the Biſhop was then priſoner) not only how a riddance might be of the miſchieuous tyrant, but alſo of an Vnion to be contriued betweene the two litigious Famelies of *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*, had by his great wiſedome and the Dukes forwardnes ſo broken the yſe to either Interpriſe that, to haue effected the ſame, the Duke was ſo ſuddenly vp in Armes that the King had hardly time to collect an Armie. But the Duke, caſually looſing that Iourney and thereby his head, his and the Biſhops Plot was neuertheleſſe proſecuted in a firme and ſtrong Confederacie. Which was, that *Henry Tuder* Earle of *Richmond*, ſonne and heire of *Edmund* Earle of *Richmond* and *Margaret* his wife, daughter and

and heire of *Iohn* Duke of *Somerſet*, ſonne and heire of *Iohn* Earle of *Somerſet*, the ſecond ſonne of *Iohn* of *Gaunt* Duke of *Lancaſter*, ſhould, as the then indubitate heire in the *Lancaſtrian* Lyne of *Henry* the ſixt, the laſt king and heire of the then fayling Houſe of *Henry* the fourth, the firſt ſonne of the ſame *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, put downe the Vſurper, vndertake the Scepter, and eſpouſe *Elizabeth* king *Edward* the fourths eldeſt daughter, the then indubitate heire of the Houſe of *Yorke*. For which marriage by him, and ſuppliments to him to be performed, ſecret Contracts and Othes on all parts had paſſed.

Of this plotting (which toucht him to the verie quicke) when the Tyrant had notice, neuer had his wits beene more labored than they now were about this buſineſſe. Wherefore, aſwell to ſupplant his Competitor, and fruſtrate the conſpiracie as alſo to patch vp his broken Title with an inceſtious marriage, and further effuſion of innocent blood, by ſmooth pretexts he allured out of Sanctuarie his fiue Neeces, daughters of the deceaſed King his naturall Brother: who with the Queene Mother, to auoide his tyranny, had of long time priuiledged themſelues there: whence alſo to murther them, as he did, he had formerly practiſed the two yoong Princes his Nephewes. Of theſe Ladies he prepoſed *Elizabeth* his eldeſt Neece to his of her abhorred bed, and the others to their vntimely buriall. But this to effect was requiſite that his Queene then aliue were, howſoeuer, firſt dead. Which act in the Tragedie when himſelfe had ſhortly and feately performed, in the *intermedium* betwixt that paſſed and the next acte purpoſed, wherein the Prieſt in the play ſhould haue celibrated the intended marriage, was ſuch interruption by the Prieſt out of the Play, that the Tragedie proceeded altogither croſſe to the firſt Authors inuention. For Biſhop *Morions* continued plot was now ſo hotly on foote aſwell beyond the ſeas as in *England*, that no leaſure remained the King for his

formall

formall courting of ſo contrarious a Ladie, or the couert diſpatch of her death-behighted ſiſters: himſelfe alſo reckoning it to be as farre from policy as pietie then to perpetrate ought whereby to become more odious, when his downefall being in ſo dangerous a chace, it ſtoode him vpon to honeſt his actions. Wherefore it ſufficed him for then that he had gotten into his power his fiue Neeces: deferring his determined Marriage of the Eldeſt and Murther of the others vnto further and more fitting Opportunities.

Alſo the Earle of *Richmond* himſelfe, who in his Childehood at the latter depoſing of *Henry* the ſixt had beene conueyed into *Britaine*, and was there vntil then, notwithſtanding much laboured thence, ſecured againſt the heere-raigning *Yorkeſtes* (the good Duke in his ſickeneſſe abuſed therein by one vnder him in chiefe Office) very narrowly auoyded king *Richards* ſmooth-ſpoken Orators and large Bryberie. But the Earle intelligenced from Biſhop *Morton*, then in *Flanders*, of that practiſe againſt him, ſecretly and ſpeedily eſcaped thence into *Fraunce*: whence, to be ſhort, after many difficulties, with a thinne Power he arriued in *England*, was aſſiſted of his Friends, encountred his Enemies (which in heart were but few) and ſlew in Battle the Vſurping Tyrant: whoſe rare valiantneſſe, wit, and pollicie, miſapplied, had procreated vnto himſelfe and others extraordinary and prodigious Iſſues. Wherein is neuertheleſſe to be obſerued the vnſcrutable prouidence of the Almightie, who, when it ſo pleaſeth him, euen from moſt bad Cauſes produceth moſt good Effects. For had not this Tyrant (though far off from conceiting any ſuch happy Euent to the Weale-publike) made riddance of ſo many in either of the then factions families, that might, and, no doubt, in their turnes would powerfully haue beene Competitors of the Soueraigntie, where through, aptly, ſtruiued an indubitate heire male of the one houſe, and an indubitate heire female of the other, either of them marriageable, and neither

neither of them married: and had he not raigned ſo odiouſly that the two factious houſes, ſundring in all things elſe, of neceſſitie concurred to ſuppreſſe him their common Enemie, the ſo bloddy and long-continued ciuill warres had ſtill liued an *Hydra*: whereunto the then ſtudied Vnion by this opportune marriage plotted and afterwards effected was thenceforth (and for euer may it ſo be) an *Hercules*.

King *Richard* the third the Vſurper, as before, ſlaine, *Henry Tuder* Earle of *Richmond* was preſently crowned King by the name of *Henry* the Seuenth: who afterwards, as was precontracted, taking to wife the aforeſaid *Elizabeth Plantagenet* the eldeſt daughter of *Edward* the fourth, he of *Lancaſter* and ſhe of *Yorke* the imediate heires, the ciuill warres famous in the Factions of thoſe two Families, which from *Richard* the ſecond vntill then and the more part of this *Henry* the ſeuenths Raigne, through ſundrie tumultious Counterfeits at Seuerall times ſubborned by ſome enuious *Yorkeſts*, had raged aboue 80. yeeres happily ceaſed. Betweene which Factions had beene foughten ſixteene or ſeuenteene pitched Battels, and about that Quarrel had at times periſhed eight or nine kings and kings Sonnes, beſides (not reckoning vnder-degrees of Nobilitie and Gentrie) aboue fortie Dukes, Marquiſes, and Earles, and of the Commons, as is computated, aboue two hundreth thouſand.

Of this happy Vnion of thoſe two Houſes, beſides two Daughters, the one married into *Scotland* and the other into *Fraunce*, and thence backe againe into *England*, of either of whom preſently remaineth a right noble and broodious Poſteritie, proceeded the victorious King, King *Henry* the Eight, of either Houſe the indubitate heire.

He (and firſt of all Kings Chriſtian he) aboliſhed the long time vſurped ſupremacie of the Biſhops of *Rome*, with their exceſſiue pillings and exactions hence: whereby from time to time they had impoueriſhed the Realme. Alſo the abuſed

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and Iuſtice hindring immunites of the arrogant Popiſh Clarkes and idle Moniſticks: the waiward appeale of one of which from their naturall Princes to the See of Rome ſufficed(whereof had beene too often Experience)to the vnquieting of a whole Kingdome. And, that by taking away the cauſe the effect might ceaſe, hee demoliſhed and ſuppreſſed Abbies and Monaſteries: appointing competent Penſions to the Suruiuors of their, ſome of them hyppocriticall, and all of them vnprofitable Recluſes: whoſe Perſons, purſes, and poſſeſſions, eſtimated a third part of *England*, had formerly beene in effect, exempted all Seruices and Contributions in the Weale-publike. Religion in the then erred doctrine therof in much he reformed to the autentike ſenſe and only warranty of the ſacred Scriptures. Church-diſcipline & Ceremonies, he alſo in many things clenſed from Superſtions, conforming the ſame to the Pattern of and Practiſe in the primatiue and true Appoſtolicall Church. Many of his noble, zelous, and abuſed Predeceſſors and Progenitors kings of this Land had often and earneſtly, by lawes and otherwiſe, attempted the like aboliſhing, reforming, and conforming in the Premiſſes. But ſo had Cuſtome and the corrupting Romiſh Pollicie prouided for the Obſtinacie and Illitterature of the ſhallow people, and plauſibly deluded their preiudicate Senſes, that theretofore their Popes, not their Princes, had euermore preuayled: as by our Hiſtories may be too plentiouſly thereof collected.

Whatſoeuer by this death-preuented King the father in Religion and church-rytes remayned vnreformed, was by his bleſſed Sonne King *Edward* the ſixt happily perfected. But more abſolutely by his world-admired daughter *Elizabeth*, her now moſt gratious and ſacred Maieſtie: vnto whoſe highnes I beſeech the Almightie to vouchafe long and like religious and proſperous as her paſſed and preſent Soueraignte ouer vs.

FINIS.